

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1908.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., as second-class matter.

NO. 6

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Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,
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415 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Notice to Patrons.
Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.
Change of Time. Reading &
Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.
Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,
5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.,
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,
7:30, 7:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
10:50 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,
6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M., and every 30
minutes until 11:30 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and
Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,
8:30, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
11:50 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Reading 8:10, 9:10,
9:40, 10:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.
Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,
8:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M., and
every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,
8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and every 30 min-
utes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
ham and Reading 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30
A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:30
P. M.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and
Reading 7:50, 8:50, 9:20, 9:50 A. M., and
every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Reading 8:10, 9:10,
9:40, 10:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Dir. Supr.
Boston & Northern St. Railway
The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1907:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated
at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
1:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Car House
ten minutes later than North Woburn.
Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal
for the Elevated at 5:12 A. M., and
North Woburn at 5:17 A. M., and then
every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M., then
every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M., then
every 15 minutes to 10:32 P. M., and then
every 30 minutes to 11:32 P. M.
The through car from Lowell which
has been run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,
Woburn and Medford Square, will be
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of
this route the new schedule provides
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Win-
chester and Reading, where direct con-
nections can be made for through cars to
Boston, Lynn, Salem, and other points.
Cars leave No. Woburn Car House and
connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.
Cars leave No. Woburn Car House and re-
turning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington
for No. Woburn on the half hour.—M.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1907.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE
POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30
a. m., 2:30, 3:45, 6:45, 7:30 p. m.
From New York direct 7:00 a. m.,
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham and Northern
Rte. via Andover, 10:15 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
From the North, direct 7:45 a. m., 6:40 p. m.
For Lowell via Stoneham 7:45 a. m., 6:40 p. m.
For Burlington 9:20 a. m., 6:30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE.

For Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-
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a. m., 2:30, 3:45, 6:45, 7:30 p. m. Saturday
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Like Unto Caesar.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

The giant steamship tossed and

pitched. The decks were wet with

sweat from the angry waves, and you

could count the passengers on deck on

one hand. Two husky men lurched

against each other as they turned the

corner, both muffled to their ears, puff-

ing vigorously at their pipes to produce

a welcome speck of warmth.

"Beg pardon—didn't see you in this

rotten fog," said the younger of the

two.

"Rotten doesn't describe it, sir. It's—

well, I'll be hanged! My pipe went

right down that collision, I guess. Got a

match?"

"Sure I have! But what good is it

out here? A torch wouldn't stay light-

ed in this wind. Come inside a minute

and light her up."

"They were stuck on deck in a mo-

ment and, as so often happens on

board ship, in that time seemed to have

made friends. Arm in arm this time

they braved the wind and weath-

er. The older man was talking.

"I suppose you think a man's

age ought to be in his cabin a night

like this. But, you see, my wife is

sick in one bunk and my daughter

down and out in another. Guess you

and I are about the only ones to ven-

ture out, aren't we?"

"Guess we are, sir, unless, of course

the girl with the sickle cut is on deck

Nothing keeps her below."

"Girl in sickle cut. Who's she?" de-

manded the older man, his attention

suddenly aroused.

"Well, I don't know. She is the

youngest mystery found aboard a boat of

this character. Captain says she's a

titled woman from the continent going

over to see the States. Whoever she

is, she's sure to be old money. Her

name is now," he whispered as the figure

of a woman passed them.

"The old gentleman turned, but too

late to see anything save the outline

of a woman, clad in a long sable coat

and enveloped her from head to

heels.

"Looks pretty good in the dark,

young man. I'll take a better peek in

the daylight, and in the meantime I

guess I'll go below and look after my

sickle. Good night, sir."

"Good night," said the younger man,

as he left his newly made friend at the

companionway.

Eaton Hollis, representing an Eng-

lish syndicate and bound for New

York, was not ready to turn in. He had

no one below to look after and fell

into a long, steady stare around the

deck. He puffed at his pipe and won-

dered what the girl in the sable coat

was doing. He didn't want to appear

curious, but he could not help won-

dering, and as he walked he kept his

eyes well open for the fur clad figure.

He did not have to look long, for she

passed him very soon. Try as he

would he could find no plausible ex-

planation for speaking to this evidently self

reliant young woman of title, so on he

strode.

Just as he heard a voice—such

a voice that today he can shut his eyes

CHINESE TIDBITS.

The Way Vegetables and Meats Are Preserved by the Natives.

In China turnips, several varieties of

cabage and seaweed are often pre-

pared for winter by giving them a coat

of salt and drying in the sun. A vege-

table resembling cabbage is sometimes

dried in the sun without salt and put

away in shallow baskets until ready

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1908.

INAUGURATION DAY

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, January 6, the city administration of 1908 is to be inaugurated and set in motion at Lyceum Hall. The exercises are expected to be reasonably brief and without ostentation or parade. The usual routine will not be materially departed from. No doubt the Hall, as of former like occasions, will be crowded with spectators.

The Inaugural Address of Mayor Blodgett will, of course, be the principal feature of the occasion. Judging from the drift of his bulletins periodically published during 1907, it is fair to conclude that the document will depart somewhat from the beaten path and give the public something new and interesting. However, this remains to be discovered.

Immediately after the close of the exercises at the Hall the 1908 Board of Aldermen will convene in regular session and organize.

THE LEGISLATURE

The Great and General Court of Massachusetts convened at the State House in Boston at 11 o'clock last Wednesday forenoon, Jan. 1, 1908, and proceeded to do business.

William D. Chapple of Salem was elected President of the Senate, and Henry D. Coolidge Clerk.

The House elected John N. Cole of Andover Speaker, and James W. Kimball Clerk. In short, all of last year's Senate and House officers were re-elected.

At 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon Curtis Guild, Jr., was officially notified of his election as Governor of the Commonwealth, and at 12 o'clock, M., the inaugural ceremonies took place.

Thus the Executive and Legislative machinery was set in motion, and everybody is happy.

WATER METERS.

At a special meeting of the City Council held on Friday evening, Dec. 27, the minority report of the Committee, or Ald. Buchanan's bill, in the matter of installing, or noninstalling water meters in this city was adopted. It is a different enactment from that asked for by the petitioners, and harmless.

As we understand the matter, it is, under this order, optional with water takers to have meters, or not have them, as they see fit, with which privilege no reasonable person can find fault. It negated the plan for forcing water meters onto the city, and substituted for it individual option.

It has been decided by the authorities of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank to pay 4 percent interest on deposits instead of 3 1/2, as has been the rate for some time past. Some weeks ago the JOURNAL made the announcement that this step was contemplated by President Jones and Treasurer Holland, and at the same time commented favorably on the sound and prosperous condition of the bank, its excellent management, and the evidence of confidence and prosperity of its patrons.

Mr. Frank B. French, by his attorney, Willard Gray, Esq., is to take his election case into Court for decision. A hearing on Mr. Conway's case is to be given by the Court on Jan. 7. Some markings of ballots are in dispute, and each of these estimable gentlemen sincerely believes he was fairly and legally elected a member of the Board of Public Works on last Dec. 10, although the recount made it appear that the vote was a tie, consequently, that there was no election.

LOCAL NEWS.

C. A. Jones—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Woburn Nat. Bank—Notice.

—Yesterday was one of the most beautiful winter days in the calendar.

—Miss Maud G. West has resigned from the Hanson school corps of teachers.

—A barn dance is to be given by the Happy Quintette in Lyceum Hall on Jan. 15.

—On next Friday evening, Jan. 10, the Holly Club will give a Teddy Bear party in Lyceum Hall.

—The New Year made its appearance last Wednesday morning in the mildest possible manner.

—The days have increased in length 5 minutes—not a great gain, to be sure, but better than nothing.

—A big auto all afire ran swiftly up Main street the other day. It was burning and smoking like fury.

—The appointment of William F. Kenney as Trustee of the Boston Library was unanimously confirmed.

—The next lecture in the Burbanck Course is to be by Alleyne Ireland on Jan. 13, on "Troubles in the Far East."

—Bertha B. Smith entertained the Alpha Alpha Chi Society on New Year's Eve and the young people had a merry time.

—After a fortnight's vacation the public schools have resumed business operations, and are flourishing like a green bay tree.

—Miss Gertrude Hartz, a teacher in the Cummings school, has been granted leave of absence for the remainder of the school year.

—It will be worth one while to attend Trinity church at 7 o'clock next Sunday evening and listen to the singing of old English carols—a repetition of the Christmas musical program there.

—Dr. Thomas Caulfield reports a material decrease in grip cases, and that the disease is abating in this city, according to his professional observation.

—About 130 last Tuesday morning burglars entered the poolroom of W. H. Luck and stole \$45 in cash. The light fingered gentry are getting bold here.

—It wouldn't be strange if business should be dull in this city for a short spell now that the holidays are over and gone—or about the same as over and gone.

—E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—well at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

—Mrs. Dr. John Caulfield and Mrs. Timothy Haggerty won the prizes at the party of the Charity Whist Club given by Miss Annie Larkin at her home on North Warren street on Tuesday evening.

—The Spanish War Veterans are to give a barn dance in Lyceum Hall on the evening of Jan. 8, the anniversary of General Jackson's victory over the British at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815.

—Sadie Cummings, who, since graduating from Colby College, Waterville, Maine, has been teaching in the High School at Ludlow, Vt., is now engaged as a teacher in the High School at Abington.

—At 5 o'clock Sunday evening, Jan. 5, there are to be vesper services at the Unitarian church. A quartet choir will furnish music under the direction of Prof. P. Percy Lewis, the church organist.

—Employees of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Co. were made happy on New Year by a present of \$15 in gold to each of them who had been in service 6 months. "Our Charlie" Lennon got his share with thanks.

—The Floor Manager and aids at the reunion and dance of Class '06, W. H. S. were: Arthur F. Ray, Thomas J. Brown, Sidney Beggs, Raymond Brown, Henry McMahon, Charles Callahan, Rowen Parker and Chester Conn.

—Last Friday evening, in the dark, Patrick Keating of Burlington was seriously hurt near Winn and Bedford streets, this city, by his team colliding with that of Mr. Staples of Burlington. His head was badly cut by the fall. Dr. Thomas Caulfield attended him.

—We thank Mrs. Mary Jennings for a fine Christmas present. It is a regular habit of hers, practiced many years, to contribute to the Editor's happiness as each "Merry Christmas" comes along by giving him something nice, nor did she forget to do this year.

—B. & M. locomotive engineer Charles Chase returned to his home on Church avenue last Monday afternoon, without his train, sick. He had been housed by a bad cold and grip symptoms a couple of weeks before, and went to work before he was really able to do so.

—We opine there will be no dissenting voice to the statement that the weather during last month was remarkable. It was softer than that of any December within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; consequently, favorable to the consumers of fuel. Indeed, the fall was unusually mild.

—The South End Social Club have elected the following officers: Philip Fishery, President; Michael Kelley, Vice-President; Richard Cantillon, Recording Secretary; James Walsh, Financial Secretary; John F. O'Brien, Treasurer; John O'Donnell, Joseph McGann and Richard Cantillon, Auditors.

—Under the direction of Choirmaster Percy Lewis a large audience was treated to some fine music at Trinity church last Sunday evening. It included violin solos by Gunner Ekman, a talented young musician, Christmas songs and old English carols by the choir. Mr. Lewis presided at the organ.

—The Board of Aldermen closed the year 1907 by a mock session last Friday evening, and a jolly good time, which was wound up on the Towanda Club alleys with cigars. The mock proceedings were funny. They were full of genuine wit and humor, and a whole lot of bright things were said and done at it.

—Last Monday evening Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers: Fred H. Turner, N. G.; Edward E. Stowers, V. G.; Alonzo L. Perham, Sec.; Alvah J. Gray, Fin. Sec.; Orlando M. Brooks, Treas.; Marcellus Littlefield, Trustee; O. M. Brooks was elected Treasurer for the 34th time.

—The knot that united Mr. and Mrs. Alvah J. Foster of Church ave. in the holy bonds of matrimony was tied just 20 years ago last Wednesday, to wit: January 1, A. D. 1888. The anniversary was not observed with special elaboration; but it was remembered, and thanks given for 20 years of happy, contented lives.

—The final meeting of the School Board for the year 1907 was a pleasant affair, of course, with some regrets over the separations that took place, and absence hereafter of some of their most prominent members. President Bean and Dr. Chalmers were the retiring members, both of whom have done excellent work on the Board.

—Mayor and Mrs. Blodgett attended the grand annual ball of the Knights of Columbus in Lyceum Hall last Friday night and enjoyed it very much indeed. It was a brilliant affair. Visitors were in attendance from Lowell, Lynn, Malden, Boston, Wintthrop, Canton, N. Y., and elsewhere. The Hall was splendidly decorated for the festive occasion.

—We do not hear of any change likely to take place in the official incumbents at City Hall under the new administration. The public seem to be satisfied to let well enough alone, which will be perfectly agreeable to the incumbents aforesaid, we suppose. They make out to be a likely bunch of Public Functionaries, and no fault of their methods of doing business is heard in any quarter.

—There was another powerful rain on last Monday, which filled up the bogs and saturated the fields preparatory to the coming winter freezeup.

—The habit of making New Year calls was not generally indulged in here last Wednesday, and, barring more dancing than usual that night and the evening before, and some parties, but slight notice was taken of the holiday. No stores or other places of business were closed, and trade and traffic went along in the ordinary way. As a day to be celebrated New Year's has fallen into general disuse.

—Of course, all the girls in this city know that 1908 is Leap Year, and, equally of course they are laying their plans accordingly. It would be no easy task to find a valid reason why the privileges of Leap Year, which only the male human biped now enjoys, in respect to "popping the question," etc. should not be granted to the fair sex every year; but custom decrees that they must be content with one in four, and that settles it.

—Cashier Edward Johnson of the Woburn National Bank has an advertisement in this paper which is worthy of being taken special notice of. The payment of interest on deposits, as therein set forth, is a good thing, and must prove a popular measure. In fact, the management of the Woburn National is of the modern type and up to date. The public realize that it is a genuine home institution, and its business is increasing right along.

—Mr. Charles W. Waldron, Editor of the Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel, whose wife is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Murdoch of this city, after a continuous grind on that paper of 32 years, has changed his residence to 1355 Van Ness avenue in San Francisco with the avowed object of taking a rest, still retaining his interest in the Sentinel. Mr. Waldron is a native of Maryland, but went from Chelsea, Mass., to the Pacific Coast many years ago.

—Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., Lawyer, of the law firm of Joslin & Mendum, Boston, a resident of aristocratic Arlington, Road, Woburn, is to deliver an address on "Our Jury System" etc. to elucidate which no man is better equipped, at Towanda Club next Monday evening. He is one of the very few persons found in every community who think; is regarded as a sound Lawyer; and enjoys an honorable standing at the Massachusetts Bar. His address will be entertaining and instructive.

—Remember perfectly well Dr. William Peabody DeFrieze of Brookline, who, years ago, was a skilful physician with a large practice in Woburn? Well, he sends hearty New Year greetings to friends here, and wishes to be kindly remembered to all of them. The Doctor has kept up a friendly intercourse with many of his old Woburn associates and patients, of which he had many, and so, when the New Year comes around, and oftener, he thinks of them and sends along his best wishes.

—Hon. E. Everett Thompson went into Boston last Monday and attended the Congregational Woburn Meeting in Birgim Hall, Congregational Building, to hear Secretary of War Taft's address, which he liked very much. Several hundred people, ministers and laymen, were present, from whom the Secretary received a genuine ovation. He was preceded on the platform for about 20 minutes by Rev. Mr. Puddfoot, the eloquent Evangelist.

—President Waldo Thompson declared that the lecture given by Judge Arthur S. Odlin on "The Philippines" in the Burbanck Course last Monday evening, was the best that has been listened to in Woburn for years. Mr. Arthur Warren, who was booked for the lecture on that evening, was sick and unable to fill his engagement, and happily President Thompson of the Fund was able to secure Judge Odlin to take his place. It was a bad night, but a good audience were present, and all enjoyed the lecture.

—At the last annual meeting of the Ingleside Gun Club Capt. Parker failed to secure a reelection to the office of Publicity Agent, but his successor was not, at last accounts, been chosen. No information could be obtained from any of the members respecting the cause of Capt. Parker's defeat; but it was intimated by some of them that his reports to the press were too strongly tinged with fiction and romance to suit a majority of the organization, and that he was partial in his newspaper treatment of certain kennels of the Club, and unfair towards others.

—By referring to his card in this paper, it will be seen that Wilford D. Gray, Esquire, has opened an office in this city for the practice of Law, and the JOURNAL has no hesitation whatever in recommending him to litigants who would obtain sound legal counsel and the best of service. He has yet not "fished his maiden sword" in the Courts, we believe, but it is common knowledge that he is a young man of fine natural abilities, and his legal education is of the best, so that Wilford is abundantly qualified to prosecute his profession with ability and success.

—The 40th anniversary of the wedding day of Mr. Austin G. French and lady was observed on last Wednesday evening by giving a family party at their home on Franklin street. With two or three exceptions, only relatives of the fair bride and gallant groom of 40 years ago were the guests, but they constituted quite a large family gathering, by whom a delightful evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. French are among the best and most highly esteemed people of this city, and they live to celebrate their Diamond Wedding in the year of grace 1948.

—Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street is always the first to renew his subscription to the JOURNAL as the new year approaches, a laudable habit he has indulged in a long time, and 1908 has been no exception to the rule. He was born in 1823, and although well along in years he is as smart and spry as a boy, as was demonstrated when he came up the stairs to the Editor's den last Saturday morning. He would like to have it appear in cold type that last month was the finest, fairest and most comfortable December that he ever knew, which request is hereby granted.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO., 367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

TELEPHONE TALKS.

Believing that exact knowledge promotes co-operation, the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company is publishing a series of brief expositions of some phases of telephony, for the benefit of itself, and, as it hopes, for the benefit of all telephone users.

"CENTRAL" AND HER WORK.

The telephone company is engaged in what has become one of the most important of public services. Its purpose is to put people into communication with each other in the quickest way possible and to maintain communication without interruption. Above all, it endeavors to perform this function—always performed under exacting conditions and frequently in the face of considerable difficulties—with unflinching courtesy.

The New England company, having provided a most efficient plant for the needs of each individual community, trains its operators painstakingly before it allows them to handle the public's business, and supervises their work closely after they are assigned to the regular switchboards of its exchanges. Applicants for positions as operators must meet high personal standards before they are accepted even as students. The care with which the raw material, so to speak, is selected appears in the fact that only 60 per cent of the applicants who present themselves are finally employed. One of the advantages of the training system is that it enables a young woman who finds her ideas about the work to have been wrong to withdraw without waste of time or embarrassment, and allows the company to determine pretty definitely the ultimate fitness of the candidate before the interests of telephone users have been entrusted to her.

As students the operators are taught to do their work intelligently as well as with mechanical precision. They are given practice in the actual operation of the switchboard apparatus which follows better acquaintance and understanding, are more general and more apparent each year.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of \$500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

WINTER NOVELTIES

Latest Styles, Elegant Goods. Prices to suit customers. Call at

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Fine Tailors,

395 Main Street.

Woburn

COLONIAL THEATRE.



Beginning next Monday, January 6, Klaw & Erlanger's mighty production of Edmund Dill's great drama of Arizona ranges will be produced at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, by a strong cast direct from a long run in New York.

—Miss Grace Hartz returned to her teaching in the Academy at Woburn, N. H. last Monday, and Angio to Holyoke College yesterday.

—Mr. Albert B. Grimes, of the Times Editorial Staff, and Mrs. Grimes celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding day at home, 580 Main street, this city, on their numerous good friends and relatives did for them, in a style befitting the occasion, on last Friday evening, Dec. 27. Their son Byron went out the cards of invitation, and it was more than likely that he and his brother Albert were instrumental in getting up the pleasant and highly meritorious party. There was a large number of guests who were treated to excellent music during the evening by Mrs. Annie Lewis, Mr. F. Percival Lewis, Miss Edith Smith and Miss Gladys Jaynes of Somerville; likewise, to a nice table of refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Grimes were given a number of handsome and appropriate presents.

—Poor look for an ice crop.

—The weather on Christmas and the eleven following days indicates exactly what it will be, month by month, during the year. According to that the balance of the present winter and next spring are to be mild and agreeable. Some people refuse to place confidence in this old rule, but that detracts nothing from its reliability.

—Mishawum Lodge, A. O. U. W., have elected the following officers who will be installed on Jan. 22: Frank D. Charman, P. M. W.; Joseph Dunham, M. W.; Charles Haggatt, Foreman; William Moore, Overseer; Arthur G. Wood, Recorder; William G. Sirenton, Treasurer; John M. Wiloughby, Finance; Archie M. Brown, Guide; George Clark, Inside Watchman; Thomas Atrey, Outside Watchman; Frank D. Charman, Delegate to Grand Lodge; John McGowan, Alternate; William Moore, Trustee for three years.

—Mrs. Annie B. Phillips, who was Assistant City Tax Collector during several years of Judge Maguire's occupation of the office of Collector, is the guest of her friend, Mrs. H. E. Smith of 508 Main street, for an indefinite period.

—Mary E. McFadden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McFadden, who was shot and probably fatally wounded by Fred J. Sullivan, her jealous lover, at Wakefield last Sunday evening, was once a resident, with her parents, of this city, and is well known here.

—Street Railways Men's Union No. 473 are to give a concert and ball on Jan. 24, 1908, in Lyceum Hall, this city, for which elaborate preparations are on foot. They promise a splendid entertainment, and the street railway boys always make good their promises.

—Dr. Carl Reynolds, Dentist, of Boston, son of Dr. W. A. Reynolds, who formerly carried on the same line of business successfully here, has opened an office in Savings Bank block, this city for the prosecution of his profession. He graduated from a Dental College, at the top of his class, not long since, and is said to be a remarkably skillful operator. He makes, we believe, the 8th dentist in this town, and they are all doing well and making money; so, Dr. Carl need harbor no fears about obtaining a sufficient supply of bread and butter to keep along comfortably on.

—Mr. Frank A. Winn of No. 6 Highland street, this city, began "picking time" in the composing room of the Boston Transcript in September, 1868, or more than 39 years ago, and has kept steadily at it from that time to this without intermission, except for an occasional short illness, or brief summer vacation. His work on the Transcript has always been the deaths, church services, and stock markets, with neither of which has he yet formed an intimate personal acquaintance, and it is hoped that many years will roll round before the first named compels him to lay down his "stick" and "rule" and throw up the sponge altogether. Mr. Winn is a Veteran of the Civil War, ex member of the Woburn City Council, and a citizen whom everybody respects and has confidence in. He is just at present getting over an attack of grip.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOHEMIAN.

The production of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," at the Bohemian, which has already proved to be the sensational success predicted for it by Manager Morrison. It is a play that is "The Soudan," written by the same author, has such a variety of scenes and incidents, so many sharply contrasting episodes, and so many well drawn characters that altogether it appeals irresistibly to an immense public. The authors have been particularly successful in the realistic fight of the third act between the British who are in control of the gold mines in South Africa, and the natives of the "Soudan," as which the historical event known as "Wilson's last stand" is introduced. It is announced by Manager Morrison that this production will be continued through out the coming week.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Romance and poetry, adventure and song, mingle in Donizetti's opera "Roméo and Juliet," which began its run at the Castle Square Theatre last Thursday night. With its plot taken from Shakespeare's famous play, its story is a perfectly familiar one, the music giving even greater intensity and passion to the wonderful tale of the hapless lovers of the valiant Montague and the beautiful Capulet. Madame Noldi, Juliet, is adding another success to the list of her triumphs, and her performance, and there has been nothing lacking to the perfection of Mr. Tallman and Mr. Davies as Romeo, to Signor Alberti as Mercutio, to Miss LeBaron as Stephano, and to Mr. Boyle as Friar Laurence.

THE ORPHEUM.

Another big bill of headlines has been provided for the Orpheum next week including such star attractions as Lily Lena, Eamo's "Night in an English Hall," Adeline's "Dunlap in the Operator," Will Dillon, author of "Every little bit added to what you got," and a host of others. Miss Lily Lena, owing to indisposition was a disadvantage last week but has fully recovered her voice and will be heard in some of her great successes—songs that are now being whistled all over New York, the only place she appeared prior to her Boston engagement.

In Memoriam.

At the meeting of our Union last Monday special notice was taken of the death which had occurred since our last gathering. It was that of Mrs. Almira T. Whittemore, our oldest and one of our most beloved members. Mrs. Whittemore was a gifted Christian woman; active through a long life in good works, not the least of which was that of the temperance cause.

She was also a musician of no small merit, and this talent, as her others, was consecrated to Christian usefulness. In early life she was a member of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. The writer recalls that a number of years ago at an age even then, when many would feel excusable from active service, she successfully trained a group of children for a musical and literary entertainment in connection with our temperance work. "Let her own works praise her," says the Wise Man.

The funeral service was conducted by Dr. Norton and Marshall. There were two musical selections by Mrs. Treacartin. Following were the resolutions unanimously adopted by the W. C. T. U. Resolved, That in the recent departure of Mrs. Almira T. Whittemore, we lose the valuable Christian influence and prayers of one whose heart was earnestly devoted to the work of temperance.

Resolved, That as the inspiration of a life does not pass away with the removal from earthly activities, we will endeavor more earnestly to continue in shedding forth the light as we may have opportunity.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. W. P. Fox, one to the Woburn Journal, and one placed upon our records.

PRESS SUPT.

The Answer

is an important thing to consider in sending any kind of a message.

A letter brings an answer in days; a telegram brings an answer in hours; but the long distance telephone brings the answer instantly. Why not stop to consider the value of an immediate answer?

We have pay stations everywhere Look for the blue bell

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

HOME TALKS ON HATHAWAY'S BREAD

Bread is a food, unique in its adaptability. Good bread supplies nearly all the elements necessary to rebuild the body of man, woman or child. Good bread is next to milk, perhaps the easiest food to digest, which makes it desirable for those who have delicate stomachs. Please note the emphasis on the "GOOD"—for much bread is not in the sense of being a perfect food.

Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread

is the best we know how to make and we've been at it over thirty years. Worth a trial, isn't it? Uniform in weight, shape and quality.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

Cambridge Waltham

After La Grippe

or long standing colds of any kind we recommend

MALTOL

This is a scientific preparation of Malt, Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphite combined in such a manner as to make them very palatable. It will positively build you up, enrich your blood and increase your appetite.

PRICE 50c. Bottle

McLaughlin & Dennison,

Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.

417 Main Street, Woburn

We Deliver Free by Messenger.

We appreciate very much the business you have favored us with in the past, and hope we have served you in such a way to merit a continuance of the same.

Yours respectfully,

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.

Job Printing at this Office.

ELECTRICITY.

Before the New Year grows much older the electric light and electrical household devices ought to be introduced in your home. They will make the whole year brighter and happier.

Have you learned to be light-wise?

You should, at least, acquire the information our Sales Agent is ready to give you if you'll write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company, Boston, 33 39 Boylston St., Boston

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

In this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE,
TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Lessons at pupils residence
if desired.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Marion Althea Burt
TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Vivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO

75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

New Raisins
Citron and Currents
—FOR—

Christmas Cooking

Fine Sugar Raisins for Table
Use. NEW NEW NUTS
of all kinds. A full
assortment of

Pure Spices

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Shops
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-4.

To Prevent

the annoying effect of autumn
winds upon the skin—before
going out apply

**Woburna
Lotion**

An elegant toilet preparation
make by

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN



E. J. GREGORY,
35 Court Street, - BOSTON

**STANDARD
DISINFECTANT**

Sulpho-Napthol
LIQUID CLEANLINESS

Best Home Purifier of Foul Places.
Destroys Decomposition; maintains
conditions essential to health. Beware of
inferior imitations.
Look for the above Trade-Mark on all
packages and labels. Only the genuine
bears it.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect street.
Telephone connection.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Dr. Adeline B. Church wishes to announce to her
patients and friends that she will resume practice in
Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church
street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 a. m.
Wednesday, 9 to 12 a. m.
Thursday, 9 to 12 a. m.
Consultations by appointment.

Extension Telephones

Save Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards
his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may
have to go up-stairs or down-stairs to answer
a telephone call or to send a message.

The convenience tremendously out-weighs
the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one,
or, for further particulars call up the Local
Manager. (No charge for such a call).

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

WOBURN, December 18th, A. D. 1907.

Sherriff of the County of Middlesex, do hereby give notice that

on Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of January, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock, A. M., at my office in the

building known as No. 100 Main Street, in the City of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right

title and interest that Charles J. Sargent, of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, had in and to the

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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On the Wings Of Pegasus.

By MARtha COBB SANFORD.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"A fine day for a canter, miss," commented genial Mike as Marcia, one hand on his shoulder, the other on the pommel, sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Heavenly!" agreed the girl, but the wistful expression in her eyes belied her gayer.

"Well, ye be goin' alone?" queried Mike, skillfully adjusting the folds of her riding skirt.

"It looks that way," laughed Marcia, "unless I meet Lochinvar on the high way."

"I was only thinkin', Pegasus is pretty frisky the day, owin' to shindin' so long in the stable. He's likely to run wild, ye, Miss Marcia. But av course if Mister Lock—pardon, miss, I f'git the riv av 'is name—is goin' to meet ye—"

Marcia interrupted him with a merry laugh.

"Oh, Pegasus and I will get along all right. How his coat shines! No one ever took such good care of him as you do, Mike. He'd win the blue ribbon at any horse show."

Mike grinned appreciatively and tipped his cap.

"Now don't ye be doin' any jumpin', Miss Marcia," he cautioned, as Marcia, her proud chin held high, gave Pegasus a smart kick with her silver-tipped crop and trotted off along the smoothly raked drive.

"Phwat-rud wud ye be takin', Miss Marcia?" called the admiring groom after her.

"The Tanglewood road, I guess," Marcia answered back over her shoulder.

There really was no guesswork about it. Since a certain memorable day nearly a month ago no other road had held for Marcia any charm—and yet for three long weeks she had persisted in taking another direction.

Now, as she turned toward the high way that led into the old winding road, her thoughts culminated about her horse's hoofs, and already in imagination she had brought Pegasus to a halt at the edge of the wood and was watching, spellbound, a man and horse take jump after jump over the meadow wall.

How she longed to try it herself! Pegasus vaulted beautifully, she knew. She had seen him take the bars many a time when out at pleasure. But she had promised her father that she would never attempt it. That was her condition, in fact, by which Pegasus was her very own possession.

Then she remembered with a thrill how Pegasus had suddenly started and before she could control him he had followed the lead of the other horse, bounded with the grace of a greyhound over the meadow wall. The unexpectedness of it had quite taken her breath away. But, oh, was there ever any sensation so exquisite?

Before she could recover from her surprise the unknown rider had galloped up beside her and, dispensing with even an apology for his lack of conventionalities, exclaimed: "A magnificent performance! Please accept my compliments."

And she, conscious of the rising color in her cheeks, had answered smilingly.

"The praise belongs all to Pegasus. I didn't know he was going to do it. How incredibly the man had looked!"

"You mean?" he asked, doubting his senses.

"That I never took a jump before. My horse followed your lead. I was never more astonished in all my life."

"In that case, allow me to pay my compliments over again," the man had said, looking at her with undisguised admiration. "Pegasus has a wonderfully clever rider."

And then—Marcia blushed to recall it—she had seen the rest of that morning in taking vaulting lessons from an unknown riding master. And if further truth be told she had let the accident of one day dictate the programme of the next. But after that disaster had come to the rescue, and she was forced to beat a reluctant but absolute retreat. In other words, every day for three long monotonous weeks Marcia had resolutely avoided the vicinity of Tanglewood road.

But today she had closed her ears to the prosaic arguments of prudence and literally given rein to her fancy. The air was as crisp and the sky as blue as on that other day. Her heart thumped with excitement.

"Faster, Pegasus, faster," she urged, touching the horse's shining flanks with her crop. "We're almost there."

When the edge of the wood was reached she drew rein and with eager, shining eyes looked out expectantly over the brown meadow. There was no one in sight. Well, she would have one jump anyway.

Pegasus was as keen for the sport as Marcia herself. He took the wall handsomely—not only once, but again and again. Then, a gate of bars farther down in the wall catching Marcia's attention, she decided to put her horse at that. It was higher than the wall and would be glorious to fly over.

Just as Pegasus sprang for the leap the sound of hoofs galloping hard behind her caused Marcia to look back. She recognized Mike on her father's saddle horse, and the next moment, when she never knew, found herself hurled high over Pegasus' head.

As luck would have it, she landed on a heap of dead leaves blown by the winds against the flank of the wall and so was only badly stunned. When at length she recovered consciousness some one was kneeling beside her and bathing her forehead with cold water.

"Don't tell father, Mike," she pleaded faintly, her eyes still closed.

"No, miss."

Then again after a few minutes' silence:

"Am I badly hurt, Mike?"

"Not the ghost of a scratch, Miss Marcia. I couldn't have picked out a better place for ye to land myself—a pile av soft leaves and a straine av water-cloze by. Faith an' it's luck was ridin' wid ye the day, Miss Marcia."

"But how did you happen to follow me, Mike?"

"I was afraid ye might not be matrin' that Mister Lock—pardon me fr' gittin' his name agin—after all. Did Pegasus run wild, ye, miss? How come ye to be jumpin'?"

A faint color stole into the girl's cheeks.

"But I can jump, Mike. You should see me," said Marcia in a tone full of pride in spite of its faintness.

"I have many's the toime," was Mike's unexpected reply.

Marcia's eyes opened wide. She raised herself on one arm and stared at him.

"Why, you're not Mike at all! I must be dreaming. You're—"

"Lochinvar, dear," he answered, smiling down her lovingly and taking her gently into his arms.

At that time, while her head rested on his shoulder, the unknown knight explained to his lady of the saddle how he came to be Mike and Lochinvar.

Kendall Lee, Esq., architect by profession, all rolled into one. It was partly her fault of course, for she had dismissed him heartlessly from her service, and he had had to get back into it by hook or by crook.

"It's used up pretty nearly all my far-fetched ideas of the kind of a stable business," he concluded humorously. "Still I haven't neglected my profession entirely, for I've spent all my leisure moments, dearest, planning a dream of a little house for two."

"What lot of questions!" he answered at once," exclaimed Marcia, willfully dodging them all.

"But it takes only one little word to answer them all," urged Kendall, and before he could kiss her again Marcia had spoken it.

"Tell me, sweetheart," he urged, holding her so close that she couldn't escape if she would, "you do forgive me, don't you, and you do love me and you will be my bonnie bride?"

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THE SHOEMAKER'S ART.

It Has Been Known Since the Earliest Days of Civilization.

A few winters ago I passed a day among the wonderfully decorated tombs in the cemetery of what was once Memphis, upon the western bank of the Nile, writes Julius Chambers in the Brooklyn Eagle. One of the show places is the remarkable underground palace that the illustrious Queen Ti of the fifth dynasty (i. e., about 4500 years ago) constructed for her final resting place. It consists of a great court 40 by 60 feet, as I remember, and several other apartments, besides the mummy chamber, which is reached by a stairway leading down from the largest room. Upon the walls of this tomb are the best preserved pictures to be found in all Egypt, and among them are the figures of two artisans working upon coverings for the feet.

Therefore, makers of shoes, I salute you! More than 4000 years ago the art of printing had practical existence, although you will admit that the decorator of Queen Ti's tomb was almost a publisher, your art was recognized, respected and immortalized.

At that time, while her head rested on his shoulder, the unknown knight explained to his lady of the saddle how he came to be Mike and Lochinvar.

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INSULTS TO ROYALTY.

Some of the Things That Constituted Leze Majesty in England.

Many people think that Leze Majesty is a term of abuse, but it is not. It is a term of honor. It is a term of respect. It is a term of admiration. It is a term of love. It is a term of devotion. It is a term of loyalty. It is a term of honor. It is a term of respect. It is a term of admiration. It is a term of love. It is a term of devotion. It is a term of loyalty.

Placing a postage stamp on a letter is also the defiance of a coin bearing the royal image. This is insulting the king's majesty.

Private individuals may not raise the royal standard over their dwellings. This is the emblem of the royal authority to be displayed only where the king is present.

While an agitator may talk against royalty in the abstract as much as he chooses, contemptuous or insulting personal references to the reigning sovereign opens the offender to a heavy fine and imprisonment.

The slightest slap upon the face of the king or queen—or any other part of the anatomy, for that matter—is considered a crime. In the reign of Queen Victoria a Lieutenant Page struck her across the face with his cane. He was sentenced to death, but the queen commuted his sentence.

It is likewise a crime to bring the uniform of the sovereign into contempt. To garb a low comedian or a villain of the stage in a discarded uniform of the army or the navy is sufficient to bring heavy censure from the government. For this reason the managers usually see to it that the uniforms worn are not exactly copies of the real things.

Artificial Light.

The Most Brilliant Illumination Is Not Always the Best.

A writer in a London magazine offers some disconcerting information on the subject of illumination, disconcerting because the reader will probably find that he has been, innocently enough, following a course of procedure that he has been told is the best. For instance, in the case of eye strain he may have felt that even the dim light by which he worked was too strong, and so turned down the light, thus increasing the difficulty, or what is more likely to be the case, when the strain has been caused by too brilliant illumination he fancies that what is needed is stronger light and so increases it.

Overstrain from too bright a light is as sure to result as an itching sensation in the eyeballs, with the tendency to rub the eyes for relief. The proper course, then, is to see that the light is more perfectly diffused or softened and that it falls in the right direction. For these precautions have been taken it is worth while to try a smaller quantity of light, this trial to continue long enough in time for the eyes to become fully adjusted to the change. The value of illumination is a matter of degree. One of the most brilliant lights when looked at directly—the brighter the light the better—but by the effect on the object to be looked at, and the most desirable effect, so far as the eyes are concerned, is that which is produced by the most brilliant light—Indianapolis Star.

Set the Pace.

Young Mabel had a habit when soup was served, of taking out of the cracker box a cracker or bread in it until it was a great mess. Her mother made many efforts to have her correct this strictly primeval habit.

One day there was to be company at the average New York man's table. "Now, Mabel, I want you to dine with us tonight, and I want you to act at the table just as nicely as she does. Please don't 'mush' your soup."

Mabel promised faithfully to follow the advice of Mrs. Brown, and the dinner opened with every promise of a fine time. However, Mabel was using a pair of very sharp eyes on Mrs. Brown and in an instant blurted forth at the top of her voice:

"Oh, mamma, Mrs. Brown is 'mushing'! May I?"

Had Tried Electricity.

A benevolent gentleman attempted to converse with the motherly old lady who sat next to him in the railway carriage. He discovered that she was very deaf, and the conversation was established by shouting.

"You are very deaf, aren't you, madam?" ultimately belittled he of the benevolence.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I haven't been able to do a thing for it."

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

In this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Lessons at pupils residence
if desired.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Marion Althea Burt

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Vivian Helena Burt

TEACHER OF PIANO

75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

New Raisins

Citron and Currents

—FOR—

Christmas Cooking

Fine Sugar Raisins for Table

Use. New FULL NUTS

of all kinds. A full

assortment of

Pure Spices

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

TEL. STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-5.

To Prevent

the annoying effect of autumn

winds upon the skin—before

going out apply

Woburna

Lotion

An elegant toilet preparation

make by

E. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main St.

WOBURN

WATCH

YOUR

INTEREST

SELL OUT

AT

AUCTION

HOUSES

FARMS

LAND

STOCK

STORES

FURNITURE

ANYTHING

E. J. GREGORY,

35 Court Street, - BOSTON

STANDARD

DISINFECTANT

Best Home Purifier of Foul Pairs.

Destroys Decomposition; maintains

essential to health. Beware of

inferior imitations.

Look for the Trade-Mark on all

packages and labels. Only the genuine

bears it.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect street.

Telephone connections.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adeline B. Church wishes to announce to her

patients and friends that she will resume practice in

Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church

street.

Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M.

Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appt.

ment.

Attest:

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT

Woburn, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale

REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a

certain mortgage deed given by James M. Wiswall,

of Boston in the County of Suffolk and Common-

wealth of Massachusetts, to George C. Darnton, of

Scituate in the State of New York, dated

January 23, 1905, and recorded in the County of

Suffolk, Deeds, Book 3118, Page 565, for breach of

condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose

of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction

on the first lot hereinafter described, and near

Milwaukee Road, herein called Middle Street, on

MONDAY, February 3, A. D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular

the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and

therein described as follows:

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings there-

on, situated in said Woburn, containing about

twenty acres and bounded as follows, viz: north-

east by land of James M. Wiswall, of Boston;

west by land of Middle Street; south by land of

James M. Wiswall, of Boston; and south by land of

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Breaking the News.

The matrimonial failure of Pat, a

bartender in the center of the city, has

been common knowledge for some

time, and it has also been no secret

that Pat really does not blame his

wife for her impudence with his

bar. Pat is in dead earnest when he

says that his wife really is too good

for him and deserves a divorce, which

the self-abasing Pat would gladly

grant her if it wasn't so expensive.

The good faith of Pat in this respect

was, however, never more forcibly

illustrated than during the society at

the home of the Rev. Mr. Brown, who

has just recovered. "Pat, the doctors say

you are very sick," said his wife dur-

ing her visit to the hospital one day.

"What do they really say? You can't

hurt me by telling the truth," answered

Pat. "Well, Pat, they say that you

cannot live," whispered the wife, finally

yielding to Pat's insistent demand

for the truth. "Don't you believe it.

Doctors make a habit of holding out

hopes to the last," declared Pat in his

careless style. "They are only

breaking the news to you gently. I am

going to get well." Philadelphia

Record.

Telltale Bibles.

A dealer in second-hand books adver-

tised the other day for old Bibles be-

longing to three families that have

lately come into prominence.

"Do they want them as heirlooms?"

asked a customer who had read the ad-

vertisement.

"Not a bit of it," said the dealer.

"They want the Bibles because they

contain a record of deaths; consequently

they reveal ages—women's ages, pre-

sumably. Very often dealers in old

books are asked to look up inconve-

niently denumerable evidence of that kind.

Before days of affluence the family Bi-

bles got lost in the shuffle of moving

about. Nobody thought much about

the loss then, but with the advent of

prosperity the books could easily be

made a source of notification to many

women if they happened to fall into

the hands of malicious persons; hence

the frantic attempts to gather all such

records into the family." New York

Post.

He Robbed the Thief.

From Czestochowa, the Mecca of

Polish pilgrims, comes an amazing

story of coincidences. A pilgrim re-

ported that some thief had stolen his

money. The priest replied that he

had no money and that the best thing

for the pilgrim to do was to try to

find the thief.

"I shall go into the church and steal

money from somebody else," said the

pilgrim, "for I have nothing to go

home with." He went into the church

and, seeing a man in the crowd, he

wrote on his back, slipped his hand

into it and pulled out his own stolen

purse, with the exact sum he had left

in it. He was so glad to find his

money that he hurried off to tell the

priest, and the thief got away.—Warsaw

Cor. Mail Gazette.

Too Broad a Hint.

"You've got a fellow in there that

won't wait on me again, not much,"

said an irate customer, as he emerged

from the dining room and slapped his

money down on the pay desk. "I'm

not stinging," continued the customer,

"and don't mind giving tips, but when

a waiter hangs round till a fellow has

nearly finished eating and whistles 'Do

not forget me,' I think it is about time

something was done."—London Mail.

All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Ser-

geant complains that you called him

names. Private Murphy—Plays, sur.

I never called him any names at all.

All I said was, "Serjeant," says I.

At the Country Club.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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The four women were drinking tea somewhere out in the October afternoon when four men who made up the friendly octet, but the women, on account of the coolness of the day and the charm of the big fireplace, had elected to stay away from the links.

Three of the women were not young, although the signs of age had been modified by careful grooming and diligent massage. Mrs. Amesbury even looked young with her slender figure, her shining hair and her grace of gesture and of carriage.

But Tressie Stuart was young, and therein lay the difference that made Mrs. Amesbury uneasy. One might give the lie to age by attention to complexion and costume, but there was a quality in Tressie's laugh, a light in her eyes, a buoyancy of spirit, that separated her from the other women and cast the blight of contrast upon their beauty.

"Tressie," Mrs. Amesbury said, "stop running around the room. You make me nervous."

"Oh, do I?" Tressie's apology was immediate. "It's something in the air, I think. These few days make me feel like a young colt. I want to be out of doors, and here we are drinking tea by the fire, like a lot of old tabby cats."

"We are a lot of old tabby cats," Miss Angela Amesbury agreed cheerfully. Unlike her sister-in-law, she did not aspire to youthfulness. Having steered herself safely out of a somewhat emotional girlhood into a calm old maidism, she was prepared to claim all middle aged privileges, and tea drinking at the Country Club was an indulgence that appealed to her comfortable soul.

"You are the only kitten in the crowd, Tressie," she went on. "Run out and meet the men. They must be coming in by this time."

"Angela," Mrs. Amesbury reproved her, "Tressie can't go without a chaperon."

"Why not?" Angela asked bluntly. "Two of the men are her uncles, the third is your husband, and she has known Junior Mason since she was a baby."

"Oh, well," Mrs. Amesbury shrugged her shoulders—"You know we don't think alike on such matters."

"No, thank goodness," said Miss Angela. And then, the hitherto silent Aunt Georgia Stuart, who was officially Tressie's chaperon, interposed. "Tressie always does as she pleases, Mrs. Amesbury." And Mrs. Amesbury, with another shrug of her shoulders, gave up the argument and poured herself a second cup of tea.

And so it happened that as Junior Mason came up the elm walk toward the Country Club, with the dull orange of the sunset behind him, he saw hurrying to meet him a girl in a scarlet coat and stiff brimmed hat.

"I should have died if I had stayed in there another minute," she told him. "Can't we walk somewhere before dark comes? This air is like wine."

"It's awfully mild," he stated indubiously, "in this path under the trees. The other men are coming around by the road, but this was the shorter way, and I wanted to get a few minutes with you before the whole crowd began to piffle paffle."

"Don't be silly," Tressie admonished. "Well, you wouldn't call their small talk conversation, would you? It's piffle paffle, and Mrs. Amesbury is the worst of the lot."

"I am ashamed of you," Tressie scolded, "to criticize your elders."

"Mrs. Amesbury wouldn't thank you for calling her anybody's elder. She considers herself the leading juvenile of the Country Club. That's why she's jealous of you."

Tressie stared at him. "Junior," she said severely, "I didn't know you could be so critical of a woman."

"He had the grace to look uncomfortable," she made him so unhappy about you, Tressie," he blurted out at length. "About me?"

"Yes, when you were away all summer and didn't write to me once. Tressie's eyes were on the sunset."

"No, I didn't write," she said after a pause. "Why not?"

"Mrs. Amesbury said—that there was another girl, Junior."

"What?"

"Yes. She said you were paying devoted attention to a little Kentucky singer."

"Oh!" Junior lunged up his head. "And she told me you were going to marry old General Barnes?"

"Who told you?" Tressie demanded. "Mrs. Amesbury."

"Well, of all things!" Tressie's cheeks were flaming. "And you believed her, Junior?"

"Well, you believed about the Kentucky girl."

For a moment accusing brown eyes met accusing blue ones, and then they both laughed, the joyous laugh of youth that has come into its own again.

"She is good at fiction," Tressie summed up. "She ought to be punished, Junior."

"Oh, let her go," Junior asserted. "And we will go for a walk, Tressie, and I will tell you all the things I have wanted to write and didn't dare."

But she would not go. "It is getting too dark," she said. "And even if I have known you all my life, Junior, we must have some regard for conventions."

"Then let us slip in through the French windows and sit in the curtained alcove. They won't see us come in, and we can talk until dinner time."

The alcove was opposite the fireplace and gave a full view of the three women at the low wicker tea table. Mrs. Amesbury was prattling gaily.

"You see, dear Junior's money is a great temptation to the girls. Now, even Tressie!"

Tressie in concealment gasped, and there was wrath in her eyes. "Don't mind her," Junior whispered. "I know you love me for myself."

Tressie whirled around on him. "Who told you that I cared?" she demanded. "You are taking a great deal for granted, Junior."

"Please can't I take it for granted?" he urged. "I am going to propose to you right now, Tressie, or Mrs. Amesbury will never give me another chance."

They came out of their dream of happiness some time later to hear Angela protesting.

"But you wouldn't tie such beautiful

girliness as Tressie's to that worn-out old General Barnes?"

"He is very rich," Mrs. Amesbury evaded. "I think Tressie will marry Junior Mason," Aunt Georgia said placidly. "They are great friends."

Mrs. Amesbury shook her head pitifully. "Junior likes so many girls. Now, there was that little girl from Kentucky."

Behind the curtains Junior growled. "Piffle paffle," but Tressie put her fingers across his lips, and he kissed the fingers and smiled at her.

"Junior Mason is in love with Tressie," Miss Angela stated, and you know it, Marion. You had better let him marry her, and then she will be out of the running."

Mrs. Amesbury stared at her sister-in-law laughingly. "I don't know what you mean, Angela," she said.

"Yes, you do," Miss Angela did not mince words. "You know you had always been the belle of the Country Club until Tressie Stuart came, and you don't like to abdicate to youth and beauty."

Mrs. Amesbury straightened up in her chair and glared at the dear Miss Angela.

"You are insufferable, Angela," she began, and then, as the three missing men appeared in the doorway, she swept toward them. "We were just talking," she misstated sweetly, "of what we should have for dinner. Oysters and canvassacks, don't you think, with orange salad and anything else you may suggest?"

Behind the curtains Tressie and Junior were arguing.

"I am going to announce it at once," Junior insisted.

"But—" Tressie began.

"There are no buts," Junior stated firmly. "And there are a dozen reasons why I should tell them that we are engaged."

And just then Mrs. Amesbury discovered them.

"Why, Tressie Stuart?" she cried as she opened the curtains. "How long have you been here?"

"Oh, a half hour," Tressie considered. "Haven't we, Junior?"

"Long enough for me to propose to Tressie," Junior stated calmly.

"And she has said 'Yes,'" Junior went on. "I know you will congratulate us, Mrs. Amesbury."

And then with a last fling Mrs. Amesbury gave it up.

"My dear," she said blithely as she kissed the reluctant Tressie, "who would have dreamed that it was poor little you that Junior really cared for?"

"The Ermine."

Across the street a little above the bank a beautiful white creature was running rapidly about among the stones. It would often vanish for a time, then come into view again at some distance from the hole into which it had disappeared. Ever on the move, peering and sniffing here, there and everywhere, it would have been almost invisible on the snow in its coat of pure white were it not for the jet black tip on its tail and the gleam of deep brown eyes and inquisitive nose.

This graceful, active little creature was the Ermine, with whose white fur we are all familiar and which in many countries is used for the royal robes of kings and queens to be worn at coronations and on other very special occasions. It is also used in some countries for the trimming of the cloaks of judges which they wear when sitting in court, and there is a saying that the Ermine disappeared. Ever on the move, peering and sniffing here, there and everywhere, it would have been almost invisible on the snow in its coat of pure white were it not for the jet black tip on its tail and the gleam of deep brown eyes and inquisitive nose.

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This graceful, active little creature was the Ermine, with whose white fur we are all familiar and which in many countries is used for the royal robes of kings and queens to be worn at coronations and on other very special occasions. It is also used in some countries for the trimming of the cloaks of judges which they wear when sitting in court, and there is a saying that the Ermine disappeared. Ever on the move, peering and sniffing here, there and everywhere, it would have been almost invisible on the snow in its coat of pure white were it not for the jet black tip on its tail and the gleam of deep brown eyes and inquisitive nose.

FRESH INSPIRATION.

Napoleon and His Attitude Toward the Common Soldier.

Napoleon understood human nature.

He recognized the great truth, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and knew how to apply it not only to himself and his own audacious projects, but to other men as well. More over, he knew precisely the right moment to apply it to quicken the spark of divine energy which smolders in every man, although the ashes of fatigue and failure may cover its light temporarily.

A French soldier carried a dispatch to Napoleon. Just as he delivered it into the hands of the emperor his spent horse dropped dead. Napoleon gave an answer to the dispatch, then, dismounting from his own horse, he handed the horse to the soldier.

"Take this horse and ride back, comrade," he said.

"Nay, sire," stammered the soldier, gazing at the bloodied horse and its trappings. "It is too magnificent and grand for me, a common soldier."

"Take it!" commanded Napoleon. "There is nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France."

The soldier mounted and rode away on his palfrey, business, ready and willing, and Napoleon's words, repeated through the ranks and columns of his army, gave to his tired troops fresh inspiration and energy. "Nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France!" they said, and the thought that they were worthy of the best inspired them to the mighty deeds which followed.

WIFELY ORDERS.

Two Men Obeyed Them, but the Third

"Three men sat rather late at the club one night," said the man who is responsible for the story. "As they were separating they discussed a little nervously the reception that awaited them at their wives' hands and agreed that he who didn't do what his wife told him on getting home should have to treat the others to a turkey dinner."

The first man after reaching his house stumbled about the dark bedroom till he kicked the cat. The cat squatted, and the man's wife, raising her head from the pillow, mumbled, "Well, go on; kill the poor cat and have done with it!" The man frowned and muttered to himself, "It is a case of kill the cat or pay for the dinner." So he killed the cat.

"The second man on his arrival could not find any matches. As he looked for some in the drawing room he bumped against the piano, and his wife complained, 'Why don't you break the piano candles?' Determined not to lose his bet, the man got a hatchet, and the sound of crashing blows soon filled the house."

"The third man, getting home, stumbled on the way upstairs. His wife, rushing to the door, called down stairs and broke his neck, dot. 'Not me,' said the third man after a moment's thought. 'I'll pay for the turkey dinner.'"—Chicago News.

A Merchant's Memory.

Among the characters which made for the success of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great New York merchant, says Richard Lathers in his "Reminiscences," was an extraordinary memory for the details of his vast business.

One day as Mr. and Mrs. Lathers were leaving the store Mr. Stewart accosted them at the door.

"I hope, Mrs. Lathers, you have found what you want," he said.

"No, Mr. Stewart," she replied. "I want a very plain Brussels carpet for a small library, a light color with a small blue figure. You have a great variety, but nothing just like that."

"I am quite sure we have that exact description," he said, and, turning to a clerk, added: "Go to the third floor and get out from the last invoice of carpets No. 2206. I think the style and pattern will just suit Mrs. Lathers."

To the amazement of the shopper it proved to be the very thing she was looking for.

Consider the Birds of the Air.

An eminent ornithologist calls attention to the fact that a crane can travel through the air a thousand feet down without flapping its wings, but by merely keeping them stretched and adjusted to the prevailing breeze.

A hawk can stay in the air for days and weeks, moving with its wings motionless. It is the same with the crane and the other winged creatures. In studying the science of aerostatics consider the birds of the air.—Boston Herald.

For Winter Use.

A lady farmer planted a garden. She was very proud of her prospective peas, but when her husband asked if they were ripe she said, "Oh, they haven't come up yet."

"Haven't come up yet? Why, the season's nearly over!"

"Yes," she said, "but I planted canned peas. I think they came up a little late."—New York Times.

A Keen Observer.

"Who was that fool you bowed to?" "My husband."

"Oh, I—er—I—humbly apologize. I—Never mind. I'm not angry. But, I haven't seen you yet!"

"What a keen observer you are!"—London Sketch.

Bitter Revenge.

Tommy Figg—Sister's bean kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him, you bet. Johnny Briggs—How?

Tommy Figg—I mixed quinine with her face powder.—Indianapolis Journal.

Garantized Oils.

The following advertisement of olive oil by the work of a "Jo Jangle" firm, "Ours olive oils are guaranteed to fit quality. Diligently fabricated and filtered, the consumer will find with them, the good taste and perfect preservation. For to escape to any counterfeits, it is necessary to require on any bottles this contraindicated device, conforming to the law. The corks and the boxes have all marked with the fire."—Case and Comment.

The Housekeeping Instinct.

A bright little girl had successfully spelled the word "that" was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away.

"The cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

Self Composed.

She—He is a person of perfect ease and possession and is thoroughly at home anywhere. He—Yes, he even has the faculty of making you feel a total stranger in your own house.—London Tit-Bits.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—First Quarter, For Jan. 19, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Entered at the Weburn, Mass., Post Office,
as second-class matter.

"Yes; they say there was one blamed crank that held out for convictin' the man who done the killin'."—Chicago Tribune.

DINNER ON THE GRIP

By A. WALLIE

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Captain Alexander Mather of the steam coaster Grip was hurrying along Cardiff street dockward to his vessel when he was accosted by a youngish man smartly attired in yachting costume.

"Captain Mather?" the stranger queried.

"That's me," the sailor retorted gruffly enough, having all the dislike of his class toward the average amateur seaman.

"You were pointed out to me as master of a boat just leaving for Southampton. I want to go there at once."

The hint was obvious enough, but Mather did not choose to follow it up.

"Take the train, then," he replied. "Passengers ain't in my line."

"So I would!"—the young man appeared disconcerted to be persistent—"but I have a lot of heavy baggage here and I wish it to accompany me to my yacht, which is lying off Cowes. If you'll take it and me I'll make it well worth your while."

The captain hesitated. The Grip possessed small accommodations for outsiders, but a job like this might mean something in the skipper's pocket.

"Well," he said, surveying the stranger over again, "my ship ain't a liner. You know, but just a coasting tramp covered with this blessed muck and mud that won't come off her till she starts washin' herself outside Lundy."

His new acquaintance seemed in no way dismayed at this description.

"That will be all right, captain," he retorted. "Come in here a minute and let us talk it over."

The place thus indicated was an adjacent bar, where over suitable drinks the yachtsman continued negotiations.

"There are about a dozen large yachts on cases," he went on, "with furnishings and my own outfit for a long West Indian cruise. I should have sent them on ahead of me but for some stupid delay, and now if I lose sight of them heaven knows how long I may be kept waiting for them."

"What's your yacht's name?" demanded Mather.

The stranger took out his cardcase. "You are a bit suspicious," he said pleasantly enough, "but we'll have everything fair and square." He handed over a card as he spoke, and on it the sailor read: "E. V. Rentore, S. Y. Sea-Swift R. Z. Y. C."

The first names were unknown to Mather, but the last four—rentore, swift, R. Z. Y. C.—were familiar to him as one of the most exclusive clubs in the kingdom.

"Then, sir," he said with an obvious change of manner, "if you want me to take your things it will have to be arranged quickly. I'll be hauling out for sea in a couple of hours. If they are not too heavy and you have them alongside within that time I might manage."

"My man shall have the cases down within the time you say—they are not heavy, and your own crew will easily swing them on board. And as to terms—will £20 suit you?"

"The sailor gasped. He had not expected nearly so much.

"If you'll throw in the price of a new hat for myself, sir," he responded quickly, "we'll call it a deal."

"Good!" Rentore produced his purse. "Here's half of it, and a couple of sovereigns for yourself."

Thus the bargain was sealed, and Mather, much elated at his fortune, made his way down to the Grip. He had not been long there when a vagon appeared, bearing the cases and escorted by a man of the valet type.

"There's the stuff," the latter grumbled to the skipper, "and what the gov'nor wanted traveling with it in a cab for me. I don't know. Is your ship safe, captain?"

Mather surveyed him scornfully. "She'll carry you, my son," he retorted sarcastically.

The servant scowled. "I hope so," he replied, "meaning, I suppose, you'd best see the gov'nor's key right side up—they're all marked for that."

Presently Rentore himself clambered on board.

"Ah," he remarked, smiling in the pleasant way he had seen you look to carry all the cases on deck?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mather. "The weather is fine, and they'll be safe lashed."

The dock gates just then opened, the captain took his post on the bridge, while the passenger went below to see his accommodation.

Nor did Mather set eyes on him again until the Grip had opened out the channel and in the growing light the light on Flatolme was commencing to twinkle far astern. Then he met the skipper as the latter was descending from the bridge.

"Come along, captain," he said. "I've taken the liberty of making myself at home—got my man to overlook your cook and have a bit of dinner ready for you."

In response to this invitation the sailor passed below to encounter a scene such as the dining saloon of the tramp had not seen since her long past trial trip. If then. The table was set with crystal on spotless linen, silver and flowers garnished it, and the swinging tray above sparkled with bottles full of such wines as the captain had seldom seen nearer than across a bar counter.

"I told you I'd make myself comfortable," Rentore laughed at the other's amazement. "The hotel people put some of this up for me, but your cook did the rest, so sit down and do him justice."

Captain Mather was sufficient of a philosopher to accept the gifts the gods thus sent. He sat down as requested, and if his handling of his knife and fork left something to be desired his appreciation of the meal was none the less patent. Moreover, his host saw to it that his glass was frequently replenished, so that as the cheese came on the table the skipper went under it.

"Perkins," ordered Rentore, "get the steward to help you to take Captain Mather to his room; he does not seem well. And—ah—you might have word sent to the bridge I'll be glad if the mate will join me here. The night's fine, and I expect the boatswain can take the ship past Lundy without sinking the island."

The passenger appeared to the steward, who was present, to be also slightly touched with an after dinner manner. The mate, when he came, had the same impression, but nevertheless that other also collapsed, as his superior had done, leaving Rentore still quite composed. The chief engineer, who had joined the feast at the request of the giver of it, along with the mate, was simultaneously overcome.

"Most extraordinary," remarked Rentore. "Never saw men so easily upset. I'm going on deck. Perkins, you might see the steward gets out that case of whiskey for the men forward and the stokers."

On deck the passenger lit a cigar, mounted to the bridge and joined the boatswain, who had charge of it.

"I've sent a bottle or two of hard stuff forward," he said to him affably. "You might go down and have your share. I'm sailor enough to watch her if you leave me the course."

"Thank you kindly, sir," answered the seaman, who, like the rest of the crew, was blessing his stars for having given the Grip the carrying of such a benefactor. "Keep her sou'west by west, and she'll take no harm for the minute I'll be gone."

When the boatswain's cap had vanished down the ladder Rentore turned to the hand at the wheel.

"You shouldn't be out of this, my man," he said. "Off you go, and drink with me. I can keep her head straight."

He gripped the wheel, and the sailor saw the compass card kept steady to the course. Then he, too, disappeared, and silence reigned for and aft along the deck of the Grip.

This lasted for perhaps half an hour—then Perkins appeared upon the bridge.

"They're gone under at last!" he said in tones very different from any he had previously used. "Shall I let our lads loose?"

"Yes," answered Rentore. "Tell some of them to see quickly to the fires—I can feel the old tub's speed slackening. And send a hand here to replace Perkins descended to where the cases were ranged and tapped on each. They opened as he did so, and dim figures from them darted swiftly to his bidding. The Grip had got a fresh crew.

Next morning, just before daylight, a small coasting steamer crept into the anchorage of St. Mary's, Sedly, and brought up close alongside the palatial yacht Bocanera, belonging to a multimillionaire of American extraction. It had come from the coast of France, and while its owner explored the islands in accordance with intentions previously announced somewhat widely in the public prints.

The Bocanera was visited by a boatful of armed men from the new arrival. The anchor watch on her deck was overpowered, the remainder of her crew batted down, and the multimillionaire was robbed under threat of violence of every portable article of value he had with him, including a large sum of gold and his wife's jewels, reputedly of fabulous worth.

Word of this daring robbery reached the shore, but by that time the strange dory had utterly vanished beyond sight. During the night following the Grip reached Southampton and was berthed ready to commence discharge next morning. Not even the police on duty noticed that her crew all slipped ashore one by one during the night.

It was the humpers, coming down to commence work on the cargo, who found the place deserted. They explored the forecastle last, and from below it came a muffled knocking. Hailing the hatch leading into the forepeak, there emerged from that literally black hole a string of disconsolate figures, Captain Mather bringing up the rear in crestfallen fashion.

"Here," he demanded, rubbing his eyes, "where in blazes are we?"

"Southampton," incoherently, he was told.

"Where's the ship been?" he asked brokenly. "I know no more than a baby. I'd best see the police. If they catch me they'll hang me. I'll hang him for them myself."

A sentiment in which the multimillionaire fully concurred.

The Origin of Woolwich Arsenal.

Woolwich arsenal is said to owe its existence to an explosion. According to the story the surveyor general gave orders that some old French guns, captured by the Duke of Marlborough, should be recast into English guns at Moorfields. A young Swiss student, Andre Schleich, who was traveling in search of scientific knowledge, happened to be present and noted that the molds to receive the molten metal were not dry. He spoke to the authorities of the danger, but the metal was run, and the generation of steam in the damp mold caused an explosion, attended with loss of life. Schleich was subsequently summoned to the ordnance office, his abilities tested, and he was then requested to select a site for a new foundry. His choice fell on Woolwich, where he was superintendent of the arsenal for many years.—London Chronicle.

Sponge Growing.

Sponges are cultivated in West India and the Mediterranean. In its natural state the bath or toilet sponge is fleshy and covered with a black skin. To obtain the light-colored, horny and elastic skeleton, sponges are left in shallow sea water for several days. In a staked inclosure until the rotten animal matter can be beaten out. For artificial cultivation a living sponge is cut into small blocks, about a cubic inch in size, with a portion of the outer skin on each. These, fixed to a frame of wooden trellis work, are sunk into a few fathoms of clear water, where they flourish best on a bottom of green seaweed free from mud. In about seven years the cuttings grow into sponges of marketable size.

A Canine Retort.

An Englishman of somewhat questionable reputation, who was criticizing the American way of spelling, one turned to Maurice Barrymore, the actor, and said: "I'll leave it to Mr. Barrymore. Is it right to leave out the 'u' in such words as harbor, neighbor, honor, candor, etc.?" "Well, about harbor and neighbor I am not sure," replied Barrymore, "but when it comes to honor and candor I leave you out."

Oranges and Tobacco.

"Did you ever notice," asked a well known physician the other day, "that men who eat oranges are not much injured by smoking? It is a fact. Orange juice has the faculty of neutralizing nicotine, and that is the reason. I have seen men weakened and even made ill by excessive smoking, and a few oranges were all that was necessary to straighten them out."—Philadelphia Record.

Cause For Pride.

Watson—What's the matter, Blankley? You're all cut about and your arm in a sling, as though you had been in a fight, and yet you look beaming and smiling over it all.

Blankley—The fact is I have all along thought my boy Harold a sort of snuff, and the other day I undertook to give him some boxing lessons. This is the result of the first lesson. Oh, I'm proud of that boy!

"At Prayers" and a Seat.

The scramble for seats in the house of commons is regulated by certain rules. A member present at prayers has a right to the place he then occupies until the rising of the house. Each evening stands absolutely independent and by itself, and therefore the title to a seat secured by attendance at prayer lapses at the termination of the sitting. On the table in a little box is a supply of small white cards with the words "At prayers" in large old English letters. Obtaining one of these cards and writing his name on it under the words "At prayers," the member slips it into a receptacle in the bench at the back of the seat and thus secures the place for the night against all comers. He may immediately leave the house and remain away as long as he pleases. The place may be occupied by another member in the meantime, but when ever the master of the seat, the gentleman whose autograph is written on the card in the little brass slot, returns to the chamber the temporary occupant of the seat must give place to him.

He Tamed the Princess.

William the Conqueror when he was only the Duke of Normandy had fallen in love with the Princess Matilda of Flanders. She was proud and haughty and had refused the noble lovers who were anxious to win her hand. The wily Norman studied her character carefully and when he had mapped out his plan of campaign rode into the town one day when she, at the head of a party, was going from church. He sprang from his horse by her side, boxed her ears soundly, pulled her off her stool, rolled her viciously in the mud, told her that he loved her and rode away. The astonished princess was infuriated and swore all kinds of vengeance. After her rage cooled down, however, she said to her father that upon reflection she had come to the conclusion that the only man who could treat Matilda of Flanders in that manner should be her husband. They were married, and the union turned out to be one of the happiest marriages in the history of royalty.

The Prophetic Gift.

That there are persons today who possess the somewhat uncanny gift of being able to predict future events is probably true. The wife of the late Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler and linguist, not to mention other instances of her weird gift, announced the very first time she saw Burton, at the time a perfect stranger whom she had met quite casually, that he would be her husband. At the present moment, too, there is said to be a man who has manifested such an extraordinary faculty of predicting things that are about to take place that a number of medical men have purchased the reversion of his brain in order that they may examine that organ after death to see if it shows any special development to account for his wonderful gift.—Grand Magazine.

A Cane In Defense.

"If you want to keep off holdup men," said an old detective to the observer, "carry a cane. A holdup man is more afraid of a cane than of a revolver. He's afraid of the cane carrying it will jab it in his face or eyes or get the end of it in his mouth. On this account they're just as much afraid of a small light stick as they are of a heavy one. There are so many different ways of using a cane that a man doesn't know just which way to guard against it. And any man can get it. Nine men out of ten who carry revolvers couldn't hit the side of a horse with them, and the holdups know it, but it doesn't take any skill or practice to learn to slambang away with a walking stick."—Columbus Dispatch.

The Statue of Liberty.

"I wonder if local mariners appreciate the optical illusion which the statue of Liberty presents to a man arriving in this port for the first time," said the skipper of an East Indian tramp, who in these days has been ordered New York harbor upon his first voyage here. "I saw the statue before I got to the Narrows, and it seemed as if it were just about where quarantine is. Later the thing seemed to be the Statue of Liberty. It kept getting farther and farther away, until I finally wondered whether I should ever bring it aboard. I suppose its great height accounts for this."—New York Post.

Priest's Orders.

An actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal theaters in London. Some one remarked at the Garrick club that there were a great many men in the pit every evening.

"Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders," said Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters as well as one of the cleverest comic satirists of the day.—London Telegraph.

Giving Quickly.

"See me next week about it."

"But he gives quickly gives twice."

"That's just what I don't care to do. I'd like to give a second subscription."—Pittsburg Post.

His Opportunity.

He—I'm going to bring Jolt home with me to dinner tonight. She—Oh, yes, dear, don't. It's the cook's day out, and I'll have to cook dinner He—Never mind; I owe Jolt one anyway.—Exchange.

Good Features.

Mrs. Bacon—What's the piano has several keys that make no sound at all! Mr. Bacon—Yes, and there are some other good features about it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Anticipation.

Mabel—Yes, dear, I will be a help-mate to you and try to lighten the daily troubles and worries of your life as best I can.

Arthur—But I have none, darling.

Mabel—Oh, you old goose! I mean when we are married, of course!

What a Ketter.

"Who's there?" called the poet.

"I am the wolf at the door," came the fire reply.

"Come in, come in!" cried the poet.

"I thought at first you might be a man with a bill."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Exception.

"Do you believe," asked young Dunder, "who is only five feet tall, 'that brevity is the soul of wit?'"

"Not in your case," replied Miss Biffington in a tone redolent with acrimony.

Sympathy.

Missionary—Our situation was so remote that for a while your wife never saw a white face but my own.

Sympathetic Young Woman—Oh, poor thing!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—First Quarter, For Jan. 26, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John ii, 13-22. Memory Verses, 15, 16—Golden Text, Ps. cxlii, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The more I study and write the more the saying in I Pet. i, 11, grows upon me, "The Spirit of Christ testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." This sentence is a summary of the whole Bible story, and every part has a connection with every other. We must never forget that the Spirit wrote through John in order to set forth the great truth that Jesus is the Son of God, equal with the Father; that, believing in Him, we might have life, and have it more abundantly (chapters xxi, xii, xiii). We learn from His sufferings we become sons of God and then, by feasting on the glory, how to live as such here in these mortal bodies. In the last lesson Nathaniel was told that he should see the glory, and now in the first part of this chapter we are told of our Lord's first miracle and that at the marriage in Cana He manifested forth His glory (verse 11). The marriage takes us back to Eden and to Adam and Eve and on to Rev. xix, to the marriage of the Lamb to His Bride, the church, "Then shall we see and share His glory, and His word will be to us a light such as we have never seen, and the water shall be changed into the wine of the kingdom." It will be on the third day also, counting 1,000 years as one day (Luke xiii, 32). Israel will have 400 years in it, the names of the tribes being on the gates of the city, and then shall the Passover have its complete fulfillment in the national deliverance and conversion of Israel, according to Luke xii, 15, 16, 28-30; Jer. xxxiii, 15, 16. The temple at Jerusalem shall be restored, according to Ezek. xl to xlviii, and the name of the city from that day shall be "The Lord is there." Jehovah-shammah (Ezek. xlviii, 35). In the new Jerusalem which shall come down from God out of heaven, that the nations may walk in the light of it, there shall be "no temple for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb shall be the temple of it and the light of it (Rev. xxi, 22-24). Then shall be seen the complete fulfillment of Jacob's vision. These thoughts and many more on these lines are suggested by the Passover and the temple cleansing of our lesson in John ii, which topics suggest the practical questions, Am I truly under the shelter of the blood, and, if so, am I consciously His temple? (I Cor. vi, 19).

After this brief visit to Capernaum (verse 12), being rejected by His townsfolk at Nazareth, He made Capernaum His center, and it is called His own city (Luke iv, 14-31; Matt. ix, 1). Capernaum, then, is the center of the story. Let us each be a Capernaum for Him and not hinder by unbelief. It was at a Passover that He was lost to His mother for three days and when found in the temple cleansing it, as recorded words in Luke ii, 40, "I must be about My Father's business." The Passover of today's lesson is the first of His public ministry and is significant by His cleansing the temple and foretelling His resurrection. The cleansing of the temple typified Christ and His blood shedding is plainly stated in I Cor. v, 7. Some of the lessons are safety only under the blood, the assurance of it by the word of God, fellowship with Him in eating the bread, the suggestion of suffering with Him in the bitter herbs and the absence of leaven, the necessity of putting away all evil. As the first Passover marked the beginning of Israel's national history, the cleansing of the temple marked the beginning of His personal history. He dwelt in the temple for four days and on the last Passover (Luke xxi) will be marked by a deliverance that will never again be marred by a future bondage (Isa. ix, 19-22; Amos ix, 14, 15). From the beginning of their life, the Jews had been waiting for the Messiah to dwell in their midst, first a tabernacle and then a temple, each typical of Jesus, their Messiah, the true tabernacle and temple. But they were ever neglecting or defiling it, for it was man's way to defile everything. In the time of the reformation under Hezekiah they were sixteen days cleansing the house of the Lord, and the filthiness had reached even to the holy place (II Chron. xxix, 5, 6, 15-18). The Lord Jesus was the only temple that never needed cleansing. We as His redeemed ones are His temples, but are urged to cleanse ourselves not only from all filthiness of the flesh, but of the spirit too (I Cor. vi, 16; vii, 1). When out of the world of sin, we are to be as temples of the living God, and so many churches today? And is it not possible that He who looks on the heart rather than on the outward appearance sees under many an outward form of holiness a heart as black as a market place or a wall street.

There are deliverance and cleansing only in Him who died for us, rose again and ever lives as our great High Priest to intercede for us. His disciples, who were of the law and of the flesh, were cleansed by His resurrection until after He was risen from the dead, and some of us seem just as slow to receive Col. iii, 14. We know from Heb. xii, 2, that even He was sustained in His humiliation by the joy that was before Him, unless the resurrection, with all its glory, is very real to us we shall be apt to dwell much upon the way and its discouragements.

Butler's Actress Wife.

General Butler deprived the stage of one of its great beauties and a most talented and popular actress. It is a bit of fortune-telling that he had been in love with Sally Hildreth when she was twenty-one years old and had been on the stage five years. She capitulated to the young lawyer and retired from the histrionic field.

Did Not Mean It.

"Honestly is the best policy," sapiently said the commuter.

"My dear sir, you're wrong?" exclaimed the suddenly awakened insurance agent who had been doing business on the opposite side. "My company has the best policy. We long ago abandoned the other as out of date."

Showing the Way.

"Whose little boy is this, I wonder?" asked the old gentleman.

"There is two ways you could find out," said the small boy.

"How so, my son?"

"You might guess, or you might inquire," replied the small boy.

"Sir!"—Baltimore News.

Unappreciated.

"Do you like to be a little lady with the seat and yellow," that the good die young?"

"How could I?" exclaimed the flatterer. "How could I, and you so good—er—that is."

"Sir!"—Baltimore News.

Her Performance.

Bellows—Does your daughter play on the piano?

Old Farmer (in tones of deep disgust)—No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it and rolls over on it, but there's no play about it, sir.

He Was Competent Himself.

Bobby's father was breaking the news to him.

"How would you like to have a little brother, Bob?" he asked.

"First rate," replied the youngster cheerfully. Then he reflected a minute. "No," he said slowly. "I guess, after all, I'd rather have a sister. I'm a boy myself, you know."—New York Tribune.

Extension

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New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

A Long Dance.

William Kemp, an English comic actor who flourished during the last years of Queen Elizabeth and who belonged to the same company as Shakespeare and "created" Dogberry, danced from London to Norwich, a distance of 144 miles. He was accompanied by a servant, an umpire and a man with a tabor and pipe. Crowds hindered his start on Feb. 11, 1600, and many met him at every place. Several tried to dance with him, but none could rival his pace. The most successful was a young man, though delayed by a snowstorm, he did it in nine days, and on the way accepted a challenge or two, each time coming off best, except when a Chelmsford maiden of fourteen danced till her was ready to lie down. On his return he wrote an account of it, which ended with a warning to those with whom he had made wagers that if they did not pay up he would publish their names, the "Nine Days' Wonder" as the story runs, is a merry, readable pamphlet. Among other curious information it is the statement that the customary way to deal with pickpockets at the theater in those days was to tie them to a post.

German Humor.

The tendency of the German comic papers to supply continuously the same characters as "producers of mirth" is the subject of an article in a Berlin paper by Ludwig Bauer. The writer mentions as the most conspicuous of the funny figures the absent-minded professor whose habitual unbelated losing proclivities have made generations laugh. This figure had its origin at a time, he says, when the man of letters was a helpless person in the active world—a dresser, a clerk, a clerk in realms away from the actual and therefore blind to his surroundings. In this form he has been represented in the comic papers. But Germany, he thinks, not the professor, has been and is being caricatured. The professor today must be a wide awake man, for science is no longer an island. These are not the days for sleep and for dreams. Another abused character is the lieutenant who, having no foe to fight, is always shown as fighting conquests where Amor has conquered. The old maid is another of the stock figures, and one of equal importance is Mr. Newgrich. Of the latter it is said: "He is always full of fear and suspicion. He knows that he has been misplaced, and he sways from side to side like a timid rope walker. This makes him really funny, and we must laugh at his antics."

Boston & Northern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect December 16, 1907.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell FOR BOSTON—5:25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9:25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1:25 p. m. until 9:25 p. m.) 10:25 p. m. to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6:55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9:55 p. m., 10:25 p. m. to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 6:32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9:32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1:32 p. m. until 9:32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7:32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9:32 p. m.

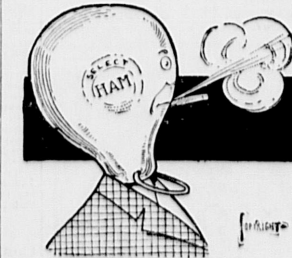
Leave Billerica Centre FOR WOBURN—6:02 and every 60 minutes until 11:02 p. m. and every 30 minutes (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 7:02 p. m. until 11:02 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6:32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11:02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 6:22 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10:22 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 7:22 a. m. until 10:22 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6:52 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10:22 p. m.

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt. ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt. THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co. IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, December 16, 1907, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington at 7:25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9:25 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8:25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9:25 p. m. Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7:40 a. m., 10:22 p. m. and every 60 minutes until 9:25 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8:40 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9:25 p. m. Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 7:55 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9:55 p. m. and every 30 minutes until 9:55 p. m. then same as week days. *To Wilmington Depot only. At North Woburn cars leave at 10 minutes past the hour connect with the 12 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Square at 2 minutes past each hour, due at North Woburn at 7 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 10 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt. THOMAS LEES, Supt. Woburn, December 11, 1907.



With a pedigree never goes begging. It's the kind you're looking for and the kind you can give us. Because

WE SELL AT HAM

doesn't signify we ask more. On the contrary, we charge a less price than is often asked for hams that won't stand inspection. Our hams are from healthy stock, properly cured and will keep in any climate. For good hams don't shop, but buy them here.

He Was Competent Himself.

Bobby's father was breaking the news to him.

"How would you like to have a little brother, Bob?" he asked.

"First rate," replied the youngster cheerfully. Then he reflected a minute. "No," he said slowly. "I guess, after all, I'd rather have a sister. I'm a boy myself, you know."—New York Tribune.

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406 Main Street, Woburn. Telephone 126-1.

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26 Montvale Ave.
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in the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed. You want have to shiver while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put out in the old one.

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Steam & Hot Water Heating
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Woburn Journal

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No. 434

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Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Leave Woburn Centre for Maiden Square at 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, 11:15 A. M., 12:15, 1:15, 2:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6:15, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, 11:15 P. M. RETURN—Leave Maiden Square for Woburn at 6:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 1:15 P. M., then hourly until 1:15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10:15, 11:15 P. M. The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. using operated on the following schedule: Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30 P. M. RETURN—Leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6:00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn Centre for Maiden Sq. at 8:45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:15, 11:15 P. M. RETURN—Leave Maiden Sq. for Stoneham Sq. at 9:45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:15, 11:15 P. M. Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30 P. M. RETURN—Leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 9:00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M.

*To Stoneham Sq. only. *To Melrose Highlands only. *To Lynn only. GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt. Chelsea Mass., Feb. 18, 1906

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VOL. LVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1908.

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NO. 10

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice to Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change of Time. Reading &

Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 8, 1907, cars

leave Reading Square for Stoneham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,

5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,

7:30, 7:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

11:10 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,

6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.,

and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

ham and Reading 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30

A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:30

P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,

8:20, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,

7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M.,

and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.,

then every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,

Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:00, 8:00,

8:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 6:50, 7:20, 8:30, 9:00 A. M.,

and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,

8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes

until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

ham and Reading 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00,

9:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:30

P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,

8:20, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907.

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS., and BOSTON—15.55

16.15, 16.45, 17.15, 17.45, 18.15, 18.45, 19.15,

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Priscilla's

Philanthropy

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

(Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Reed.)

"Will you be kind enough to tell me

where Mr. Morgan is?"

Priscilla had asked the question that afternoon,

but turn and twist as she would at

each new jumble of directions she

seemed to nearer the clearing house

of domestic peace. "I wouldn't

know," she said, "but I'll try to

find out for you."

Priscilla frowned. She did not wait

for the policeman to finish, but, thank-

ing him hastily, retraced her steps

with the energy of despair.

Is there anything more human on

the face of the earth," she put to her-

self, "than a maid of all work? To

think of it—running off the day be-

fore New Year's without deigning to

have thought of it! Della after being

with us six whole months."

Here she stopped her mental solilo-

quy long enough to get her bearings

and turn east, as directed.

It wasn't matter so much if only

Gerald Hollister were not coming to

dinner. Relatives don't count. Oh,

why did I invite him? He's so ac-

customed to having everything absolutely

come to him. Catch me letting my

sympathies run away with me again!

Just because a man's family happens

to be out of town! And he could have

asked our whole family over there to

dinner and with all his servants never

bothered to lift his finger. But that

wouldn't occur to him. It's the one

thing I don't like about Gerald Hol-

lister anyway. With all his wealth he

never hears about his doing any big,

SIR CUPID OF THE
PURPLE HEART

By GRACE ROWAN

Copyright, 1907, by T. C. McCreary

The fates selected Paul Harvey's devotion for his sister as their tool, and with it drove him straight to his doom. His idolatrous affection for his tall, stately Virginia, who had "mothered" him ever since the death of their parents, made superstitious women shake their heads and his club friends smile. When Virginia married rich, easy going James Drew people said things would change and Paul would certainly marry and settle down, just as such an eligible person as he owed it to society to do.

But things did not change. Paul explained that Virginia's heart was roomy enough for them both, and while he dwelt nominally at his unit lecturing a suitable girl for her exercise Paul's mind considerably more than the fate of certain shades he had on the mark. His broker was paid to look after his business. There was no one he would trust with the selection of Virginia's present.

To his bewildered brain it seemed as if there was nothing which she did not have. Then he remembered the dinner she was to give when a certain art connoisseur would arrive from Paris, and he decided that some unique decoration for her table should form his gift. Further, it should be orchids in some shape or form, for orchids of a peculiar palish lavender, with great purple hearts, were Virginia's hobby. This idea he carried to Mrs. Donnelly, a sympathetic friend whose fad was charity bazaars, and from her he obtained the address of a young woman who was a dealer in shades of exceeding daintiness.

"But, my dear Paul," added Mrs. Donnelly, as she wrote the address on her card, "Miss Carr's prices will probably stagger you. She charges fearfully for those things. Little things, but she gets her price and you must stand for it. You see, Mrs. Van Allen and her set have taken her up and she has all the orders she can fill."

Paul smiled as he slipped the card in his pocket. Compared to the near he had given Virginia last year, a couple of silk candle shades would be a mere bagatelle. But what pleased him and he knew would please Virginia was the personal thought the gift would carry. Virginia was absolutely sentimental for a woman 5 feet 10 who affected tailor made clothes.

And that is how Paul Harvey stood before the small, private entrance of the Carr that one crisp January morning, with a bit of pale blue and his irreproachably gloved fingers, the popular air of a new musical comedy on his lips and ignorance of impending danger in his heart. Then she opened the door, and he found himself clutching after a bit of pale blue and his irreproachably gloved fingers, the popular air of a new musical comedy on his lips and ignorance of impending danger in his heart.

He introduced himself, presented his friend's card and stated his errand, but all quite mechanically. His real self was asking itself the most absurd questions, such as whether copper colored hair here wasn't much more effective than Virginia's blond locks, and why a girl with a carriage like that was working for a lot of inconsiderate, snobbish women, instead of making some good, appreciative chap ridiculously happy.

He was so busy thinking this that he was quite annoyed when, seated in the diminutive drawing room, he found himself face to face with a mass of "silk things" in many colors, shades of poppies, of roses, of violets, of chrysanthemums. He wondered if a dower grew that could hold the warm light of her wavy hair, or if ever a lily was of an ivory so pure as her face.

"Is there anything here you like?" she was saying, and he gripped hard on his cane.

"No; you see, Virginia goes for orchids. She has such jolly good taste!"

"Yes," suggested the girl sympathetically.

"Her favorite is a purple with a deeper purple heart, and I want the shades just like her favorite dower."

"Well, shall we have a large shade hung with small orchid blossoms, or each shade a single bloom?"

"Bless me, I don't know. You look as if you knew better about this. And he almost added, and everything else."

"The girl was looking a bit perplexed. 'If only I could see one of the dowers I could reproduce its tints very closely in silk.'"

Paul beamed. "The very thing! I'll call a cab and we'll drive right down to Rosey's. His orchids are the finest in town."

A deep flush spread over Sylvia Carr's face, but she said quietly and calmly:

"That is quite impossible. My mother is not well enough for me to leave her today."

But Paul was already groaning in spirit. "Crad that I am to think she is the sort to ride round in cabs with strange fellows," quite forgetting that he was an eligible in favor with all his chaperons. Then his face brightened.

"I'll have some sent up, and please make a dozen shades. I forget how many candles she uses, but she must have plenty of light. And, by the way, you wouldn't mind if I dropped in occasionally to see how they are coming on? You know, Virginia is a jolly good sort, the best sister in the world, and—well, I rather think I take more pleasure in making her a gift than she does in receiving it. It's such good fun to think of how surprised and pleased she'll be."

Sylvia hesitated, then smiled. "I will have some ready to show you by Friday."

And Paul realized that the interview was over.

An hour later Sylvia opened a florist's box and gave a cry of delight. Never had she seen such tints as met her gaze in the purple hearts of those orchids, and under the orchids were other blossoms, sweet scented and dewy.

"These for the mother who is not feeling so well today," read the card, but Sylvia put a white rose in her hair, and when, with one of the orchids in her hand, she started out to buy silk for the shades, she remarked inconsequently, "Of course it is absurd, but I'm glad they are for my sister, even if she is the Mrs. Drew who rolls by me in her carriage."

The shades were finished, barely in time for the birthday. Sylvia had never done more exquisite work, and now she hated to pack them one by one in their dainty nests of tissue paper, a perfect orchid each one of them, and when they set the light once more it would be at a feast graced by clever men and beautiful women. But they would go out of her life forever. Something else would go out of her life, too—those pleasant little chats across her sewing table where Paul Harvey had watched the orchids grow. Yes, it was all true, this gossip, that Paul gave all his heart to his sister. But perhaps if a certain slump in stocks and an absconding cashier had not done their united worst for herself and her mother it might have been different.

And she closed the box sharply, tied the twine in hard knots and went out for a walk. She would not be home when the messenger called.

Mrs. James Drew was giving an "afternoon." The crowd was thinning out, and the hostess was standing in a small alcove with Mrs. Donnelly. Said the latter:

"My dear Virginia, I shall always feel that it was my fault. I sent your brother to Sylvia Carr for those miserable orchid shades and now—"

Virginia Drew smiled with lips that quivered just a trifle.

"And now my brother says he is the happiest man in the world. It is odd to see how comely she meets the women for whom she once made garments. The genus still exists. Often, doesn't he? Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Donnelly nodded her head, and they both glanced at the graceful figure, crowned with copper colored hair, crossing the room in a long trailing robe of softest satin, and with lips that quivered just a trifle.

"I shall keep them always, for in their great purple hearts is woven the love story of the dearest and best brother in the world."

Are Authors Still Hungry?

It is a fallacy to suppose that the day of the hungry author is of the past. The genre still exists. Often, doesn't he? Don't you think so?

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A PUBLIC SCOLDING.

The Way a Scotch Minister Rebuked His Wife in Church.

"I church a story I once heard in Scotland," said a well known author, "a story that, I think, typical of a certain portion of the people."

"This story concerns a minister who caught a member of his congregation sleeping and rebuked him from the pulpit. 'Awake, Saunders,' he said, 'Man, it's a disgrace to sleep in the kirk.'"

"Saunders was much hurt. He spoke up and said: 'Look to yer ain pew, an' maybe ye'll find others sleepin' here besides myself.'"

"The minister looked, and there was his wife slumbering soundly. He awakened her, and he said: 'If she fell asleep again he might call attention to her by holding up his hand. Then he proceeded with his sermon.'"

"Some weeks went by, and one Sunday Saunders, sure enough, put his hand up. The wife was asleep again. The minister thundered out her name, bade her rise to her feet and said to her before the whole congregation: 'Mrs. Saunders, any lady seems that when I got ye for my wife I got no beauty; yer friends ken I got no siller; now, if I dinna get God's grace I shall have a pair bargain indeed.'—Kansas City Journal.

King Snake and Water Moccasin.

"Two years ago," says a writer in the Scientific American, "it was my good fortune to witness a combat between a king snake and a water moccasin. I was attracted to the scene by a negro laborer. When I reached the spot I found the snakes coiled together in a pool of water, the king snake gripping his enemy with the tip of his tail just back of the head."

There was clearly his intention to drown the moccasin. For the purpose of taking a photograph I lifted the two struggling, writhing serpents to a rock. Just before I took my photograph the king snake pulled the moccasin's head in the exact position he wished and quickly stretched his jaws over it. Thoughtlessly enough, I put the snakes back into the water, thinking that the king snake would swallow him. Very soon, however, he left the pool, stretched his victim straight out before him and leisurely began to swallow him. In my efforts to take another photograph he was frightened away. Both snakes were nearly the same size, being about three and a half feet in length."

The Art of Listening.

There is a grace of kind listening as well as a grace of kind speaking. Men listen with an abstracted air which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere, or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with a determined, lively, violent attention that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons whose manners will stand the test of speaking break down under the trial of listening.

Hastings and Tilden.

Hugh Hastings, when editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, was successful in his later attacks upon Samuel J. Tilden. One day he received a letter from Henry F. Spaulding, then president of the Central Trust company, to the effect that his attacks upon Mr. Tilden appeared unwarranted, and unless he would give some satisfactory explanation Mr. Spaulding would discontinue taking the Commercial Advertiser.

Mr. Hastings replied, "When I was a clerk in Albany Sam Tilden was a clerk in the boy who sold graded turkeys for horse radish, and he has been doing it ever since."

Mr. Spaulding did not stop the Commercial Advertiser.—New York Times.

The Partitions of Poland.

There have been three partitions of Poland. The first was in 1772, when Prussia took the palatinates of Malberg, Pomerania and Warmia, a part of Culm and a part of Great Poland, Austria took Lódz, Poznan, or Gailitz, a part of Podolia, Sandomir and Cracow, and Russia took White Russia, with all the part beyond the Dnieper. The second partition was in 1793, by which Prussia acquired the remainder of Great Poland and a portion of Little Poland, and the Russian boundary was advanced to the center of Lithuania and Volhynia. In the third and final partition, in 1795, Austria had Cracow, with the territory between the Vistula and the Vistula, Prussia had the part with the territory as far as the Niemen, while the rest went to Russia.—New York American.

A Dramatic Author.

Like most actor managers, Macready was pestered by would be dramatic authors. An ambitious young fellow brought him a five act tragedy one morning to Drury Lane.

"My piece," modestly explained the author, "is a chief discovery. I will answer for its success, for I have conceived the sanguinary taste of the public. My tragedy is so tragic that all the characters are killed off at the end of the third act."

"With whom, then," asked the manager, "do you carry on the action of the last two acts?"

"With the ghosts of those who died in the third!"—Cornhill Magazine.

Gray Versus Brown Camels.

The length of a stage varies throughout Persia, depending on the character of the country, and is reckoned in farsaks, the old Greek parasangs. The farsak is a most elastic and uncertain measure, and as animals are paid for farfarsak as many as the credulity of the traveler will allow are crowded into each stage. "How far?" I once asked an old Kurdish muleteer, "is a farsak?" "As far as one can distinguish a gray from a brown camel," was the discreet answer. They average about four miles and the stage about six farsaks, or twenty-five miles.—Atlantic.

Thought He Could Buy Them Cheap.

Elderly German as he calls at a lodging house door—Glad lady, I saw yes, der advertisement in der evening paper dat you have a pair of pajamas to sell, yes? Boarding House Mistress (indignantly)—Pajamas? You old fool, do you think this is a department store? Where is the advertisement?

The German (producing the advertisement and reading it aloud)—"For sale, you almost new bedroom suit, cheap! Gail and see it!"—Bohemian.

Even With Him.

Mr. Flirty (tauntingly)—I saw Mrs. Borington on the street today. She looked charming in her mourning gown.

Mrs. Flirty (sarcastically)—Indeed! It's a pity we can't all be widows.

Frank and Honest.

Butcher—What did you think of that steak I cut you yesterday?

Patron—To be perfectly frank with you, I thought it came off a South American cow that had been foddered on rubber trees.

The Rapid Rise of Clive.

The evidences of Clive's genius, said Lord Curzon, were incontestable in nine years he had risen from being a poor and unknown clerk to be one of the most famous captains of his own or any other age.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—First Quarter, For Feb. 2, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John iii, 1-21. Memory Verses, 14-16—Golden Text, John iii, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Four of the great words of the gospel and the epistles of John are life and light and love and believe, the first three referring to God and what He is and the last showing how He and all that He is and has become ours.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the living manifestation of this life and light and love, for it is all seen fully in Him, and when we receive Him we become the manifestation of this life and light and love to others. This is the teaching of the Scriptures; but, oh, how believers fall in the manifestation!

Chapter II tells us in the closing verses that while at the Passover many believed in His name when they saw His miracles, yet He did not believe in them because He knew them and knew what was in them.

The word "commit unto" of verse 24 is just the word "believe" of verse 23 and elsewhere, and thus we have in chapter I, 12; II, 24, two definitions of believing which mean to "receive" Him or "commit unto" Him.

According to the revised version, the two chapters are connected thus: "He Himself knew what was in man. Now there was a man." So we have in Nicodemus a sample man and in chapter IV a sample woman. The samples are about as different as they could possibly be, the one being outwards as good as possible and the other as bad as possible; yet the first "must" be born again, and even such as the last "may" be born again.

This gospel is written that, receiving Jesus Christ as the Son of God, all such may have life through Him, for "He that hath the Son of God hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (chapter xx, 31; I John v, 12). The question of life or death in the Scriptures is not one of existence in the body or out of the body, although that is sometimes referred to, but it is a question of knowing God by being vitally connected with Him or not knowing Him (John xvii, 6; Tit. I, 10). The flesh or carnal mind, however cultured or religious, is entirely against God and never can be changed. There must be a new creation, which comes by a new birth (Rom. viii, 7; I Cor. v, 17) and not by any patching up of the old nature.

Nicodemus was evidently one of the best of men and stood high in the esteem of his fellows, being a ruler among them. He had also a conviction that Jesus was no ordinary man, and acknowledged that His works defied that which was with Him in a special manner. It is not learning, but life, that saves, and Jesus, seeing the great need of this man, at once tells him of it. Many in dealing with such a person as Nicodemus, who was a Christian already and needed nothing but continuance in the things he already knew. Strong emphasis on the necessity of the new birth was never more needed than now, for all who are not saved are condemned, lost, dead in trespasses and sins (verse 18; Luke xix, 10; Eph. I, 3-5).

All have been stung by the serpent (sin) and are as truly perishing spiritually as the Israelites were physically. They saw in this serpent on the pole the likeness of that which caused their death in the place of death, they did not need to understand it, but they did need to look upon the brazen serpent as they were commanded, and every bitten one who looked and lived.

"It looks well, but I am afraid it is dubious," said a financier, speaking of a proposed scheme. "Yes, it is dubious. It reminds me of the Turkish pasha and his wife." "A Turkish pasha lay dying. He summoned to him the youngest and fairest of his forty-six wives and said to her in a low, weak voice, 'Put on your richest costume, your brilliant jewels. Deck your hair with pearls and brighten your finger tips with henna.'"

"The young wife blushed. Even in her grief she was flattered." "And why, my lord," she said, "do you desire me to make this sumptuous toilet?" "So that death when it comes," the man replied, "seeing you so beautiful, may perhaps carry you off instead of me."

Motion of the Sun.

Owing to the revolution of the earth the sun seems to make its daily circuit around us, which of course is not the case. But the sun is revolving about its center quite as truly as the earth is. It was one of the conceptions of that most remarkable man, Sir John Herschel, that the whole solar system had a motion in space and was advancing toward a point in the heavens near the star Hercules. Sir John's conception—as bold an idea as ever entertained by the human mind—is now generally accepted by astronomers, and the opinion is quite universal among them that the entire system is tracing out a curvilinear path in space, a course around some mighty center, probably Mr. Milne because it reveals his Saviour, and my Saviour because He interprets my Bible. "There is nothing reliable concerning things unseen, but the Word of God, but that is infallible and forever settled in heaven (Ps. cxix, 86)."

What He Didn't Mean.

Mr. Blunder—Why, your mother looks as young as you do, Miss Stale.

Miss S. (stiffly)—It is not very complimentary to me, Mr. Blunder.

Mr. B. (confused)—I did not mean that. I—I mean you look as young as your mother.

Even With Him.

Mr. Flirty (tauntingly)—I saw Mrs. Borington on the street today. She looked charming in her mourning gown.

Mrs. Flirty (sarcastically)—Indeed! It's a pity we can't all be widows.

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The evidences of Clive's genius, said Lord Curzon, were incontestable in nine years he had risen from being a poor and unknown clerk to be one of the most famous captains of his own or any other age.

A Caustic Reply.

A gentleman once said to a barrister, "That was a very good sermon of your father's today." To which he replied: "Yes. He must have critiqued it from some one." But the father overheard this remark and reminded him that the Bible says, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." This caustic reply silenced the barrister.—London Telegraph.

The Sausage.

The sausage dates back to the year 897. It has been asserted that the Greeks in the days of Homer manufactured sausages, but this prehistoric mixture had nothing in common with our modern product. The ancient so-called sausage was composed of the same materials which enter into the makeup of the boudin of the French market and of the blood pudding of the French Canadian. The ancient sausage was enveloped in the stomachs of goats. It was not until the tenth century that sausage made of hatched pork became known. It was in or near the year 1599 that, thanks to the introduction into Germany of cinnamon and saffron, the sausages of Frankfurt and Strasbourg acquired a universal reputation.

Smoked Ham.

A pedigree never goes begging. It's the kind you're looking for and the kind you can give you. Because

WE SELL AT HAM.

doesn't signify we ask more. On the contrary, we charge a less price than is often asked for hams that won't stand investigation. Our hams are from healthy stock, properly cured and will keep in any climate. For good hams don't shop, but buy them here.

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Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

The convenience tremendously out-weighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call).

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Good Cause For Tears.

A certain mediaeval sultan had all the mirrors removed from his palace, so that he might avoid the pain of seeing his own face. This sultan called on his grand vizier one day and by accident happened to catch sight of his reflection. His hideousness overpowered him, and he broke into violent sobs. He said to the vizier, "I have never seen my own face before, and now I see it. I am a monster. I am a monster. I am a monster."

"Why do you weep longer than I, vizier?" the grand vizier replied, "You weep, O commander of the faithful, because you saw your face but for an instant, but I see it all day and every day."

A Dubious Compliment.

One day Dr. Nostrum, a local who was a large and healthy man, and on of his lady elders went to pay a visit to a certain Mrs. MacLaren of the congregation who lived over the Scotch hills. She was a frugal woman, but since she knew that a call from these two meant that they would stay to supper, too, she determined that they should have the best in the house. So she piled the table with jellies and jam and preserves and shortbread and all the delicacies of the season, and the journey having been long, they partook heartily, and after the meal the elder said to her:

"Mrs. MacLaren, were you at the Kirk Sunday?"

"Oh, ay," she said, "I was."

"And what did you think of the treatment of the miracle?" The sermon had been on the loaves and fishes. "I thought it was good," said Mrs. MacLaren.

"And what is your idea on the subject, Mrs. MacLaren?" persisted the minister.

"Loth," said his hostess suddenly. "I'm thinking that if you and the elder had bin in the congregation there wadna bin twelve baskets of fragments for the disciples to gather up!"

Maintaining His Argument.

One night at Brooks' when Coke was present Fox, in allusion to something that had been said, made a very disparaging remark about government powder. Adam, attorney general to the Prince of Wales, who heard it, considered it a personal reflection, and sent Fox a challenge. At the time appointed Fox went out and took his station, standing full face to his adversary. Fitzgerald pointed out to him that he ought to stand sideways. "What does it matter?" protested Fox. "I am as thick one way as the other." The signal to fire was given. Adam fired, but Fox did not. His seconds, greatly excited, told him that he must fire. "I'll be—If I do!" said Fox. "I have no quarrel!" Whereupon the two adversaries advanced to shake hands. "Adam," said Fox complacently, "you'd have killed me if it hadn't been for the badness of government powder!"—London Bellman.

Good Enough to Charge For.

When William H. Scott was managing clerk in the early sixties for the firm of Cleveland & Titus, a client came in and wanted an opinion right away. No member of the firm was in. Accordingly, Mr. Scott, with some hesitation, wrote the opinion. When his principal, Mr. Cleveland, came in, he explained the circumstances and showed him the opinion. Mr. Cleveland looked at him with a smile and then read it with care. "Humph," said he, "pretty poor opinion, but it will do you charge."—New York Times.

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Business Cards.

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DEALERS IN -
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Hay, Straw,
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NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice to Patrons.
Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.
Change of Time. Reading &
Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.
Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,
5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,
7:30, 7:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,
6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.
RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M. and every 30
minutes until 11:30 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and
Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:30, 7:50,
8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
11:50 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,
7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.
Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:00, 8:00,
8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.
SUNDAY TIME.
Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:00, 8:00,
8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 6:50, 7:20, 7:35, 8:05 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,
7:40, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30
minutes until 11:10 P. M.
RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
ham and Reading 7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 9:30
A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30
P. M.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and
Reading 7:50, 8:20, 9:20, 9:50 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Reading 8:10, 9:10,
9:40, 10:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.
JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.
The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry. is
the result of the arrangements which went
into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1907.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn Car House
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated
5:15 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
1:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
1:57 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
2:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
3:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
4:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
5:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
6:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
8:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
9:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
10:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M.
Leave North Woburn Car House for
Winchester, Medford and Elevated 5:15
A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9:27
A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27
P. M., then every 15 minutes until 1:27
P. M., then every 30 minutes until 1:57
P. M., then every 15 minutes until 2:27
P. M., then every 30 minutes until 3:27
P. M., then every 15 minutes until 4:27
P. M., then every 30 minutes until 5:27
P. M., then every 15 minutes until 6:27
P. M., then every 30 minutes until 7:27
P. M., then every 15 minutes until 8:27
P. M., then every 30 minutes until 9:27
P. M., then every 15 minutes until 10:27
P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11:27
P. M.
Leave Winchester for Woburn 5:45 A. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 9:00 A. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 12:00 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 1:00 P. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 1:30 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 2:00 P. M.,
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then every 15 minutes until 11:00 P. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.
Leave Medford for Woburn 5:45 A. M.,
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then every 30 minutes until 12:00 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 1:00 P. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 1:30 P. M.,
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then every 15 minutes until 10:00 P. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 11:00 P. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.
Leave Elevated for Woburn 5:45 A. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 9:00 A. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 12:00 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 1:00 P. M.,
then every 30 minutes until 1:30 P. M.,
then every 15 minutes until 2:00 P. M.,
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Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 10, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

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The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, FEB. 7, 1908.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Postoffice Department at Washington has made the following ruling respecting postage on newspapers to go into effect Jan. 1, 1908:

"Unless subscriptions are expressly renewed after the term for which they are paid within the following periods: WEEKLIES within one year

they will not be counted in the legitimate list of subscribers, and copies mailed on account thereof shall not be accepted for mailing at the second class postage rate of one cent a pound."

Heretofore, the postage on weekly papers, paid in advance by the publishers, has been one cent a pound, but under the new ruling, if the subscriber is in arrears more than one year, it is to be FOUR TIMES as high, or one cent for every four ounces.

It will be readily seen that the publisher of the JOURNAL must look to his delinquent subscribers for immediate payment of arrearages to enable him to comply with this new ruling of the P. O. Department.

TAFT AHEAD.

Congressman Gardner, who represents the sixth Massachusetts District in the National House, declares that a majority of the Republican party of this State are in favor of the nomination of Secretary of War Taft at the next Republican National convention to succeed President Roosevelt, who holds the reins of government at the present time, and has been doing so, in the ablest manner, for several years past, to the honor and profit of this Nation.

Representative Gardner does not entertain a doubt that Massachusetts is in the Taft column good and strong. It seems that a Boston newspaper has taken a poll of the Republican members of the Legislature and their preferences for a Presidential candidate with the result that of the 142 who voted 85 were for Taft, 28 for Hughes, 14 for Roosevelt, 9 for Senator Crane, and the remainder scattering. Concerning this Mr. Gardner said: "I have no doubt the poll of the Legislature represented the feeling of the State," and declared that his own Congressional District is overwhelmingly for Taft.

It was reported last Wednesday morning, seemingly by authority, that Representative Robert Luce of Somerville will within a few days formally announce his candidacy for the office of Lieutenant Governor next fall. It will create no surprise, for it has been known for some time that Mr. Luce would be a candidate. At the present time it looks as though Speaker John Cole would be Mr. Luce's principal competitor, although State Treasurer Chapin is in the field, and may prove stronger than either of the two gentlemen above named. Cole was indicted last week by the Essex grand jury for illegally soliciting passenger transportation favors of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company for some Andover students, and what effect this will have on his campaign for the Republican nomination is not an easy question to answer. His friends say it will help him, while others contend that it will throw him clean out of the race. Luce has represented Somerville in the Legislature several years, and has gained to his credit the reputation of being a cautious law crank, and the enactment of the worst set of caucus laws existing in any State of the Union.

Harry Thaw was found not guilty by a New York jury last Saturday after a legal battle of five weeks, of the murder of White on the plea of insanity which Lawyer Littleton, his chief counsel, tried the case on and won. Shaw was sent to the prison for Insane Criminals, from which he will probably be released in the course of a few weeks, for there is no doubt but that he is of sound mind now, or as sound as a degenerate can be, whatever his mental condition might have been when he shot and killed the brute White.

Last Saturday while King Carlos of Portugal, Crown Prince Luiz, Queen Amelia and Prince Manuel were driving out in Lisbon their carriage was attacked and the King and Crown Prince killed. With the title of Manuel Second Prince Manuel, 15 years old, has been placed on the throne. The three foremost assassins were killed by the police and people. A scheme to make Portugal a Republic was the underlying motive for compassing the death of King Carlos.

The latest maresnest discovered by the opposition is to the effect that Senators Lodge and Crane have buried the hatchet, agreed on an unpheled delegation to the Republican National convention, and that the party in this State shall favor no candidate until the delegates get to Chicago. All of which is, as the great lamented Horace Greeley used to say, "important if true."

LOCAL NEWS.

C. A. Jones—Citation.
J. G. McGuire—Mort. Sale.
F. P. Shawway—Co.-Jordan.
Lex. & Boston St. Co.—Notice.

The Woburn Lodge of Elks are going to celebrate their anniversary in great shape pretty soon.

Edward Kelleher of Water street fell on the ice last Sunday and broke his collarbone.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Nichols had for guests lately Mr. and Mrs. William Howard of Milford, N. H.

Anna Cummings and Louis Chute have been appointed city weighers and entered on the duties of their office.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will hold a Patriotic Supper and Entertainment on Feb. 24.

The Lexington & Boston Street Railway Co., have a special notice in this paper, to which public attention is directed.

The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are actively engaged in preparing for their annual minstrel show. Frequent rehearsals are being held, and one of their best shows is promised.

Dr. W. A. Reynolds will be in Woburn every Thursday in exchange with C. E. Reynolds, D. M. D., who will be at 236 Newbury street, Boston.—4.

The suit of Charles O'Brien of Burlington against the city of Woburn to recover damages for personal injuries was nontested in the Circuit Court at Cambridge last Monday.

Mayor Blodgett's Inaugural Address has been distributed among the elect in pamphlet form this week. We doubt not that from now on it will grace many parlor centerpieces in this city.

The Journal is indebted to Mrs. L. Edna Fox, the Treasurer, for "comps" to the 25th anniversary celebration and banquet of the Woman's Club in Lyceum Hall this evening, Feb. 7.

Last [?] Tuesday afternoon Miss Anna Ryan entertained the Bridge Club at her home on Second street. About a dozen of the leading society ladies of this city were present and participated in the games.

The next legal holiday in this State will come on Feb. 22, known as Washington's Birthday. The present Legislature turned down a proposition to make the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday.

In Boston last Wednesday was the coldest Feb. 5 since 1888. It was the coldest morning in Woburn that has been experienced this winter. It mellowed up, though, in the afternoon and was more comfortable.

A fat ice crop is assured and the work is all over. At many points in New England the harvesting of it has commenced in good earnest, and the prospect for an abundance of ice next summer was never brighter or fairer.

Mr. George H. Woodside of Mt. Pleasant street, moulder, who was hit and injured by an engine near Green street one evening last week, is better and doing well. He had a narrow escape from more serious, if not fatal, injuries.

Tomorrow afternoon the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church are to conduct a food sale at the store of Copeland & Bowser. The Society heretofore have met with marked and well deserved success at their sales.

Deacon Samuel Cook, who has been a traveling salesman for a New York house several years, has been at home here a fortnight, or more, on vacation. He covers a wide territory in going his business rounds, and is a successful salesman.

The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist church will have their regular monthly supper in their vestry next Thursday afternoon at 6.30. An entertainment will be given at 8 o'clock, consisting of vocal and instrumental music and guessing contests.

Class '98 of the W. H. S. have contributed to the art collection in the new house on Montvale avenue valuable pieces of sculpture which add much to the adornment of the rooms. They are copies of the works of famous artists, and universally admired.

Mr. William H. Conway has been assigned to the important position of Water Commissioner of the Board of Public Works. Commissioner Kennedy continues at the head of the Highway Department; Kelly of Buildings, etc.; and McHugh of Sewers.

Next Wednesday, Feb. 12, is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, who, while President of the United States, was assassinated by Booth in Ford's theatre, Washington, on April 15, 1865. It is called Lincoln's Day, and in some States a legal holiday, but not in Massachusetts.

On March 9, a distinguished exponent of the doctrines of the Christian Science church is to lecture here, of which a more particular notice will be given by the JOURNAL in due season. Mother Eddy has a large and devoted following in this city, by whom regular weekly and Sunday meetings are held.

Chief McDermott has been laying down some new and more stringent rules for the guidance of his men when on duty. Mayor Blodgett has lately had a talk with the patrolmen, and it looks as though he and the Chief were bent on giving the force a more efficient appearance and improving their deportment.

Walter Estabrook of Burlington, aged 50 years, was burned to death in his shanty in that town last Tuesday night or Wednesday. He was found by a workman Wednesday morning, by whom notice of his death was given. The clothes of the man were nearly all burned off. No cause for the fire and fatal accident was found.

Mr. Rafael Guastavino of New York, President of the R. Guastavino Co., of which Mayor W. E. Blodgett is the Treasurer, died at Astoria, N. C., last Sunday, where he went to improve his health. He was 64 years old, and a Spaniard by birth. A large handsome factory built by the Co. is located at Central Square, this city.

No couple of ladies appreciate the advantages of a return of the cars on the Woburn-Lexington line more keenly than Miss Susan M. Frye the popular Parker school teacher, and Miss Dora Winn, instructor of Music. They are pleased with the present accommodations the Company afford them in the discharge of their duties.

Wilford D. Gray, Esq., was admitted to the Bar of this State last year, but will not complete his course at the University Law School until next May, soon after the expiration of which it is his intention to open an office and establish himself in Boston for the practice of his profession. His Woburn office is in rooms 2 and 3 357 Main street.

At a meeting of the Teachers Guild held in the Hanson schoolhouse, this city, last Monday Miss Emma F. Hovey declined a reelection to the office of Trustee, and Miss Alice Sweet of Melrose was chosen in her place.

Henry A. Henshaw, Principal of the Goodyear school at Montvale, was reelected Financial Collector; and Miss Amanda Stevens of the Rumford school at North Woburn and Henry A. Henshaw were selected delegates to the March meeting of the Guild.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO., 307 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Don't fail to scan closely the advertisement of the Boston Branch grocery and profit thereby.

We are unable to publish the names of the City Hall incumbents who are taking lessons in dancing.

If this sort of thing keeps on, people will begin to believe that there is something in that groundhog superstition, after all.—Boston Globe.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Some of the ice-men here and about here were looting on beginning operations on Horn Pond yesterday, but it is doubtful if they made much progress in the work.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, "Suzette," a fine dramatic production is to be staged in Music Hall under the auspices of Hope Rebekah Lodge, 39, I. O. O. F., by a cast of the best actors in this city. The play is a popular one, full of good points, and the stage scenery will be of the most pleasing and attractive character. The tickets are only 25 cents.

Highway Commissioner Kennedy is nursing a broken wrist sustained by a fall on the ice last Saturday morning while on his way to work at the Woburn Machine Co.'s plant. The accident, although unfortunate and painful, does not interfere with the proper discharge of his official duties. He is one of the very best and most useful of the men in City Hall.

The Woburn Woman's Club are to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their organization in Lyceum Hall this evening, by a banquet. A reception is to be held in Masonic Hall from 7 to 7.30. The affair will be of more than ordinary public interest, for which elaborate preparations have been made by the ladies. The Club has a large membership composed of prominent women, and is the oldest and leading society of this city of its character.

Early last week it was feared that Major Henry C. Hall, Clerk of Committees of the City Council, was booked for a severe contest with pneumonia, and people were alarmed; but, thanks to good nursing, he escaped with only a slight touch of the dread disease, and is now nearly as sound as ever. He is too useful a citizen to be stricken from the roll of the living in the prime of life, and everybody is glad that the attack was so light, and he pulled through it in such good shape.

It is suggested that the palatial residences that will line the Horn Pond boulevard should not be built in such close proximity as to hide, or mar, the beautiful scenery with which a bountiful and indulgent providence has adorned, with generous hand, the route for that great, and much needed, public improvement. The scenic charms of the locality should, by all means, be preserved, and although the demand for residential property will be pressing, nature's beautiful handiwork should be sacredly guarded when disposing of lots.

The midwinter meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs will be held in Town Hall, Winchester, Feb. 8, at 10 a. m. Professor Charles Tuelbin of Chicago University, will speak on the Arts and Crafts movement at the morning session. This will be followed by a discussion opened by the Arts and Crafts committee of the Federation. Miss Sara Cone Bryant will speak in the afternoon on "What shall children read?" The yellow federation tickets of admission can be obtained of Miss Alice J. Whitcomb, 5 Second street, Woburn.

Night patrolman Keen at the South End was taken ill in the drugstore to which he had been called to perform duty, last Monday evening and was conveyed to his home on Prospect street in an ambulance. Dr. O'Brien, City Physician, attended him. It seems that, when returning from his beat to the station early that morning he fell on the ice and broke one of his ribs, although not aware of it until Dr. O'Brien made the discovery. This had troubled him through the day and when attempting to arrest the unruly man in the drugstore he collapsed and fell to the floor. His condition was doubtless due to the fall earlier in the day.

According to the present appearance of things, after May 1, next, liquor selling in this city will be reduced to a minimum. The number of kitchen barrooms will be greatly diminished, if not wiped out altogether, and if any violations of the law are discovered and proved condign punishment will be meted out to the offenders. Mayor Blodgett is a stickler for the execution of all laws—no more leniency than any other business; and his firm determination to have them enforced, coupled with unusual and highly commendable activity and watchfulness, is sure to be beneficially felt by this community.

When returning to his home on Montvale avenue last Saturday evening Mr. Charles G. Lund slipped and fell on the ice near the residence of Mr. Tripp and fractured a bone of one of his ankles. It was the worst night for pedestrian exercises that has been experienced here for many years. It was so slippery and dangerous that some men on Warren avenue who had never been known to speed a whole evening in the bosom of their families were compelled, through fear of bodily injury, to remain indoors and worry through the dull weary hours until early bedtime the best way they could. Several minor accidents from falls on the ice that evening were reported to the JOURNAL.

Mr. Waldo Thompson is spending a few weeks in Florida.

The Nichols' Neighborhood Club of Nichols' Corner is one of the most flourishing aggregation of worthy people for the enjoyment of social intercourse and games that we have in this town of multitudinous clubs and societies. Last Wednesday evening the Club were hospitably and delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Nichols at their home on Burlington street.

The American Flag that was blown to shreds in one of the gales last week is to be replaced by a new one right away. If we err not, that Flag was given by Gen. Ben Butler to Mr. Gilman F. Jones, and on the death of Mr. Jones his widow generously gave it to Woburn Post No. 161, G. A. R. Some years later it was given to the City, and its caretaker has been paid \$10 a year ever since it became the City's property.

Early risers from their couches yesterday morning found the ground covered with 3 inches, or such a matter, of virgin snow, and the storm still doing business. Later the "No School" bell rang out strong, and the lady purveyors of food and drink at the High School were out of a job for the day. Towards noon snow ceased to fall, and a halcyon day seemed set in, later accompanied by a dense fog, resulting in a decided diminution of "The Beautiful," of which there was not, at any time, enough to make real good sledding.

It already begins to appear like doing spring business at the well filled store of Copeland & Bowser, and things look now as though trade is going to be friskate there. This, as everybody knows without our saying it, is the leading dry goods house in this city, an enviable position it has held for many years, and now, as always, the work of the Copeland & Bowser is accepted as a guaranty that it is honest goods bought at a fair price. It is by never failing to give purchasers a "square deal" that the house of Copeland & Bowser first won and has retained the confidence of the public. Before concluding to go to Boston shopping the ladies of Woburn and vicinity will do well to visit the store of Copeland & Bowser, and examine the very desirable new goods there.

On Friday evening, Feb. 21, the Woburn High School Orchestra Club, composed of some of the best musicians the institution, and trained by Dora Winn, the talented Music Director, are to give a concert in Lyceum Hall, for which the tickets are offered for sale at the low price of 35 cents. They can be obtained at the drugstore of Mr. F. P. Brooks on and after Feb. 14. The concert is to be given wholly by the Club, and it is perfectly safe to announce that it will be a fine one, and worth a great deal more to each ticket holder than the price of his or her ticket. The people of this city ought to realize that the concert offers them an excellent opportunity to encourage, by their patronage, the art of music in our public schools.

Last Sunday, Feb. 2, Candlemas, was one of the coldest and most uncomfortable days of the present winter. A strong northwest wind prevailed, cold went straight to the marrow, and as the streets in many places were covered with glare ice, church people found it difficult and dangerous traveling to their respective houses of worship. No reliable weather data could be obtained from the ground log theory. Whether he saw his way, or not, when he came out at noon is not known to this writer. At one moment the sun shone brightly, at another a swiftly passing cloud obscured it; so, there is no telling what the weather for the remainder of the winter is to be. All we can do is to wait and find out about it as the days and weeks pass by.

According to the report of Mr. Edmund E. Walsh, the competent Water Registrar of Woburn, the total number of gal of water used by the people of this city during 1907 was 552,381, 900, or a per capita consumption of 110.77 gallons, and 618,791,150 gal. were registered on the per capita consumption of 120.77 gallons. A considerable increase over 1906. Instead of a waste of water, indicated by the increase, as claimed by the advocates of water meters, it was clearly attributable to the unusual length and severity of last summer's drought. The revenue from the Water Department last year was \$48,115.45, and expenses \$19,265.04, yielding a profit to the city of \$28,850.41. No stronger argument in support of a reduction of water rates than these figures could be presented.

Miss Edna B. Felch's song recital in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening was a brilliant success from every point of view. The Hall was well filled by the cream of the city, the musical element preponderating, as was naturally to be expected on an occasion of such widespread and decided interest in musical circles. Miss Felch was at her best, which is equal to saying that she charmed the audience with the splendid rendition of her parts on the program. She has a fine, high, clear, and melodious voice, and holds the listener as with a spell. Her presence on the stage, while becomingly modest, is graceful and artistic, as becomes the future prima donna. It is needless to say that Maud Littlefield and her violin contributed largely to the pleasures of this highly meritorious concert. She is a favorite artist with all those who love and can appreciate perfect performance on the queen of instruments. Miss Eva Lee, Miss Caroline Wescott, and Mrs. Pearl Wilkison, acquitted themselves handsomely, and to the delight of the audience.

Last Tuesday morning the thermometers indicated from 4 to 7 degrees of frigidity in this city. It was good ice growing weather.

Miss Grace Thompson of Borden-town, N. J., and Miss Grace Abbott of New York City are guests of the daughters of Mr. Frank B. Richardson of Mishawum Road.

Next Sunday the clergymen of St. Charles church are to take up a collection for the benefit of the poor of their parish. This is practical religion. In the New Testament, John xii, 8, we read: "For the poor always have, but the needy ye do not have."

The bounden duty of churches and people to help them from their more abundant means. True piety demands that the needs of the poor, the sick, the helpless should be sought out and generously supplied, and to perform this duty in a Christian spirit, kindly and delicately, is better than sending money to aid foreign missions, or Theological Seminaries. There are many destitute people in this city who are facing a hard winter. There is a lack of work for men, and a shortage of provisions in the cupboard, as well as coal in the bin. These people should be given the helping hand, a duty that St. Charles church propose to meet next Sunday.

OFFICERS SHOT.

About 7 o'clock last evening police officers E. Walsh and Edward T. O'Neill were shot by yeggmen at the Church avenue crossing, and taken into the nearby residence of Dr. Thomas Caulfield for treatment.

Notice had been received at police headquarters that three yeggmen had held up and robbed Mr. Adams in Burlington, and to be on the lookout for them. The robbers came here on a street car, where they waited at Wing street and started down Main street. They ran into a force of policemen, Walsh, O'Neill and Edward Fountain, who gave chase. They turned into Church avenue and, when a little west of the crossing, wheeled and fired a dozen shots at the officers, then fled, two up the church avenue hill, and one down Main street.

O'Neill was shot through the foot, but not dangerously. He was taken home. Officer Walsh received three shots in the abdomen, and was in a dangerous condition when taken in an ambulance to the Mass Gen Hospital, accompanied by Dr. Caulfield and attendants.

Later, at midnight, officer Walsh was being treated at the hospital, with a prospect of recovery. At 8 o'clock this morning Mayor Blodgett reports that Walsh will pull through all right.

The Van Tassel boy was shot in one of his legs.

Two of the highwaymen were caught in Arlington, and are in jail here. Immediately after the shooting, officer Keating started out on the Lexington road in a team driven by Edward Holland. About a mile out they overtook a man who was asked by the officer if he had seen any suspicious characters go along, and on the instant the stranger opened fire on the occupants of the wagon. Holland was probably fatally hit, and sent to the Mass Gen Hospital by order of City Physician Dr. O'Brien. This morning the report is, that young Holland will probably die.

As soon as Mayor Blodgett heard of the war he ordered 25 of the Phalanx as a searching party.

The city in the vicinity of the shooting was greatly excited, and hundreds of people gathered along the road and stood around Dr. Caulfield's home while the examination of the wounds of Walsh and O'Neill was going on. Mrs. Dr. Caulfield ran a narrow chance. She was walking east on Church avenue when the shooting took place, and close to the spot where Walsh and O'Neill fell. Fortunately the bullets failed to hit her.

In the fastidiously hat of B. Donahue, the gateman at the B & M crossing, was pierced by three shots. He had a narrow escape.

One of the highwaymen is still at large.

N. E. T. & T. Co.

The New England Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company have announced that on and after February 1, 1908, the night rate for their toll service will vary between the hours of 10 p. m. and 4 a. m.

An official of the Company says: "This change in the rate of the night rate of the practice of deferring calls until after 6 p. m. when the night rate goes into effect. The result of this practice has been to crowd a large number of calls into a short space of time immediately after 6 p. m. The effect of this congestion is to place such a strain on the plant and operating force that a large number of calls are lost or delayed."

"The original object of the night rate was to attract business at a time when the lines were not being used to any great extent and when the operating force could be handled on night calls. The result has been that the practice of deferring calls until after 6 o'clock has crowded the night calls, and the employment of a largely increased force which can be utilized only during the night hours, has increased the number of calls handled during the early evening hours is twenty per cent greater than during the busiest hours of the morning. The effect of this congestion together with the added difficulty of getting efficient operators for night work is bound to have a detrimental effect on the service."

There is no comparison between the night rate for telephone and telegraph service. For telegraph messages are filed at any time for night transmission upon the agreement that they are to be sent at the convenience of the Company and are not to be delivered until the next day.

"A telephone message requires facilities for immediate transmission. For immediate transmission and delivery the full day rate no matter at what time of the day or night the message is sent."

The Company believes that this change will take a severe and unnecessary strain off the plant and operating force by cutting out the rush hours and distributing the traffic more evenly throughout the day, and that for the same reason it will greatly improve the efficiency of the service to the public."

Prof. Hart on the South.

The industrial and racial situation in the South was never more interesting and important than at the present day. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart's series of articles on the South, therefore, in the Boston Evening Transcript, the first of which appeared Saturday, February 1st, will be a valuable addition to the literature now before the public on the subject. Those interested who want to follow the series, which will appear consecutively on Wednesdays and Saturdays following in six installments, may have them mailed at the regular subscription price, eighteen cents for the six issues.

Boston Theatres.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

The big musical spectacle—one of the most beautiful ever presented in vaudeville—called "A Night on a House Boat," and the return of the popular comedian Will Dillon, will make the week of Feb. 10th, one of particular interest to Opera House patrons. Then Mr. Dillon there is no better liked artist among the hundreds who have come to the Opera House, in fact his return after only a few weeks has been due to a popular demand. He has prepared for this occasion a programme of songs, with parodies on local topics that will add to his host of admirers.

THE BOSTON.

At the Boston Theatre next week Manager Morrison announces the most elaborate production of Lester Wallack's dramatic literary drama "Romeo and Juliet" ever given in this city. The repeated requests received from subscribers for an opportunity to again see this fine old play has led to this action on the part of Manager Morrison although many novelities are awaiting an addition to his season's repertoire. In this production the big stage of the Boston Theatre will be used to its fullest extent in presenting the stage pictures showing the gay camp and the grand ball of the "Rites." A large number of extra people will be utilized in both these scenes and the costumes and accessories will be particularly attractive.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The last days of the opera season at the Castle Square Theatre are rapidly approaching, and crowded audiences are testifying their appreciation of the final performances and their sorrow at the departure of their favorite singers. The double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pinafore" has been receiving its customary applause since the opening performance on Thursday evening, and there is nothing but regret that it must be sung for the last time next Wednesday afternoon and evening. In "Cavalleria Rusticana" Lane is making a beautiful and impressive Santuzza, and in the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera Miss Alice Kraft Benson has been warmly welcomed as Josephine.

Was Highly Esteemed in Waltham.

Miss Helen F. Ryan, who has had the care of the home of Mr. Geo. H. Gilbert for the past eight years, was called to Waltham by the sudden illness of her father, Mr. Thomas Ryan, who died of apoplexy on the 17, at 88 years of age. The funeral was on Monday, Mr. Ryan was highly esteemed in the community where he had passed most of his life for his kind and generous nature. Miss Ryan has the sincere sympathy of all who know her.—Worcester Star, Jan. 24.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a safe, permanent cure for woman's ills, try "Dr. Gray's" Australian Balm. It is a safe and never failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Package Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 P. M., Evening Worship.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 P. M., Sunday school.
7.45 P. M., N. Y. S. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M., Preaching.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday school at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., N. Y. S. C. E.
At 7.00 P. M., Evening Service.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

UNITED EPISCOPAL.—5th Sunday after Epiphany.
At 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon by Rev. Melville McLaughlin of Middleboro, Mass.
Sunday School at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimony.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST).—Services in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, Room 18, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. Wednesday evening Experience and Testimony. Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 29, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Albert C. Hinman of North Reading and Nellie L. Folger of North Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices at 1 cent a line.

In this city, Jan. 30, Emily C. Cookley, aged 55 years, 5 months, 1 day.
In this city, Jan. 31, Michael Kenny, aged 35 years.
In this city, Jan. 31, Richard Reynolds, aged 60 years.
In this city, Feb. 1, Donald W. Burns, aged 11 months, 21 days.
In this city, Feb. 2, Eliza Conture, aged 28 years.
In this city, Feb. 3, Ann Clancy, aged 58 years.
In Burlington, Feb. 5, Walter Esterbrook, aged 64 years.

The Answer

is an important thing to consider in sending any kind of a message.

A letter brings an answer in days; a telegram brings an answer in hours; but the long distance telephone brings the answer instantly. Why not stop to consider the value of an immediate answer?

We have pay stations everywhere Look for the blue bell

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of \$500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

To Keep Good Time

A watch must have a good movement—the case is a matter of choice. We can supply you with a thoroughly reliable movement in any style or kind of case you may have a preference for</

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

In this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Lessons at pupils residence
if desired.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Marion Althea Burt

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Vivian Helena Burt

TEACHER OF PIANO

75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Do You Use

Dr. Johnson's Educator

CRACKERS

We have them in several

varieties, Educator, Toast-

croutons, Golden Maize,

Oatmeal, Graham, Chocolate

and Baby Rings.

We also have a nice line of

HUNTLEY & PALMER'S

Imported Biscuits

Boston Branch

For and Grocery Store

151 Main Street.

72 & 74 STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

We have added to our CANDY

DEPARTMENT a line of

Home-made

CANDIES

are fresh every day.

Old-fashioned Molasses, Coconut

Chips, Peppermints, Woodland

and Peanut Goodies, Old-fashioned

Chocolates, Fudge, Cream

Walnuts, Caramels, and many

novelties comprise the list.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main St.

WOBURN

A. GRANT

The Popular Tailor

Announces the Fall Styles on exhibit

at his TAILORING CHAMBERS Nos. 1

to 2, Mechanics Building at 415 Main

Street, Woburn, where he carries the

largest line of samples of the latest

designs in both Foreign and Domestic

Woolens of any making established

in the Colony. "All fresh from the

Looms," and is prepared to take orders

for Suits, Overcoats and Trousers at

popular prices. Repairing, Cleaning and

Pressing done at short notice and best

workmanship. Don't forget the name

and number, as it guarantees the best

results for your money.

A. GRANT, 415 Main Street, Woburn,

Chambers 1 to 3.

STANDARD

DISINFECTANT

Best Home Purifier of Foul Places.

Destroys Decomposition; maintains

conditions essential to health. Beware of

inferior imitations.

Look for the above Trade-Mark on all

packages and labels. Only the genuine

beware it.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect street.

Telephone connection.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adolph B. Church wishes to announce to her

patients and friends that she will resume practice in

Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church

street.

Office Hours:

Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 a. m.

Tel. Winchester 54. Consultation by appoint-

ment.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALM

Gentle and refreshing to the hair.

Keeps the scalp cool and moist.

Prevents itching and dandruff.

Keeps the hair soft and shining.

Keeps the hair from falling out.

Keeps the hair from becoming

greasy or sticky.

Keeps the hair from becoming

brittle or dry.

Keeps the hair from becoming

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Wolf or Sheep?

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Littlefield.

There was a run on the Union National bank, and depositors were standing in line after hour waiting their turn to withdraw their money. Paying tellers worked with deliberation that was maddening. Some days only half a dozen people would be paid off, but still the line increased, hopping against hope. For two days and nights the figure of a young girl had been noticed. She was slowly working her way to the front. At 2:45 p. m., on the third day she was admitted to the bank and withdrew her entire account. To avoid confusion depositors were admitted at one door and passed out through a side entrance, and as she emerged from the latter she cast a hurried glance about her. She gave a sigh of relief when she saw that she was quite alone and apparently unnoticed. Then suddenly a tall man appeared in the doorway behind her. Lillian Burkhardt trembled as she clutched the roll of bills, her teeth chattered, the color faded from her cheeks, and she was conscious that her hands trembled visibly. The man looked at her sharply, stepped forward and asked if he could be of service to her.

"You seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything for you?" he asked, with some concern.

"You can go away," she managed to answer.

The man calmly proceeded to button his heavy ulster, slipped his hand in the pocket thereof and pulled out a heavy pair of gloves, which he drew on slowly. His tall, broad shoulders were surmounted by a handsome clean cut face; his whole appearance was faultless. He glanced concernedly at Lillian, whose color had not yet returned and who seemed to tremble from head to foot.

"Really, I feel that I must call for assistance. Will you have a cab or a doctor? It would be nothing short of brutal to leave you here shivering like that. Are you ill or simply cold? I insist upon knowing."

Lillian was forced to look at him again, and it seemed to give her courage to speak.

"Were you ever hungry?" she murmured as she took a firmer hold on the bills.

"Yes, indeed," said her companion. "But never with that amount of money in my grasp."

Lillian started with a sudden jerk at the mention of her money and dropped the entire roll of bills. He stooped to pick it up, and after one wild shriek she called distractedly:

"Stop thief! Stop, I say!"

The crowd was massed in front of the bank, and the cry seemed to have passed unheeded. The man picked up the bills despite her exclamation and handed them to her. Lillian laughed a sickly little gurgle, saying:

"Perhaps you're not a thief after all—are you?"

"No, I'm not. Are you?" suggested the man. "I am merely one of the many depositors trying to get a few dollars. But you were more fortunate than I. When I reached the window the cashier pulled it down, saying it was closed and too late to draw. Better put that wad of gold and not tempt the hysterical mob outside," he added.

"That's what I wanted to do, but you won't go away and let me. A woman doesn't like to be picked up and carried like a child. And, oh, I wish you would go, for I'm so hungry and want to get home! I've stood in that line for nearly three hours to get money for the landlord. My, but I hate that man!" she exclaimed, with a shiver of her pretty shoulders.

"Well, I'll be on my way, and be sure you tuck it safely away in its hiding place. I'll promise not to look back," he laughed and turned on down the street.

Lillian hurriedly slipped the bills in the bosom of her gown and nervously started in the opposite direction to ward her little home. Her mother met her at the door, and after some hot luncheon the girl was equal to relating her troubles.

"But, mother, we have the money, and that old Shylock can be paid. I'll take it around to him myself in the morning and just tell him what I think of him," said Lillian, with some satisfaction and a threatening intonation of her voice.

The next morning about 10 o'clock she started for the landlord's office, and as she passed the long line waiting at the bank she thought how fortunate she had been. "Extras" were out saying that no more depositors would be paid.

Arriving at the offices of Payne & Payne on Main street, she entered the snug little reception room and asked for Mr. Payne.

"Which one, ma'am?" asked the office boy at the door.

"Why, the one who owns our house, the cross one," she added by way of further explanation.

The boy seemed to know which man she wanted and disappeared in the inner office. He returned in a few minutes, saying that she might go right in, ushered her to the door and closed it after her.

Once inside, Lillian, blushing to the roots of her red brown hair, found herself confronted by the man who had offered her assistance the day before.

"I am looking for Mr. Payne," she managed to murmur.

"I am Mr. Payne," said he as he proffered her a chair beside his desk; "also among my employees I have the reputation of being the 'cross' member of the firm. You see, father is very old and apt to be easy going as to the observance of rules. What can I do for you, Miss Burkhardt?"

"I came to pay my rent. Your agent said if it wasn't paid today he would dispossess us. You see, we had money in the bank, but it was tied up, and he wouldn't wait. He said, 'Them's my orders.' Here is the money. Will you give me a receipt, please?"

"I never authorized any agent to say that, Miss Burkhardt, and I tell you what I wish you would do. Just put that money back in that mysterious pocket of yours and pay the rent when it is perfectly convenient. I promise that you shall not be bothered by an insolent collector any more. I will call for the rent myself—if I may," he added, with some hesitation, "that collector of mine needs a lesson."

"It would be so nice if I could keep this money to pay the poor tradespeople, if you do not mind. You see, only part of our money is in that bank, and the trust company has closed its doors."

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—First Quarter, For Feb. 9, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John iv, 1-42. Memory Verses, 23, 24—Golden Text, John vii, 37—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Copyright, 1907, by American Press Association.)

Let us remember in every lesson in this gospel just why the Spirit wrote it (chapter xx, 31) and note the desired end in verse 42 of our lesson, "Now we believe and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

The witnesses have only to bear faith and testimony to Him, and the Spirit by whom we witness will care for His own word and make it to accomplish the purpose of God. We must know Him as the Bridegroom, the one to whom the Father hath given all things and the Spirit without measure, the Messiah of Israel, who will surely fulfill all that is written of Him and in due time bring the kingdom (Ill, 26-36). All who truly receive Him have life, but on all others the wrath of God abideth.

In the daily life of every fully surrendered child of God there is a "need" for every step and a "need" for every event (verse 4: 1 Pet. 1, 6); that the plan of God may be wrought out a party had entered the service of the kingdom.

Sychar and Shechem and Jacob's well take us back to Gen. xli, 6; xxxiii, 18-20; Josh. xxiv, 32, and set us thinking of many things in the purpose of God, some fulfilled in the past and some yet to be. We have an illustrative fulfillment in our lesson of those words of Jacob in Gen. xli, 22, "Joseph is a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall."

As Jesus sits by Jacob's well He is very near to the place where Joseph's body lay buried, and he reached over the Samaritan wall that day to find this woman and through her many others. There is a larger fulfillment to be seen in the future, and also of that other saying of Jacob's, "From thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel."

According to John's way of reckoning time, the hour when Jesus sat thus on the well would be our 6 in the morning, the same as in chapter xii, 14, for it was not unusual

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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NO. 12

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.
Change-Over Time. Reading &
Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00
5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:30, 7:05,
7:20, 7:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,
6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
ham and Reading 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00,
8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and
Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,
8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then
12:10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,
8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,
8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes
until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
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Reading 7:20, 8:20, 8:50, 9:20 P. M. and
every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 7:40, 8:40,
9:10, 9:40, 10:10 P. M. and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1908:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated
at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
11:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre
for North Woburn at 5:15 A. M., then
every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M., then
every 30 minutes to 12:30 midnight.
On Sunday cars leave at 7:32 A. M. and
every 30 minutes to 10:02 A. M., then
every 15 minutes to 10:32 P. M., and then
every 30 minutes to 12:32 midnight.
The through car from Lowell, which
has been run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,
Woburn and Medford Square, will be
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of
this route the new schedule provides
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,
Woburn and Medford Square, to
South Square, station subway, Boston
Lynn, Foxborough and Salem. Those wish-
ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury
and Lowell can connect with car that
leaves North Woburn Car House at
Wilmington on the even hour and return-
ing leave Perry Corner, Wilmington
at No. Woburn on the half hour.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — 15:55
16:14, 16:47, 17:17, 18:13, 18:21, 18:55, 19:23
19:24, 19:55, 20:11, 21:11, 21:38, 21:55, 22:25,
22:55, 23:02, 23:11, 23:25, 23:35, 23:52, 24:25,
24:45, 25:05, 25:25, 25:45, 26:05, 26:25, 26:45,
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The Stone Fireplace.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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As far as the eye could see stretched the limitless expanse of snow. Miss Frazier, pacing from window to window of her little cottage, felt imprisoned.

"Oh, pussy cat, pussy cat," she said to the cat curled up on the window seat. "I shall die of loneliness."

The cat gave sleepy attention, and Miss Frazier shook her gently. "Of course you don't care," she said, "but who could have believed that snow and cold weather would have come so early! And all the other cottagers have gone back to town. But I can't. My rent is paid for six months, and I can't afford to lose it."

Once more she began her excited walk across the floor, while the cat went to sleep, and finally quietly retired. At last Miss Frazier could stand it no longer. She put on her hat and coat and a pair of rubbers. Pausing on the threshold she went out, she addressed the cat theatrically.

"Sleep on," she said. "I go to seek my fortune." And she floundered through the snow to the gate.

The road, deep with drifts, offered new discouragements. Miss Frazier's long skirts dragged and grew heavy, and at last she stopped and sobbed aloud. "I can't go on!"

Help came in the person of a little man in high boots, who appeared from the other side of the drift.

"Got stuck, did you?" he asked cheerily. "Well, you ought to stay at home. 'Tain't weather for wimmin to be out."

Miss Frazier looked at him haughtily. In her code there was no place for bad grammar, and besides, as a spinster of spirit, his reproach grated on her. "Women can't stay in and die of loneliness," she told him stiffly.

The little man looked at her with sympathetic gray eyes. "Loneliness, was ye?" he said. "Well, now, that's too bad."

His sympathy warmed the cockles of Miss Frazier's heart. It was so long since any one had cared. The last of her family, she had sent to school in a big city until ill health had forced her to resign. Then she had rented the little cottage at the unfashionable resort and had prepared to live there for six months, hoping for the benefits of fresh air and a free life. There had been other cottagers near, but they had their own interests, so that even in the warmer months Miss Frazier had been lonely, and now that snow had come her situation seemed unbearable.

There were tears in her eyes as she stood there, forlorn and cold in the drift, and the little man said again: "Well, now, that's too bad. You'd better get into the house. You'll catch cold."

"I hate the house," said Miss Frazier fiercely. "There isn't a soul there but the pussy cat."

"I live up at the farm," he informed her. "I'm the new manager, and there isn't nobody there but a lot of men and a colored woman to cook for us. There's a good deal of work, you know."

Miss Frazier didn't know, but she found herself listening eagerly to his talk of Guernsey cattle and of blue ribbon horses, with all the rest of the homely farm details.

The little man helped her up the path and handed her on her own doorstep safely. In spite of the biting air he jerked his cap off as he bade her goodby.

"Come in," she urged. "Oh, please come in. I don't think I can stand it to face the pussy cat all alone."

His kindly blue eyes smiled at her. "I'd like to come," he said. "Tain't very sociable up at the farm."

The little room was cheerless enough. Miss Frazier's ginger jars and Mexican hats had been artistic summer accessories, but in the gray light of the snowy day they merely served to emphasize the bleakness. In the stone fireplace was a bunch of goldenrod gone to seed. The only warmth came feebly from a rickety stove in the summer kitchen.

"Why ain't you got a fire in the fireplace?" the little man demanded as he surveyed the cavernous structure.

"I haven't any wood," shivered Miss Frazier. "I—I couldn't get any."

Perhaps he read in her hesitation a confession of poverty, but he did not ask any more questions.

"I'll be back in a minute," he said promptly and went out, and when he returned he was bending Atlas-like under the weight of a great log that had lain for days by the roadside.

"There," he said, and deposited it in the fireplace. "If you will take them with flowers we'll have a fire."

Miss Frazier obeyed meekly.

"How strong you are," she breathed. "Oh, law, yes," said the little man. "I'm fit to carry a barrel."

He made several trips after that, finding enough dry wood in the shed to start the fire, and soon it was roaring gloriously.

The black cat came and curled up on the hearth, looking at the flames with fathomless eyes.

"Oh, it's lovely, lovely," said Miss Frazier. "It is like something alive."

"It allus did like a fire," said the little man. "I came from down south, and we don't think much of stoves there. Not 't'wain sociable. You've got to see the flames to be real friendly."

"I am going to make you a cup of tea," Miss Frazier said, "buttering, ribbon, and I'll bring the things."

He left her later, and when he had gone Miss Frazier stood for a long time looking into the glowing coals. "Oh, pussy cat, pussy cat," she said when at last the light of the stove was curled up for the night, "the usual dreadful grammar, but he is the kind-

est man I have ever known."

The little man came the next day and made the stove, and all that afternoon the savory food simmered and bubbled, and the black cat watched it with eager eyes. Miss Frazier in her best blue gown set the table for two, sitting from one room to the other with all the gaiety of a young girl.

The little man's table manners proved to be much better than his grammar, and it was at the end of the feast that he told Miss Frazier the story of his life, and he talked of his hostess weighed his dignity, his manliness against his defects and found grammar losing its relative importance.

He came often after that, and the black cat learned to know his footsteps and to meet him at the door and to curl up on his knee as he sat in front of the fireplace while the two good friends talked and chatted in the golden glow.

And then came the beginning of the new quarter and with it Miss Frazier's remittance.

"And next week I must go," she told the little man when he came that evening.

He looked at her calmly.

"You ain't goin'," he said.

"Miss Frazier, thrilling at his masterfulness, asked faintly, 'Why not?'"

"Because I can't get along without you," said he. "I can't, Annabel."

"How did you know my first name?" Miss Frazier demanded.

"I seen it in one of your books," he said. "And it's a mighty pretty name."

Then he reached out and took her hands in his. "You're such a lonely little thing," he said, "and I just can't live without you. I think it's settin' around this hearthstone that gave me the feelin' that I wanted to marry you. And you'll never want nothin', honey, not so long as I live."

With a little impulsive movement, she slipped on her knees beside his chair and hid her face against the roughness of his coat. "I've been so lonely all my life," she sobbed.

"There, there, honey," he whispered, with his kindly hand against her cheek. "You ain't goin' to be lonesome any more." And with that vista of rest and peace and happiness poor, tired Miss Frazier was content.

"Fond"—its Two Meanings.

The other meaning of this word was, as is well known, equivalent to foolish. Now it has the meaning of affectionate. The following instances of the use of the word in both senses on the same page of the same work mark the period of transition, when the old sense still lingered while the new sense was coming into use. In Dr. Watts on "The Improvement of the Mind," first edition, 1751, in chapter 15, section 5, on page 119, it reads:

"Some are so fond to know a great deal at once and love to talk of things with freedom and boldness before they truly understand them that they scarcely ever allow themselves attention enough to search the matter through and through."

And lower down on the page, in section 7, it is:

"A soul inspired with the fondest love of truth and the warmest applications after sincere felicity and celestial beatitude will keep all its powers attentive to the incessant pursuit of it."

Also in Colles' English-Latin Dictionary, fifteenth edition, 1749, both meanings are given to follow: "Fond, indulgent," and lower down, "Fond (foolish), stultus"—London Notes and Queries.

Singular Coincidence.

In 1884, just after Commodore Schley returned from rescuing the survivors of the Greely arctic expedition, the Massachusetts Humane society presented him with a handsome medal for his achievement, and Benjamin W. Crowninshield, one of the Bay State's great orators, was sent to Washington to make the presentation speech.

On the way to the capital Mr. Crowninshield fell in with an old and prominent resident of Boston, who took the privilege of asking the orator what his mission in Washington was. In reply the old gentleman was shown the medal and told what was to be done with it.

"Strange coincidence," mused the venerable gentleman from the Hub. "Forty-four years ago, in 1840, I found over this same line and met General Winfield Scott. I was as inquisitive then as now and asked him where he was going. He said that a son of his friend, Mr. Schley, had been named for him and that he was going to Maryland to see the baby. Nearly half a century is past, and now I find you going to Washington to carry a medal to the man that General Scott visited when the man was an infant."

Only Changing the Tune.

"The man who says he is a detective," "He had invented a new dodge. That, you see, is the trouble about the science of detection. The minute we detectives master all the old tricks some new ones come along."

"It is rather like the story of the thirty butter. When you keep a cask of beer under lock and key in the cellar, only giving the butler the key when you want him to draw you a glass of beer, if you make him while all the time he is out of sight on his errand, you are bound not to be defrauded, eh? Or so at least it was in the past."

"Well, there was a man who engaged on the hearth, looking at the flames with fathomless eyes."

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"Well, there was a man who engaged on the hearth, looking at the flames with fathomless eyes."

"Oh, it's lovely, lovely," said Miss Frazier. "It is like something alive."

"It allus did like a fire," said the little man. "I came from down south, and we don't think much of stoves there. Not 't'wain sociable. You've got to see the flames to be real friendly."

"I am going to make you a cup of tea," Miss Frazier said, "buttering, ribbon, and I'll bring the things."

He left her later, and when he had gone Miss Frazier stood for a long time looking into the glowing coals. "Oh, pussy cat, pussy cat," she said when at last the light of the stove was curled up for the night, "the usual dreadful grammar, but he is the kind-

est man I have ever known."

The little man came the next day and made the stove, and all that afternoon the savory food simmered and bubbled, and the black cat watched it with eager eyes. Miss Frazier in her best blue gown set the table for two, sitting from one room to the other with all the gaiety of a young girl.

The little man's table manners proved to be much better than his grammar, and it was at the end of the feast that he told Miss Frazier the story of his life, and he talked of his hostess weighed his dignity, his manliness against his defects and found grammar losing its relative importance.

He came often after that, and the black cat learned to know his footsteps and to meet him at the door and to curl up on his knee as he sat in front of the fireplace while the two good friends talked and chatted in the golden glow.

And then came the beginning of the new quarter and with it Miss Frazier's remittance.

"And next week I must go," she told the little man when he came that evening.

He looked at her calmly.

"You ain't goin'," he said.

"Miss Frazier, thrilling at his masterfulness, asked faintly, 'Why not?'"

"Because I can't get along without you," said he. "I can't, Annabel."

"How did you know my first name?" Miss Frazier demanded.

"I seen it in one of your books," he said. "And it's a mighty pretty name."

Then he reached out and took her hands in his. "You're such a lonely little thing," he said, "and I just can't live without you. I think it's settin' around this hearthstone that gave me the feelin' that I wanted to marry you. And you'll never want nothin', honey, not so long as I live."

With a little impulsive movement, she slipped on her knees beside his chair and hid her face against the roughness of his coat. "I've been so lonely all my life," she sobbed.

"There, there, honey," he whispered, with his kindly hand against her cheek. "You ain't goin' to be lonesome any more." And with that vista of rest and peace and happiness poor, tired Miss Frazier was content.

"Fond"—its Two Meanings.

The other meaning of this word was, as is well known, equivalent to foolish. Now it has the meaning of affectionate. The following instances of the use of the word in both senses on the same page of the same work mark the period of transition, when the old sense still lingered while the new sense was coming into use. In Dr. Watts on "The Improvement of the Mind," first edition, 1751, in chapter 15, section 5, on page 119, it reads:

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The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, FEB. 21, 1908.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Postoffice Department at Washington has made the following ruling respecting postage on newspapers to go into effect Jan. 1, 1908:

"Unless subscriptions are expressly renewed after the term for which they are paid within the following periods: WEEKLIES within one year.

They will not be counted in the legitimate list of subscribers, and copies mailed on account thereof shall not be accepted for mailing at the second class postage rate of one cent a pound."

Heretofore, the postage on weekly papers, paid in advance by the publishers, has been one cent a pound, but under the new ruling, if the subscriber is in arrears more than one year, it is to be reckoned as high, or one cent for every 4 ounces.

It will be readily seen that the publisher of the JOURNAL must look to his delinquent subscribers for immediate payment of arrears to enable him to comply with this new ruling of the P. O. Department.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Tomorrow is a legal holiday in this State, as is nearly every other one in the Union. It is Washington's Birthday, the 17th anniversary of the birth of the illustrious soldier and statesman, George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in the Revolutionary War for Independence, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The day is greatly honored everywhere in this country, and by American colonies in Europe, for Washington was a great and good man, and the rescuer of his native land from the grasp of England.

This anniversary celebration, of equal importance with Independence Day, is to be properly observed here tomorrow.

Special mention deserves to be made of the present of \$100, each, in gold, to Conductor Arthur Burgess and Motorman James F. Collins by the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, of which Major General William A. Bancroft is President, for their fine detective work on the Arlington night car of the Company's, which resulted in the capture by policeman Hooley of that town of two of the three highwaymen, Peter Rosa and Briston Kernesioy, who had been shooting at Church Avenue crossing on Thursday evening, Feb. 6. It was a generous act by the Company, and a prompt recognition of the valuable public service rendered by their faithful employees. It is quite in General Bancroft's line to liberally reward personal merit of his men when it falls within his observation.

It is hardly to be presumed that the talk of Gov. Guild for Vice-President means anything, or that anybody of sense believes there is anything of a serious nature in it. There are intimations that the Governor and Taft managers in this State have made a bargain that, if Taft delegates are sent to Chicago and he gets the nomination, Guild is to have the second place on the ticket. The Governor denies this, and there is probably nothing in it. It would be nearer the mark to conclude that our esteemed Chief Executive is a Taft man because Senator Lodge is; and that Senator Lodge is because Taft is President Roosevelt's favorite candidate.

Ex-Governor Albert E. Pillsbury, a leading Boston Lawyer, is to be Commander-in-Chief of the Hughes Presidential campaign in this State, with a large corps of Aides. The Boston papers think it is to be prosecuted in a quiet, noiseless manner, and with a proper amount of dignity. Up to date, according to the count, the Hughes boom is not strong in these parts, but it is growing. The Taft managers are getting lively, and Manager Powers pretends to be confident of a full Taft Massachusetts delegation at Chicago.

Frank Hitchcock, a worthy product of the Somerville public schools, late First Assistant Postmaster General, and now a high official in the Taft Massachusetts campaign, has organized a Taft Club in Somerville, which is about the first one in this District. Ex-Congressman Sam Powers is General Manager of the Taft boom in the Old Bay State.

Secretary of War Taft began his New England stump speaking tour at Concord, N. H., last Tuesday, where he addressed a large crowd of people. On the evening of that day he spoke at Manchester. Later on Secretary Taft will visit Boston and tell the people of the Hub why he ought to be nominated at Chicago.

Last Monday Frank H. Hitchcock resigned the office of First Assistant Postmaster General to become the head manager of Secretary Taft's campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination. He has established his headquarters in Washington, and may have a branch office in New York.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
H. D. Jell-Cord.
E. A. Smith-Watson.
J. F. Johnson-Catlett.
F. F. Shawway Co.-Rathway.
Am. Bookstore-Young People.

Dr. Charles Dutton of Wakefield will please accept our thanks for late Georgia papers.

A highly respectable Winchester family want a good girl to do housework. See add.

The North End Baseball Club are to give their annual dance in Mechanics Hall this evening.

On April 19, 1908, a chance will be given for a double celebration—Easter Sunday and Patriots Day.

After a long, faithful service, Lieut. Dow has resigned his office in Co. G. He was well liked by the soldiers, and his resignation is regretted.

Company G are to give a Washington's Birthday party at Armory Hall tomorrow afternoon and evening.

It looks as though a tribe of Red Men would soon be organized in this city. In former days there was a large one here.

The next whist party for Abington Colony, U. O. P. E., is to be given on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, in Post 161, G. A. R. Hall.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church have arranged to provide a Patriotic supper, for public patronage, on Monday evening, Feb. 24.

On next Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, Hope Rebekah Lodge are to present on the Music Hall stage a fine play called Suzette. It will be worth attending.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Anyway, the backbone of winter is broken, and although more cold weather is in store for us this season, spring is near at hand, and zero is pretty nearly out of commission.

Last Wednesday evening several members of the Woburn Lodge of Elks attended the reception and banquet given in honor of G. E. R. John K. Lener in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

The prospect for considerable house building in Ward 6 this coming season, they say, is good. It is a fine section of the city for homes, and no wonder people build houses there.

Hose 1 of Woburn and Hose 2 of Arlington enjoyed a bowling match at Luck's alley last Monday evening which resulted in a victory for Hose 1. Score: Woburn 1127; Arlington 1106.

Earl West, S. K. Ames, Eldridge Atwood, M. A. Barnes, Robert Portal, L. W. Thompson, also, bore a hand in presenting those beautiful advertising window cards mentioned in another column.

At 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, a requiem mass will be celebrated at St. Charles church for the deceased members of the Woburn Council of Knights of Columbus.

Of the candidates selected at the Wilmington Citizens caucus to be voted for at the annual Town Meeting Hon. Chester W. Clark was nominated for the office of Sinking Fund Commissioner for 3 years.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society held its regular monthly meeting at the American House, Boston, last Wednesday evening. Dr. J. T. Bowen of Boston read a paper on "Diseases of the Skin."

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will hold their annual picnic supper and entertainment, Monday evening, Feb. 24, at 6:30. Supper 25c; entertainment 15c. Supper and entertainment 35c.

Smith & Varney, jewelers, have a change of advertisement in which tells the story in plain and unimpeachable terms. This firm lead in the jewelry and watch and clock business, and are perfectly reliable.

Aside from the estimates for the budget of 1908 sent in by Mayor Blodgett but little business was transacted at the special meeting of the City Council last Monday evening. Arthur A. Brooks was drawn for a grand juryman.

Moth Commissioner Kirkland has made the important discovery that the moths can't live on white pine alone! This, he says, will simplify the whole business, and make the complete extermination of the critters as easy as rolling off a log.

Charles Moloy Camp, S. W. V., of Wisconsin, by invitation of the Municipal Council of Boston Spanish War Veterans, attended the memorial exercises of the destruction of the U. S. battleship Maine in Faneuil Hall, Boston, last Sunday. Rev. Dr. Everett Horton was the orator of the day.

It goes without saying that everybody will attend the dance of the Medical Association on Monday evening, Feb. 24. It will be a fine one, and not only that, but by patronizing it will be given the Doctors in their enterprise to establish an outdoor tuberculosis camp here.

The entertainment for the children of the M. E. Sunday School, prepared by Superintendent Leon L. Dorr, and given at the church last Friday evening, was keenly enjoyed by everybody present. There were readings, vocal and instrumental solos, Valentines, and other pleasant goings-on.

The dance to be given under the auspices of the Woburn Medical Association in Lyceum Hall on the evening of Feb. 24 is to be mastered by the wives of the physicians and Misses Alice O'Brien and Katherine Carroll. The intention is to make it the most brilliant society event of the present winter.

It is an agreeable piece of news to learn that the enterprising ladies of North Woburn contemplate the organization of a Women's Club in a Woman's Club is a desirable institution in any community, and nowhere can better material for a large and prosperous one be found than at N. W.

Rev. Fr. Higgins, Rector of St. Joseph's church at Montvale, is busy getting ready for the annual reunion of St. Joseph's parish, which is to be held in Ashford Hall, Montvale, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26. He proposes to make it a brilliant affair, and his parishioners have put their hands to the plowhandles to help him out with it.

At the examination of Peter Rosa and Briston Kernesioy, two of the yeggmans who did the shooting on Church Avenue on Thursday evening, Feb. 6, in the District Court last Tuesday, Judge Johnson presiding, only three witnesses were examined—Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield, James F. McGovern, and policeman Timothy Walsh.

The accused were identified, bound over, and, in default of \$20,000 bail, each, were returned to the jail at Cambridge. The Courtroom was filled with spectators during the examination.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO., 307 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

At a meeting of the Unitarian Chapel Association of North Woburn held at the residence of Mr. N. S. Watson on evening last week, it was voted to donate the \$500 for which sum the chapel was recently sold to the Eudine Thompson Memorial Library at N. W., which was a thoughtful and generous act on the part of the Association.

The funeral of Mr. John F. Carter, who died at his home in Wakefield a few days ago, was held at St. Charles church in this city last Wednesday. The pallbearers were Thomas Moore, Charles F. McDermott, Bryan McSweeney, and Frank McDonald. He was the son of Conductor Richard Carter of the B. & M. Railroad, a resident of Woburn.

Supt. Myers of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern street railway had his snowplows and working gangs out last Wednesday to keep the tracks clear of snow. So far this winter these necessary aids to regular and unobstructed travel on the electric have had rather an easy time of it; but there may yet be opportunities for them to get in their work.

This evening the High School Orchestra Club are to give a concert in Lyceum Hall, the proceeds of which are to be laid out in ornamental works for the rooms of the new and beautiful building. The Orchestra will be assisted by several talented people in various roles, and there can be no reason of doubt but that the concert will be one of the best of the season.

Charles Lennon was reinstated last week as motorman on the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern street railway after a suspension of about 3 weeks for a slight accident to his car. To give him his place again was the right thing to do, for Charlie is one of the most careful and faithful motormen in the employ of the Company, and is liked by the patrons of the road.

Highwaymen are busy in towns all about here, and it is the part of wisdom for people to take good care of themselves, especially, after night. Traveling the streets alone late in the evening is dangerous business, with robbers prowling around; and the safest way is to keep indoors and not give the yeggs a chance to hold you up at the revolver's mouth and take your money.

The reappointment by Mayor Blodgett of Mr. James Skinner as Sinking Fund Commissioner, and Mr. Charles A. Burdett as Cemetery Commissioner was a good thing to do, and a highly proper recognition of true ability. These officers have been filled by Messrs. Skinner and Burdett with ability and fidelity, and their reappointment is unanimously approved of by the public.

The time for the election of a Chief Engineer of the Fire Department falls due early in March. Not much discussion of Chief Littlefield's successor is heard, and if there are other candidates for the position we have failed to catch their names. It is presumed that the present Chief will seek re-election, and so far as it is known the Council are favorably disposed towards him.

The High School artists who produced with great skill and fine taste, the window placards announcing the concert to be given by the H. S. Orchestra Club in Lyceum Hall this evening, Feb. 21, (no two cards alike) were: Marjory Blake, Dorothy Blake, Anna Burdett, Marjory Leighton, Harriet Graham, Ruth Silver, Marguerite Gates, Sarah Gates, Edna Nichols, Harold Soles, Charles E. Lawrence.

Hon. John P. Feeney, Ex-Mayor of Woburn 3 times over, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, etc., reports says, completes making a Southern tour next month. His Law partner, Hon. John B. Moran, Prosecuting Attorney of Suffolk county, has not yet sufficiently improved in health to allow him to set out on the Southern trip he has had in mind for several weeks past. He is still in a Boston hospital.

The names of 12 fair damsel who, by invitation, attended the party given by Miss Amelia Gould at her home on Pleasant street last Saturday to celebrate the 12th anniversary of her birthday, and who had a most delightful time, were: Elmer Lund, Serena Yates, Ruth Saborne, Marion Chalmers, Dora Simonds, Esther Fraser, Dorothy and Gertrude Cotton, Avis and Doris Buel and Helen Hardy of Lexington.

Last Wednesday forenoon a Legislative hearing was held at the State House on a bill introduced by Senator Riley on the petition of Samuel W. Mendum and others of this city for an equalization of suburban railroad fares. The Woburn Civic League have been working, for some time, for a reduction of fares on the B. & M. railroad, and the petition and bill were the result of their efforts. It now remains for action by the Legislature.

Whichever the druggist is, continually finding and bringing to light old things—pictures, writings, interesting bits of personal and local history, books, ancient manuscripts—and depositing them where they will do the most good in years to come. His latest "find" are the April and August numbers of the "Farmers Monthly Visitor" published at Manchester, N. H., in 1852. The first of these is especially valuable for the reason that it contains a brief biography of Count Rumford of Woburn and extracts from a diary kept by him in his youth. In addition to the standard history of the eminent scientist a great deal has been written and published concerning Count Rumford, pro and con, and the judgment passed upon him has been as varied and conflicting as are the minds and dispositions of men.

Gateman Callahan at Church Avenue crossing is at his post of duty again. He ward off the assault of the grip valiantly, and returned to his work very little the worse for the encounter.

Idly gazing from one of the bow windows of our warm and cozy sanctum last Wednesday forenoon the most interesting object that swept athwart our vision was the skipper of one of our esteemed contemporaries, habited in rubber boots, facing a tough northeast snowstorm, searching for local news. Courage and determination illumined his weather beaten countenance, but the storm increased in violence and, at last, with but a few unimportant entries in his notebook, he threw up the sponge, and returned to the reportorial desk to fill up the space, which he hoped to crowd with locals, with reports of polo and bowling games. Such is newspaper life!

When snow lies deep on the ground and cuts off the sources of the food supply, then feed the birds. By throwing out crumbs from the table, or purloining a few slices from the cook's last batch, or buying quarts of broken crackers at the Boston Branch, for the little hungry creatures, one performs not only a kind, humane act, but there is pleasure in the performance for a soul attuned to love and generosity. Pleasure, we mean, in seeing them come hopping up on the back stoop, timidly at first, but bolder soon, and watching them make way with, to them, the palatable contents of the dish, or scatterings on the boards. Try it, brethren!

The Boston & Maine Railroad Company are cutting down expenses in all directions. The latest shave is the abolition of track walking. It has been the practice many years for one of the section hands in this city and all along the lines to go over the tracks before the first morning train starts out to see that they are clear and ready for the train. This service has been abandoned by the Company, and the trackmen will hereafter find their selves just so much short when payday comes around. And thus it is all over the country—rigid economy, retrenchment, cutting down of wages, and discharges of men, everywhere. Business people, corporations, and financiers predict that this is to be a hard year.

The annual banquet of Towanda Club is to be held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26, preparations for which are now well under weigh. If no slippage is encountered in the present program, and there occurs no working loose, or dropping out, of cogs, it is expected this annual of the Club's will far surpass all former efforts and results of theirs in this line. On March 20 Towanda is to give to the public a popular drama, for the presentation of which a cast of the best local players has been secured. Kate Ryan, the well known and greatly admired Boston actress, formerly a star in the old Boston Museum stock company, will spend some time coaching the members of the cast, which is an assurance that they will know their parts and play them to perfection.

A Wakefield correspondent of the JOURNAL sends word that Judge Francis F. Putney of Putney, Georgia, has recently been appointed President of the Georgia Banking company of Albany in that State, which news his numerous friends in Woburn will be pleased to hear. He is well and very favorably known here. His wife is the daughter of Mrs. Abbie W. Dimick, a sister of the wife of Mr. Fred J. Brown, President of the Board of Aldermen of this city, and a most estimable woman. Judge Putney is one of the most prominent, active and successful business men in the State of Georgia, and he has been several years ago and founded the flourishing town of Putney, and in which he still has large pecuniary interests. He owns 30,000 acres of land there, the care of which, with conducting many branches of private and public business, makes him a busy man. The only "out" about Judge Putney that we are able to discover is, that he has been, for several years past, and is now, an officeholder in his title to a large estate clearly indicates. But he will outgrow that in time.

About 2 o'clock yesterday morning, Feb. 20, three calls rapidly run in box of brought out the entire fire department of this city to fight a fire, then well underway, at the big department store of James F. McGrath, corner of Main and Union streets. The Winchester department responded promptly to a call for help, and did excellent work. It was the first fire that has occurred here for several years, and entailed a loss estimated at about \$75,000, with only a small insurance Mr. McGrath reports.

The store, a large wooden building, was completely gutted, and its contents nearly all destroyed. Some of the walls remained standing, the recall was sounded at a late hour, the burning firemen never did better work. The fire broke out in the basement of the store, and a clean sweep of the surrounding buildings practically annihilated and destroyed the store. The fire broke out in the basement of the store, and a clean sweep of the surrounding buildings practically annihilated and destroyed the store. The fire broke out in the basement of the store, and a clean sweep of the surrounding buildings practically annihilated and destroyed the store.

A Big Fire.

Suppose the food for the baby is placed in an electric milk-warmer. Then at a touch of the easily found button electricity begins its warming work. Doesn't this suggest something better than getting up in the night to heat the food over flame of some sort? Many electrical comfort-bringers are available in the home electrically lighted.

Have you learned to be light-

Why not write our Sales Agent about these things? Or call or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

THE EDISON

Electric Illuminating Co., 33 39 Boylston St., Boston

Those who recall the great success which attended the presentation in this city of "The Village Postmaster" will, with much satisfaction that Manager Morton is to give a production by the Boston Theatre stock company next Monday. This amusing rural play was written by Alice E. Fess and Jerome H. Eddy and the scene of its action is in a country village of New Hampshire, the time being about fifty years ago. While it deals in a mild way with the eccentricities of local politics and the foibles of the human race, it is a story of the young inventor who is separated temporarily from the object of his affection by the rivalry of a rival is the chief theme of the play. The plot is cleverly contrived and is worked out to a happy ending. It was that shows a wide knowledge of stage opportunities.

Local News.

"Suzette" at Music Hall Wednesday evening next.

The weather yesterday resembled very closely that usually of about the first of March.

Some say McGrath's stock was fully insured, others that the insurance was small. Take your choice.

Mrs. Hood sold goods from her table on the first night of the Parish Fair to the amount of \$20.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bates attended the annual meeting of the People of Ellsworth, Maine, in Boston last Tuesday evening.

It can't be truthfully said that the sledding is first-rate. Getting around is about evenly divided between wheels and runners.

The ringing of box 612 for the fire yesterday morning alarmed quite a number of people, for it is opposite the Central Station.

Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Savings Bank, has been sick in bed a number of days, but is getting on as well as could be expected.

Mr. Clarence Magney, a student in the Harvard Law School, gave an interesting address at the Swedish Lutheran church last Thursday.

By means of the X ray the hospital surgeons have succeeded in locating the bullet fired by the yeggs into Edward Holland. It is in his shoulder.

The Congregational Parish Fair, Feb. 20, was a monumental success. A great many people attended, and the goods sold rapidly at high prices.

Commissioner Kelley saw the McGrath fire about as soon as Rooney did, and promptly pulled in an alarm. He is a useful citizen and respected public servant.

Numerous dances are on the carpet for tomorrow's entertainment. Washington's Birthday anniversary appears to be a number up to this class of amusements in this city.

Mrs. John I. Munroe owns the building which was about as good as destroyed by the McGrath fire yesterday morning. It was quite well covered by insurance.

Harry Dustin Joli, architect, has opened an office at 81 Main street, this city, for the practice of his profession. He comes from Cambridge, where he has been doing business as an architect for the last 12 years.

Mr. Thomas Moore, merchant, suffered a large loss at the McGrath fire by the flooding of the cellar of his store which was filled with goods. The water was 5 feet deep in the cellar.

Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell entertained the Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club at the Ramsdell home on Arlington Road on Feb. 18. The company occupied three tables, and a pleasant few hours were passed by the ladies.

Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenson, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church, attended a mission meeting of the Boston District at Beverly and Pigeon Cove, this week. Last week he began his studies for Master of Arts Degree at Harvard. Subject, "Social Ethics."

"Winter Evenings at Home with the Children" will be discussed in last Mothers meeting at 3 o'clock, Friday afternoon, Feb. 28, in the parlors of the First Congregational church. All ladies interested in the subject are cordially invited to attend the meeting.

A veracious Pleasant street gentleman is authority for the statement that the birthday party of Miss Ardelle Simonds at her home on Arlington Road last Wednesday, was attended by all of her friends from Woburn, Winchester, Malden and Medford, by whom the refreshments and games were greatly relished.

The snowstorm on Wednesday came in good time to save buildings from the McGrath fire. Snows were covered thick with snow, which the firemen said, proved a material aid in confining the fire to the store. Some people grumbled because they had to go to supper in a snowstorm, but learned in a few hours, that "behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."

What promised to be an old fashioned Down East snowstorm, and in last Wednesday morning, but was really only the tail-end of the great Western storm which was the hardest snowstorm since Chicago and all over Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska in the last 20 years. The snow continued to come gently down here all day, and by night the fall measured about 4 inches which made tolerable sleighing; but early in the evening a warm rain began, under the influence of which the snow disappeared rapidly, but not wholly. It was a decided winter storm from beginning to end, barring the rain, and a moderate morning as to weather followed it.

Coffee-mill.

Few people now do not appreciate the great saving of time and energy made possible by the use of so insignificant a thing as a little motor on a coffee mill. In the old days it took the time of the clerk or the proprietor himself to grind the various pounds of coffee that were wanted. Now the coffee can be dumped into the mill and with the turn of the switch the electricity does the work while the clerk is free to wait upon other customers. It will be interesting to our readers to know that a ton of coffee can be ground for 40 cents. Another example that came to our attention recently was where a 40 ton load of coal can be put into bins by electric power in a very short time and at a cost of only 20 cents. If the same coal was carted into the bins in horse-drawn barrows it would take several hours at a cost of over \$5; a wide margin of profit that cannot be overlooked in these days of close figuring.

To Break In New Shoes Always Use

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It prevents Tightness and Blistering, cures Swollen, Sweating Aching feet. At all Druggists and shoe stores. Price, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Lowell, N. Y.

ELECTRICITY.

Suppose the food for the baby is placed in an electric milk-warmer. Then at a touch of the easily found button electricity begins its warming work. Doesn't this suggest something better than getting up in the night to heat the food over flame of some sort? Many electrical comfort-bringers are available in the home electrically lighted.

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The Answer

is an important thing to consider in sending any kind of a message.

A letter brings an answer in days; a telegram brings an answer in hours; but the long distance telephone brings the answer instantly. Why not stop to consider the value of an immediate answer?

We have pay stations everywhere Look for the blue bell

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company



Children LOVE BREAD

that has life and flavor to it. This is one reason why they are so fond of Hathaway's. It is so rich and appetizing that they look for a slice of (Hathaway's) bread and butter directly after school. Give your children plenty of good bread and they won't ask for meat, at least, not nearly so often.

If you want your children to be happy and healthy—good students too—give them plenty of Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. You will be surprised and pleased with the results.

"Hathaway's delights the children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

Repairing Watches Here

receives the careful attention it deserves. No matter how delicate or expensive a movement you may have, you can leave it to be repaired or cleaned, with full assurance that the work will be done in the most skillful manner possible.

Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

Special attention also given to Fine Jewelry and Clock Repairing.

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Medical and Surgical Supplies for Ladies.
HIGHEST GRADE ELASTIC STOCKINGS IN AMERICA.

Our extensive line of Medical, Surgical and Rubber Goods Supplies is unequalled; our prices the lowest; our Suite of Offices the finest in New England. Ladies' Assistants in attendance in Lady's Department.

OUR LINE INCLUDES:
Abnormal Supports, Appendicitis Pads, Binding Kidney Pads, Women and Children's Trusses, Uterine Belts and Cups, Ankle Supports, Shoulder Braces, Daily Belts, etc., Crutches and Tips, Bandages, Water Bottles, Syringes, Rubber Stomachs, Breast Pumps, Ice Bags, Cushions, etc.

FOOT TROUBLES OUR SPECIALTY.

Walter F. Jordan & Company,
Medical Appliance Specialists, 140 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

Job Printing at this Office.

Cupid's Coal Truck.

By James Francis Dwyer.

Copyrighted, 1908, by E. C. Parcells.

The car came to an abrupt stop, and the conductor stretched his neck in a reckless manner as he looked for the cause.

"Cool truck on the blink with a broken axle," he cried disgustedly, "and now I got to chase through the snow to phone the 'emergency van.'"

He walked through the car to acquaint the motorman of his heroic intention and, after buttoning his jacket, set off up the snow covered road in search of a telephone.

The motorman took the opportunity to stretch his legs by walking around the disabled vehicle. When he stepped from the car the two passengers sighed wearily and the man moved closer to his companion.

"Well, I'm glad that conductor has gone," he remarked. "He stared at us till my conscience suggested I had given him a bad coin."

The fur wrapped girl beside him laughed merrily.

"It's a habit of conductors," she murmured. "I have noticed them before."

"I will pardon him," said the man. "He is but mortal, and I am pleased to find that his mercenary occupation has not destroyed his love of the beautiful."

The girl smiled indulgently, but remained silent. Meanwhile the motorman had entered into a discussion with the truck driver as to the best method of removing the damaged vehicle.

"Letty!" The man's voice interrupted a day dream and the girl started.

"Do you know I am desperately in love?"

The big blue eyes surveyed him critically.

"No, I do not," she said emphatically. "When a man is in love he can never disguise the fact."

"You are thinking of calf love," he remarked. "The kind that bubbles over and spoils its owner's appetite, but sold, healthy man's love."

"That is all the same," she interrupted. "Concealment is impossible. Now, Mr. Dorrington is in love, and a child can detect the symptoms."

"Dorrington?" The man's voice expressed his surprise. "Do you mean old Dorrington?"

The slightest puckering round the corners of the little mouth showed where a smile tried hard to establish a footing.

"When Mr. Dorrington called yesterday," continued the girl, "I watched him closely while he was speaking to mother."

"Pardon me?" The man's tone was masterful, and the girl stopped. "Is Dorrington—old Dorrington—in love with your mother?"

The smile made another valiant effort to disturb the serenity of the girl's face, but retired discomfited.

"I do not think so," she said quietly. "If he is, the feeling is not reciprocated, as mother always leaves me to entertain him when he calls."

The man with his eyes fixed on the girl, hid the effect produced by her thrust—"Dorry is not young, you know, and love, like measles, plays the mischief with elderly people."

The hovering angel flashed triumphantly across the girl's blushing face.

"Seriously, Letty," her companion continued, "Dorrington is old! I remember him twenty-five years ago, when he chased me away from a pond near your mother's house. God bless my heart, girl—his tone changed to one expressing blank astonishment—"I am getting old too!"

The girl turned, and the blue eyes looked carefully over the man's brown face, noting the length and depth of every wrinkle that marked it.

"You are getting old, Jack."

"I know it," he cried, "and here am I in a sidetracked car doing nothing, while time passes me remorselessly."

Evidently thinking anything preferable to inaction, he started out to capture one of the little gloved hands of his companion, and after she had vainly tried to defeat his intentions he clasped it between his own two and seemed immensely pleased at the feat.

"Dear me," she sighed, "I wish that conductor would come back."

"He cannot shift us." The man was defiant, and the girl blushed as she noticed his restlessness.

"No, but he can stare at you," she cried irritably, "and your actions since he departed prove that the stare was effective."

"But, Letty," he said, "what a terrible thing it is to stare at you for thirty-five wasted years, thirty-five autumns, thirty-five springs and the same number of winters and summers, all barren and useless!" He shuddered and moved closer.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, "do look and see if he is coming."

He stood up, still holding the little hand, and carefully scanned the white road. "He is not coming!" he cried gleefully. "He will have to walk a piece a mile there and a mile back."

"You have no pity?" exclaimed the girl. She made an attempt to release the imprisoned hand as she spoke, but the man's grip tightened. "How would you like it, sir, if you had to walk two miles in the snow because a silly old coal truck collapsed on the track?"

"It is not a silly old coal truck," said the man, dropping back into his seat. "It is a wonderful, glorious, rain bow tinted instrument."

"Don't say Providence," she interrupted.

"No; of Dan Cupid! Didn't I tell you, Letty, that I adore?"

"The coal truck," she interrupted again. "You certainly used enough adjectives to give one that impression."

"And I do!" he cried defiantly. "I adore the horses, the axle and every other part that helped toward the breaking down because do you know why, Letty?"

"Because it made the poor conductor tramp two miles in the snow," she answered.

The man was annoyed.

"Confound the conductor!" he cried. "I wish he'd come back!" she said. "If he does not return soon I will call upon the motorman. I suppose he is responsible for the safety of the passengers while his mate is away."

The mention of the motorman made her companion turn around to see where that person was stationed, and he was somewhat surprised to find that he had impressed two horses be- longing to another truckman and, with

the combined teams, was making a vigorous effort to pull the obstruction from the track. This strenuous proceeding alarmed the man, and he turned quickly to the girl.

"Letty, I want you to listen!" he cried. "This might be the only chance I will get to explain."

The noise outside increased.

"Go ahead!" screamed the driver, as the four horses strained and struggled. "Keep it up! Keep it up!"

"Letty!" The man seized both hands now and tried to turn her face toward him. "I want to tell you!"

"Use the whip!" yelled the driver. His shrill shriek ripped through the car and drowned the man's voice.

The girl turned toward the window, and the fur bon on her shoulders shook suspiciously. The man had a dim idea that she was laughing.

"Letty!" The man was desperate. "I—I love you!"

A loud yell of triumph came from the driver, and a merry peal of laughter from the girl helped the echoes as they buzzed around the car. The noise was tremendous. The driver's yells were deafening, and the truckman told the man that the work of removing the obstruction was nearly finished. He took one hasty glance at the moving truck and, springing back, quickly seized the laughing girl in his arms.

"There!" he cried triumphantly as he kissed the blushing face. "And there! And there again!" And over the girl's muffled laughter and protests came a victorious cheer from the motorman and the two truck drivers. Turning to the two passengers that the truck was clear at last.

Three minutes afterward the conductor kicked the man from his boots and gave the "go ahead" signal to the elated motorman, and the car moved off.

As they passed the disabled truck the man pointed to the name painted in red letters on its side, and the girl read, "John Love, Truckman."

"One of Dan Cupid's classes," whispered her companion. And the blush on her face made the beauty loving conductor stare at her for the rest of the journey to the infinite delight of the man.

The Fifo.

It is said by some that we owe the five—"ear piercing," as Shakespeare calls it—to the Swiss, and Sir James Turner, who busied himself in writing on military matters, makes it the "Alpine whistle." In France it was employed at least as early as 1534, in which year it was ordered by Francis I. that each band of 1000 men was to have four drums and two fifes.

A few years later in England we find "drummers and fyttes" included in the muster of London citizens. Shakespeare refers to the musician, not the instrument, when he speaks in "The Merchant of Venice" of "the vile equalling of the very necked fife."

An old writer observes, indeed, that a "fife is a wry necked musician, for he looks away from his instrument."

About the reign of James II. the fife lost its popularity for a time. Sir James Turner observes, "With us my captain may keep a fife in his company and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him, perhaps just as much as he deserveth."—Chambers's Journal.

Wanted Browning.

He was evidently a German, and his speech didn't belie the fact. He caught the attention of the librarian.

"Blaise, I want a book," he said.

"What book?" she asked.

"Boetty," he replied.

"Who is the author?"

He looked troubled.

"Blaise, I haf forgot it," he said.

"Pee?" asked the olding girl.

"Not Boe," he answered.

"Pope?"

"Not Boe."

His face brightened up.

"He is der feller dot wrotit 'In a Paltown,'" he said.

"Why, that was Browning!"

"Sure, Prowning," he repeated. "I couldn't remember, but I knew dot it commenced mit a 'P'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Cave Full of Bones.

In the Isle of Ezz, one of the Hebrides, is a cave into which one can hardly creep on hands and knees. Inside it widens enormously and runs down to the terrible depth of 250 feet. To this

space, in one of the most transparent of objects. The tail of the comet is much more transparent than the earth's atmosphere, as this at its best would bulk act as an opaque curtain. But stars are seen almost as distinctly through the comet's tail as through the adjacent atmosphere. Comets change their form and appearance with the utmost rapidity and finally back steadily away from the sun, like a courier out of the royal presence.

Legend of the Tulip.

Centuries ago, by the waters of the Bosphorus, the Persian lover sought a flower with scarlet petals and heart of gold. We call it the tulip. To him it was the emblem of love. In Persia, the parts of Asia and on the shores of the Mediterranean the tulip grows wild. Today the tulip beds near Haarlem are among the wonders of that quaint Dutch town. Though once the symbol of love, in our modern floral language the tulip stands for inconstancy. She is called flaming and bold. Hood calls her "a saucy queen."

The Sign.

A famous cranialist, strolling through a churchyard found a gravelled tomb lying up the earth in which were two or three skulls. The cranialist took them up and, after considering one a little time, said, "Ah, this is the skull of a philosopher." "Very likely," your honor," replied the gravelled.

"Sure, I noticed it was somewhat cracked."

Nearsighted.

"I always said Banpave was nearsighted."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he can't even recognize his own obligations."

Mathematical.

Teacher—Now, Jane, how many is 3 x 17 Jane—Five. Teacher—No; 3 x 1 = 4. Jane—Aw, g'wan! 2 x 2 = 4.

Joy never foists so high as when the first course is misery.—Simmons.

A BIT OF WHITMAN.

His Debt to Scott and an Estimate of Cooper.

How much I am indebted to Scott no one can tell—I couldn't tell it myself—but it has permeated me through and through. If you could reduce the "Leaves" to their elements, you would see Scott unmistakably active at the roots. I remember the "Tales of My Landlord," "Ivanhoe," "The Fortunes of Nigel"—yes, and "Kenilworth"—its great pageantry; then there's "The Heart of Midlothian," which I have read a dozen times and more.

I might say just about the same thing about Cooper too. He has written books which will survive into the farthest future. The world of literature, of the try, of boys, today, without "Natty Bumppo," "The Spy," "The Red Rover," "oh, 'The Red Rover'!" It used to stir me up clarionlike. I read it many times. Is all this old fashioned? I am not sworn to the old things, not in all that is, not to old things at the expense of new, but some of the oldest things are the newest. I should not refuse to see and welcome any one who came to violate the precedents—on the contrary, I am looking about for just such men, but a lot of the fresh things are not new; they are only repetitions, after all. They do not seem to take life forward, but to take it back.

I look for the things that take life forward—the new things, the old things that take life forward. Scott, Cooper, such men, always, perpetually, as a matter of course, always take life forward, take each new generation for the next. From Horace Trollope's "Walt Whitman in Camden" in Century.

AN ANNUAL HONEYMOON.

The Kind of Vacation a Man and His Wife Should Take.

The man came back from his vacation with shining eyes and a tendency to laugh at the least provocation.

He said he had had a good time. He said he and his wife had just been looking about from place to place. He said he hadn't bothered to think about his work and his wife hadn't bothered to think about housekeeping.

The man has been married a good many years. His eyes haven't shined like that for a long time. He didn't laugh so much before he went away. He seemed to be better acquainted with his wife than was noticeable before. The chances are he has been discovering her all over again in these weeks of leisure from hard work. And it's done him good.

That is one of the reasons of a vacation, and that is why a man and his wife should go away together. In the early, busy of the everyday routine we sometimes lose sight of the finest things in life. We work in order that we may have the companionship of those we love best, and then we lose ourselves in the work itself, and so miss the very joys our labor was intended to purchase.

It is a good thing to run away from the work one is in awhile and remember what we are working for anyway.

That is what the man had been doing, and that is why he got the good part of his vacation.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Most Tedious Reading.

The proofreader took off his glasses, wiped his tired eyes and put his hat on. "I'll go out and take a walk," he said. "I have been working two hours on these time tables, and that is all my nerves will stand. No work is harder, more tedious or more wearing than this time table proofreading. So much, you see, depends upon the accuracy. If in the past," says a scientist, "that is proofreading of a book an error or two are made, a laugh or a frown is the only consequence, but an error in a time table may mean a disaster. Sometimes we go over a time table seventy and eighty times before we finally OK it. We get to know the time table by heart. We can rattle off the trains: 2:07, 3:14, 3:26 and so on like photographs. How wearing the work is! In a busy season I have lost four pounds in a week."

Recent and Extinct Animals.

"It is a great mistake to conclude that it is a law of nature that recent animals are all small and insignificant as compared with their representatives in the past," says a scientist. "That is simply not true. Recent horses are bigger than extinct ones and much bigger than the three toed and four toed ancestors of horses. Recent elephants are as big as any that have existed and much bigger than their early elephantine ancestors. There never has been any creature of any kind—mammal, reptile, bird or fish—in any geological period we know of so big as some of the existing whales."

The World as We Look at It.

When we look at the world in a narrow way, how small it seems! When we look at it in a mean way, how mean it is! When we look at it selfishly, how selfish it is! When we look at it with a broad, generous and helpful spirit, what a beautiful world it is, and what wonderful people we find in it!—Boston Christian Register.

Bad Disease.

Willie—What's the matter with papa's eyes, mamma? Mamma—Nothing that I know of, Willie. Willie—Well, I heard him tell Mr. Jones that he had to have an eye opener every morning.—Yonkers Herald.

Consistent.

Blobs—Wigwag is always going to law about something. Slobs—That's right. He's even going to marry a girl named Sue.

Nothing serves better to illustrate a man's character than the things which he finds ridiculous.—Goethe.

Old Idea of Ellipses.

The Nappes, a tribe in South America, have an original explanation of the cause of ellipses. It is a quarrel, they declare, between the sun and the moon, and to dissuade these combatants from fighting they appeal to the death of the very fiercest till returning light is proof to them that the heavenly bodies, paying heed to their anger, have thought better of their intention.

A Good Hint.

They were seated in the parlor conversing on the uncertainty of life. She—The future is a vast, unfathomable mystery to us, isn't it? He—Yes; all we know is that we have got to go some time. Voice From the Library—It would suit the convenience of this household if you'd make it a little sooner than that.

No Faith in Doctors.

"Why do you select a family doctor who lives so far from your home?"

"If any of my family are taken sick I want them to have a chance to recover before the doctor gets there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misleading.

Tulips—I stem myself that honesty is printed on my face. Grubbs—Well, er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 23, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John v. 1-18. Memory Verses, 8, 9—Golden Text, Matt. viii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1907, by American Bible Association.]

The Lord had appointed feasts for Israel in which they might draw near to Him and in which He might specially reveal Himself to them and bless them. A full record of these is found in Lev. xiii. These feasts had been appointed for the Jews rather than for all—that is, not to old things at the expense of new, but some of the oldest things are the newest. I should not refuse to see and welcome any one who came to violate the precedents—on the contrary, I am looking about for just such men, but a lot of the fresh things are not new; they are only repetitions, after all. They do not seem to take life forward, but to take it back.

We are all as helpless in the matter of salvation or of service as the sick and dying boy in last week's lesson to obtain health or his father to give it to him. Here in this lesson is another illustration. There is a pool whose waters at certain seasons are troubled by an angel and become possessed of healing properties which are exhausted by the first disabled one who steps in. About this pool lay a great multitude of impotent folk waiting for the moving of the water. They are a constantly disappointed crowd, for one of the multitude can be healed. The next must all wait for the next miracle, and only the least helpless stands any chance whatever, and a wholly impotent person had no chance at all of obtaining health from the pool. The condition of the impotent represents the condition of all by faith, without strength, ungodly, sinners, enemies (Rom. v. 6-10), but what is represented by the pool, by which some one with a slight ailment was healed, is not quite so clear, for there is only one way of salvation, and He is a Saviour for sinners, not for righteous people who think they can do for themselves. Jesus came to these porches by that pool day and said there a truly impotent man whose trouble had already lasted him thirty-eight years. Noting how matters stood, He said to him, "What thou hast made whole?"

The man's reply, "Sir, I have no man to put me into the pool," shows his helplessness. All he could think of was the pool and a man to put him in. The pool he could see, but the man to put him in he had not yet seen, and when there might be a possibility of his being healed by that pool who could tell? Yet in his helplessness he continued until this day, when a seemingly ordinary man asked him this question and then added, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk" (verse 8), a wholly impossible thing to do, and yet he did it, for immediately he was well and strong and took up his bed and walked. A thirty-eight year trouble came in a moment! Compare the miracle wrought upon the man who was cured by Jesus with the same Jesus risen and ascended through Peter and John (Acts iii, 2, 8; iv, 22). Splendid healings! Why not more of them? But what about all the rest of the multitude that day? Sometimes we see, depends upon the accuracy. If in the past," says a scientist, "that is proofreading of a book an error or two are made, a laugh or a frown is the only consequence, but an error in a time table may mean a disaster. Sometimes we go over a time table seventy and eighty times before we finally OK it. We get to know the time table by heart. We can rattle off the trains: 2:07, 3:14, 3:26 and so on like photographs. How wearing the work is! In a busy season I have lost four pounds in a week."

The Jews accused the healed man of breaking the Sabbath. He fell back upon the command of the One who healed him, but he knew not and therefore could not tell who He was until he met Him in the temple and heard another voice from Him. Then he made it known that Jesus had healed him. After this the Jews did persecute Jesus and sought to kill Him because, as they said, He had broken the Sabbath and also made Himself equal with God by calling God His Father. Instead of rejoicing in the great deliverance granted to the impotent man and giving heed to the words of his deliverer they have only hearts for their own affairs, their law, their Sabbath, their authority, and whoever does not submit to them must be broken to pieces.

Contrast God's treatment of the One in their midst whom they knew not and the Father loveth the Son, hath committed all things unto him. He saith unto Him all things that Himself doeth" (verses 20, 22). They were professing to honor a God of their own imagination, not the God who brought them out of Egypt into the land of promise, and yet they were so blinded by their pride and self righteousness that they could not see Him.

Contrast His humility and eagerness with their pride: "I can of mine own self do nothing. I seek not mine own will" (verse 30). See how He looks onward to the resurrection of just and coming hour (verses 28, 29), the present age being the hour when those who are dead in sin may hear His voice and live (verses 25, 26). He can wait and be patient with the foolish ones who know Him not, for the kingdom is His and all power in heaven and earth, and in due time it shall be seen by all that God hath made Him Lord and Christ. He is the Fountain of Living Water, and pools are not necessary (Jer. ii, 13; Ps. xxxvi, 9).

Head Your Letter Again.

Never mail a letter written at night until it has been read in the morning. You may materially reduce the number of your correspondents by persisting in this course, but you will gain in reputation for prudence and common sense. What seems sparkling by candlelight is but folly by day, and the brilliancy of night lacks spikely in the morning.

His Lunacy Under Control.

She—Suppose I were to die, what would you do? He—I should be almost crazy. She—Would you marry again? He—Well, I would hardly be as crazy as that.—Judge.

An Anxious Wife.

Lady—Do you think this medicine would do my husband any good? Drug gist—I'm sure it would, madam. Lady—Hum! What other kinds have you got?—Exchange.

Fear and Danger.

Nervous Old Lady to deck hand on steamboat—Mr. Steamboatman, is there any fear of danger? Deck Hand (carelessly)—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.

Little girls believe in the man in the moon, big girls in the man in the moon.

Extension
Telephones

Save Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

The convenience tremendously out-weighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call).

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

Birma's Natural Magnet.

There is a huge natural magnet in upper Burma, India, covered with great blocks of iron ore, which travelers notice has a tremendous attraction which renders compasses and watches useless. In Spain there is a spring of water said to cure love-sick people. Another queer spring is situated in Mexico to the waters of which cure alcoholic cravings, so the legend runs. Hither mountain, near Fort Davis, Tex., produces an effect which would counteract the good work done by the Mexican spring, with none of the evil effects. People go up this mountain, and they suddenly become conscious of a sort of anaesthetic which takes possession of them and makes them act as if intoxicated. If a traveler reaches the top, he staggers like an old totterer, and many have been known to fall in a stupor on the rocks. This mountain has a following which returns season after season to enjoy this harmless disintegration.

What Not to Read.

Douglas Jerrold, the celebrated wit, said: "There are three things that no man but a fool reads, or, having lent, is not in the most helpless state of mental prostration if he ever hopes to get back again. These three things are books, money and umbrellas. I believe a certain fiction of the law assumes a remedy against the borrower, but I know of no case in which any man, being sufficiently dastard to glibly his reputation as plaintiff in such a suit, ever fairly succeeded against the whole-some prejudices of society. Umbrellas may be 'hedged about' by colored statistics. I will not swear that it is not so. There may be laws that make such things property, but I am sure that the blissing contempt, the loud mouthed indignation, of all civilized society would obliterate and root at the bloodiest pole-dancer who should engage law on his side to obtain for him the restitution of a lost umbrella."

The Painter Won.

Often late in the afternoon sculptors discussed the relative merits of painting and sculpture. A story is told of an artist who resented the disparaging comparisons made by a sculptor and laid a wager that he could within a given time paint a picture which should display the human figure as completely as any sculptor could.

The wager was accepted, and upon the appointed day a painting was produced which fulfilled all the conditions. It represented a woman, but back to the spectator, bounding over a sheet of water, in the limpid surface of which were reflected his entire face and form. To the right a suit of polished armor hung and threw back a full length profile image, while a mirror performed a like office for the left side. The sculptor, of course, handed over the money staked.—Paris Journal.

Species of Book Collectors.

In this age of specialization even so simple a subject as book collecting is subdivided in a complex, scientific way.

Book collectors of the twentieth century fall naturally into three classes: Bibliomane, an indiscriminate, emotional collector.

Bibliogone—A learned collector, very expert in imprints, first editions and the technicalities.

Bibliophile—A collector who writes about his collections.

Bibliophage—A cautious collector who keeps his books always under lock and key in glass cases.

Bibliophile—A real lover of books, who buys books only for the pleasure of reading them.—Minneapolis Journal.

Smoked Ham

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1908.

DISTRICT DELEGATES.

The only person we have heard mentioned for delegate from the 8th Congressional District to the Republican National convention at Chicago is Hon. Samuel J. Elder of Winchester. There may be other candidates, but, if so, their names have failed to reach this office. Woburn has no one picked out that we are aware of, and, probably, will not have; and as Mr. Elder is held in high esteem here, it is more than likely he will receive the Woburn vote.

It is learned that the Republicans of Medford, Somerville, and a large share of Cambridge, favor the choice of Mr. Elder and are earnestly engaged in prosecuting measures to secure his election as a delegate from this District. With these Republican strongholds actively contributing to his success it is fair to presume that he will be chosen.

THE MERGER

The Anti-Merger League of Massachusetts are about to move in force on the Legislature for the enactment of a law to prevent the absorption of the Boston & Maine Railroad by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, over which there is likely to be fought a fierce battle. The merger is a movement on the part of the New York Company, began a couple of years ago, to acquire the Boston & Maine, but was prevented by legislative action from carrying out its plan and securing control of nearly the entire railroad interests in New England.

The observance of Washington's Birthday anniversary in this city last Saturday was not of a character to supply material for an elaborate story for the newspapers. Dances and whist parties were the principal features of the celebration, if such it could be properly called, which amusement brought together numerous large parties. As to whether the day was perfect, it resembled the best days in March, when the sun shines warm, tempering the air to a cheerful pitch, and turning the patches of snow into little bubbles along the streets. There was no ringing of the bells, as on Lincoln Day, but many flags waved from public and private buildings. There was a fine exhibition of flags and pictures at the postoffice. Trade and traffic were only partially suspended because there was no concert of action among the business men as to what should be done to honor the day. Some stores and shops were open all day; others closed from morning until evening; but most of them were shut at noon for the day. On the whole, the anniversary passed off in this city in a quiet respectful manner.

Mr. Henry W. Pitman of Somerville, a well known journalist, has accepted the office of Superintendent of Newspapers in the Taft campaign, which is now being hotly prosecuted in this State, with ex-Congressman Sam Powers as General Manager, and 22 Ames Building, Boston, for headquarters. Pitman has already peeled to the skin and is into the work clear up to his elbows. He knows the fraternity from Provincetown to the Berkshires; is popular, too; and what he can't do towards wheeling Editors into the Taft ranks nobody else need undertake.

The managers of the Taft campaign in Massachusetts claim that the whole State government—Guild, Draper, Speaker Cole of the House, President Chapple of the Senate—are ardent supporters of their man for the Republican nomination at Chicago. United States Senators Lodge and Crane are still opposed to pledged delegates to the convention. The Taft managers, also, say, to capture the State, that Governor Guild's boom for second place on the ticket is growing.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

National Bank Statement.—Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., is giving a course of lectures, 2 evenings each week, at the Boys High and Latin school, Boston.

Mr. George H. Woodside, who was struck by a shifting engine four weeks ago, is resting comfortably, but is still confined to his bed.

Capt. David C. Stull of Provincetown, known as the "Ambergris King of America," spent Saturday and Sunday with his sister, Mrs. George H. Woodside.

Proudly seated in his new automobile, which arrived here last week, Dr. Buss, the dentist, an enthusiastic driver, don't propose to take anybody's auto dust next summer.

The had managers of last week's Parish fair tell us it was the greatest money gathering they have ever had in that line. From a financial standpoint it was great. Likewise, from a social view.

This evening, if nothing happens to prevent, the Woburn Basketball team will play the Roundtable of Lexington in that town. Much interest is manifested by sports in the outcome of the contest.

The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their annual minstrel show on St. Patrick's Day evening, March 17, as has been their custom for years. They never fail to give a bangup show, nor to draw a full house.

Mr. Frank Leonard of Boston, an officer in the First church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, is to lecture in Lyceum Hall, this city, on Monday evening, March 9, prox. Lecture free; no tickets. More anon.

The schools of this city are to enjoy their spring vacation next week. They have been getting on fluently this winter, good progress in learning being reported from all of them. Woburn is no vain booster, but she claims to have the best public schools in this section of the Commonwealth, and can back up the claim.

At the evening services at Trinity Episcopal church next Sunday, March 1, the Archdeacon, will make his annual visitation to the parish as required by the canons of the church, and will confer with the vestry.

The final vesper services of the winter at the Unitarian church are to be held at 5 o'clock next Sunday afternoon. Organist Lewis will conduct the musical program. Young people from the Wakefield church will be present.

Captain Edwin F. Wyer, about a fortnight ago, was commissioned Postmaster of Woburn for the term of four years from Jan. 28, 1908. There was no opposition to his appointment, and Congressman McCall's request for it was readily granted.

Last Monday Officer Philip A. McKenna went to Boston and brought back with him Antonio Raffia, an Italian, who was wanted here for stealing tools, and was trying to pawn them when he was nabbed by Boston Inspectors Rooney and McAuley.

Ralph F. Goddard of the insurance firm of S. B. Goddard & Son, and Bryan McWeener, local representative of several insurance companies, settled the question of damages by the McGrath fire in short order. Total loss was their verdict.

Last Tuesday morning the temperature in this city ranged from 2 to 6 above zero—one of the most trying mornings of the season. On that day, and for some days previously, Frank C. Nichols and the Boston Ice Co. continued ice cutting on Horn Pond, and finished the season's harvesting.

Mrs. Carrie A. Dow of Arlington Road left this city last Monday for Birmingham, Alabama, where she will visit with her sons, who are in business there, the remainder of the winter. It has been her habit in the past to spend the cold months with the boys in the sunny South. Her fine residence here is occupied by Mrs. Place and daughters.

In "The Seasons," written by James Thompson, the English poet, who flourished between 1700 and 1784, we read: "Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come!" and next Sunday, according to common usage, it will be here. The almanac makers insist that the vernal season begins on March 21, at the time of the equinox; but March 1 will do, if the weather is all right.

On March 20, Towanda Club are to give a dramatic performance, for which extensive preparations are being made, and which President Edward Johnson assures the public is going to be the capstone. There are embraced in the membership of the Club some excellent dramatic talent who will take part in the presentation of the play, of which further particulars will be given later on.

Mayor and Mayoress Blodgett attended, as Guests of Honor, the complimentary ball given to Miss Esther Bean, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. George F. Bean, by her young friends at the Old Fellowship Hall one evening last week. Many of Miss Bean's young men and young women admirers, including several from Wellesley, whose friendship she gained while at Wellesley College, and other out of town places, attended the delightful event, and greatly enjoyed it.

Mrs. Helen C. Hanson of Uxbridge, formerly of Woburn, a lady much respected by many people here, started yesterday with a Raymond & Whitcomb excursion party for California, where she will travel and visit for the next two months. She expects to return home by way of Toledo, Ohio, where she will be the guest of her son, Mr. Clifford T. Hanson, and family, 6 Ashland Place. We wish Mrs. Hanson much pleasure from her trip to the Pacific Slope, and with her relatives.

The leather manufacturing business in this city is not as prosperous as might be wished just now. A recent slump in the price of hides has left the manufacturers with considerable leather on hand that cost more than it will sell for, which hurts the operators. Ups and downs are characteristic of the business, and those engaged in it are hoping that the pendulum may soon take a swing the other way. When conditions are favorable there is good money and a plenty of it in leather making; and when they are not, bank accounts shrink rapidly.

For their highly commendable work in saving his store and goods at the McGrath fire Mr. Thomas Moore gave the Woburn Fire Department \$100, and the Winchester Department \$50. The presentation of these checks was not necessary to prove that Mr. Moore is a big hearted, open-handed gentleman, for this is known and acknowledged by everyone acquainted with him, and his frequent acts of generosity. All the same, he did the handsome thing by the boys, who were warmly grateful for his liberal donation.

Mr. Frank R. Clarke of Franklin county, Maine, ex-Assistant Principal of the Woburn High School, has been visiting here for a week or two, and looking over, with pleasure, his former stamping-ground. On arriving at his home in Maine, last fall, at the close of a summer vacation on Block Island, he was taken so ill that for a long time his life was despaired of; but he pulled through, and is now well and hearty. Mr. Clarke has been a student at the Harvard Medical School for some time, but will not return to it until the opening of the next school year.

A Lawrence man, visiting Woburn a few days ago, reported that times in that great manufacturing city are very hard this winter, and that much suffering exists among the poor classes. Within the last few months thousands of mill operatives have been discharged, or had their working hours reduced, a large percent of whom are in destitute circumstances. They are short of food and fuel, with no prospect of relief in sight. The visitor to this city said soup houses had been established in Lawrence, several of which are maintained by private subscriptions; but notwithstanding such benevolent measures, cold and hunger are suffered in that city to an extent hardly ever before experienced.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO., 367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Mr. Wm. F. Cummings is quite ill at his home on Cleveland avenue.

Mayor Blodgett has appointed Richard T. Mack to be a member of the Board of Overseers of the Poor for the unexpired term of Walter L. Poole, resigned.

The Neighborhood Club of Winchester was entertained at the home of Mrs. A. P. Heald 51 Burlington street, Woburn, Wednesday afternoon. With one exception all the members were present. The usual reading was given, followed by music and social intercourse. Refreshments were served. The afternoon was enjoyed by all present.

A notice in the Brockton Enterprise conveys intelligence of the death of Mr. Warner W. Flanders at his home in that city on the morning of Feb. 25, instant, at the age of 53 years. He was born and raised in Woburn, and settled at Brockton about 13 years ago. He left a widow and two children to mourn his death in the prime of life.

In Lyceum Hall, Friday evening, April 8, will be given the eighth annual Towanda Club Show. "The Arabian Nights," a farcical comedy in 3 acts, by Sydney Grundy. Full of clever dialogue and astoundingly amusing situations. Presented by an all-star aggregation of local players, drawn from Towanda membership and lady friends. Coached by Miss Kate Ryan, the Boston actress. Full particulars next week.

Last Tuesday evening the faculty of the Burdett Business College in Boston gave their annual reception and banquet to the teachers of that flourishing institution. There were some 30 teachers present, among them were Mabel Rosenblatt, Ida Robbins, Edith Sweetser, and Mr. Arthur U. Dickson Assistant Treasurer, all of Woburn. The College has something over 15,000 students registered for this year. The Messrs. Burdett are respected residents of this city.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church gave an excellent salad supper in their church dining room last Monday evening which was patronized by 200 people. This was followed by an entertainment which was greatly enjoyed by all present. The entertainment program included songs by Miss Lottie Rollins, and Mrs. E. L. Kowloon, a piano duet, Miss Carrie Long and Mrs. John Lord, a sunflower chorus by ten little girls and Master Chorton Dean and a flag drill by eight young ladies.

The Board of Management of the Woburn Visiting Nurse Association submits the following report for the year ending December 31, 1907: The number of visits made by Miss Field, the nurse, was as follows: January 173, February 85, March 101, April 119, May 103, June 132, July 142, August 104, September 116, October 93, November 87, December 99. Of these numbers, 647 cases were medical, 380 surgical, and 377 obstetrical, making a total of 1404. During the year 1906, the total number of visits made was 1263 an increase of 141 in 1907.

Taking the records in City Clerk Finn's office as a criterion to judge by, the marriageable females of Woburn have not, to any alarming extent, availed themselves of the privilege of Leap Year to "pop the question," or, else, the marriageable male population has been, since January 1, 1908, refusing favorable overtures to enter into the blissful state of matrimony. The official returns indicate no uncommon rush in that direction; which goes to show, we think, that girls, contrary to the idea that generally prevails on the subject, are not overly anxious to get married.

Last Wednesday afternoon the JOURNAL was pleased to receive a call from Mr. Wesley Wentworth who came up from his home in Everett to meet some of the many friends he made here years ago. After a term of service as superintendent of the Woburn Street Railway Mr. Wentworth went to the Lowell Suburban road in 1902 where he remained as Manager until ill health compelled him to take a rest. Last fall he resigned the office of Superintendent of a street railway in Texas, and is now wanted by a Company in Indiana. He is in fine health and spirits.

The Woburn Machine Company (Marrinan & O'Brien), notwithstanding the financial stringency, have now employed in their shop and foundry about 60 hands, with enough orders for work to keep them all busy. They have recently bought the Gasvian factory property adjoining their plant, which gives them about 550 feet frontage on the railroad, and greatly increases the facilities for carrying on their extensive operations. The Company fill orders for machinery from all parts of the country, which indicates that the products of their plants, and their business methods, are satisfactory to customers.

One of the prettiest Washington Birthday parties that has been given by Maude Waters at her home on Pleasant street last Saturday evening. Eight cards of invitation were sent out by her, each of which was responded to, and at two tables of what a delightful evening was passed. The young ladies were dressed in ancient costumes, one gown, a wedding dress, being 62 years old, and others fashioned nearly as long ago. The gentlemen were garbed in evening dress of current style. There were refreshments, and, besides whist, other pleasing features were engaged in, until the near approach of the Sabbath warned the company that the hour had arrived to repair to their homes.

Although the weather was very bad "Suzette," given by Hope Rebekah Lodge, was highly enjoyed. A full house at Music Hall, and the lively play was well acted.

Yesterday morning President Edward Johnson of Towanda Club, who, by the way, declined a reelection, told a JOURNAL representative that the annual banquet and oratory at the club-house last Wednesday evening clearly outdid similar occasions in former years. He expressed himself with perfect confidence on that point. Commendable W. W. Crosby of the Unitarian was toastmaster, presiding over the exercises, and filled the bill admirably. One hundred and two people stretched their limbs under the mahogany and punctuated the oratory with the sound of cracking walnuts. No wine. The officers elected were: President, Benjamin H. Nichols, Vice, William W. Crosby, Treasurer, Harry Brown; Secretary, John Cole, Auditors, Robert Frazier, and Peter S. To say of the readers of the JOURNAL, who may think that the supply of news items is exhausted from that old paper may be of interest.

RAN AWAY, last Saturday evening, a Negro woman, named Nell, about 24 years of age, of large build, carried off by her four gowns, viz., one brown homespun, one homespun linen, one white calico, one light blue quilted coat, red cloak, blue riding hood, four yards of yellow ribbon, and a black bonnet. Whoever fall take up said runaway, and bring her to her master, shall have all necessary charges paid by me the subscriber.

Woburn Mar. 4, 1776. RAN AWAY, from the subscriber, on the 24th of February a Negro fellow, named Jack, of small frame, has lost his upper teeth; had on when he went away, a blue coat, with large white buttons.

Whoever will take up said Negro, and convey him to the subscriber in Stoneham, shall have three dollars reward. JOSEPH BRIANT JUN.

To be SOLD a likely NEGRO MAN, about 25 years of age, understands cooking, waiting and all other things necessary to be done in a family. Inquire of the Printer.

The "Printer" was a sort of broker for all sorts of business from real estate to the carrying of goods, an employment office as well as purveyor of news items, as may be seen in one more ad:

A few hogheads of choice West-India Rum and a quantity of English Loaf Sugar. Inquire of the Printer.

The last issue in Cambridge before the removal, gives notice, that the following week the subscription will be continued, and that the price would be raised from 6 to 8 shillings per annum, on account of increased price of paper.

People were urged to save, and send in all their linen rags for the paper mill. The margins were narrow, and the type small and compact. A perusal of the advertisement, as well as of the news items, (several months old from Europe), and the articles upon the stringing events then occurring, throws much light on that time when Boston was being besieged by the Continental army under Washington.

After one hundred and thirty-three years, our forests are rapidly disappearing, and the demands of the modern printing press, and it is doubtful if the product will endure like that of those olden days. The first attempt at journalism in Woburn stood nearly midway between those days and the present time.

With respect for the "art preservative," MOSES WHITCHER MANS.

Here is Relief for Women. If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant, herb cure for woman's life, try Mother Gray's Australian Balm. It is a safe and never failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Lowell, N. Y.

From the Pacific Slope. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 19, 1908. George A. Hines, Proprietor WOBURN JOURNAL, Woburn, Mass.

Maybe the following items may be of use to you. The business of San Francisco is fast building up, but there is a section 1, by 2 miles of better residences, better water, which is a blackened waste, except here and there a department house is going up. All in all, though, it is a wonderful strides in building that are going on. Every one is full of hope, and though the stringent laws affect all more or less, this city is forging ahead, notwithstanding all it has gone through, and is going through.

What San Francisco now has to contend with is the bubonic plague. A determined fight is being made against the rats which are affected with the plague, and the flea that spreads the infection. This city is settled with the Federal Government in stamping out the disease, and at present \$40,000 per month is being spent in that work. Ten cents is paid for each dead rat caught around town, while at the slaughter houses in South San Francisco 50 cents is paid for female rats and 25 cents for male rats, each. A fund of \$50,000, to be raised to combat the fleas. Every class of citizen is enlisted in the fight to kill the vermin and eliminate the plague. Places of business to see that sanitation is practiced according to the health laws laid down. Last summer out of 10,000 rats killed at a certain period the infected ones were found to be 2 percent. To date, for the same number of rats, the infected is 14 percent, which shows a gain against the plague. The Federal Government threatens to quarantine this city if its citizens don't get in and work to kill the rats, and as stated above, all classes are working to save the inhabitants. At this time there is no fear among the people, for they have been through so much they are hardened to what is coming.

Great preparations are being made to entertain the great American fleet that is to arrive in May. The fleet which assembled here will comprise 41 war vessels, and be manned by 24,000 sailors. Two hundred thousand dollars are being raised to entertain them. There are to be a monster parade and band and illuminated floats. The fleet will remain here for a couple of weeks and then go to Manila. Merchants are looking ahead to the gain that will accrue to them from the millions of tourists that will come here from all points in the interior of the State as well as from other places.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. W. WALDEN.

Old Times.

West Medford, Feb. 22, '08. Editor HOBBS: When a boy of five or six years I used to look in my father's home for the weekly coming of the WOBURN JOURNAL. It was then edited by Mr. John H. Powell, who, I think kept a bookstore, also, in the building now just south from the Bank, and the cuts of hats, caps and boots; pumps and shower-baths, brought by a carrier, who annually brought with it a poetical broadside—"The Journal Carrier" I think was his name. It was customary to make him a sort of New Year's donation or remembrance at that time. This was the case, I thought, not the earliest days of newspaper publication in Woburn and was in 1812.

The only thing I recall in the reading matter, is in relation to the "Towanda Club," now in use in the tower of the Unitarian church, formerly called "Rev. Bennett's meetinghouse." The present site of the JOURNAL office was then the location of the "Haystacks," and, broken up, it was used as a stable, and from the cross-trees (or cradles, as the boys called it), a rope was run across the street to the tower of the Unitarian church. From this rope was suspended over the street a large net, which were the names of the first Republican candidates, Fremont & Davis.

The files of those early papers, and some later ones, as well, have afforded me much pleasure and information, and in recent years I have consulted them at the library of your city, which from 40 feet of space was my home town. I have before me, a file of the New England Chronicle, printed at Cambridge during the last months of the siege of Boston in 1776. After the evacuation by the British troops, whom the city of Boston had expelled, the paper was printed in Boston, on "School street, next below Mr. Brackets tavern."

Several years in Woburn, Mrs. Dorinda Frazier, and her son, Peter, to say of the readers of the JOURNAL, who may think that the supply of news items is exhausted from that old paper may be of interest.

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With respect for the "art preservative," MOSES WHITCHER MANS.

Here is Relief for Women. If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant, herb cure for woman's life, try Mother Gray's Australian Balm. It is a safe and never failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Lowell, N. Y.

From the Pacific Slope. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 19, 1908. George A. Hines, Proprietor WOBURN JOURNAL, Woburn, Mass.

Maybe the following items may be of use to you. The business of San Francisco is fast building up, but there is a section 1, by 2 miles of better residences, better water, which is a blackened waste, except here and there a department house is going up. All in all, though, it is a wonderful strides in building that are going on. Every one is full of hope, and though the stringent laws affect all more or less, this city is forging ahead, notwithstanding all it has gone through, and is going through.

What San Francisco now has to contend with is the bubonic plague. A determined fight is being made against the rats which are affected with the plague, and the flea that spreads the infection. This city is settled with the Federal Government in stamping out the disease, and at present \$40,000 per month is being spent in that work. Ten cents is paid for each dead rat caught around town, while at the slaughter houses in South San Francisco 50 cents is paid for female rats and 25 cents for male rats, each. A fund of \$50,000, to be raised to combat the fleas. Every class of citizen is enlisted in the fight to kill the vermin and eliminate the plague. Places of business to see that sanitation is practiced according to the health laws laid down. Last summer out of 10,000 rats killed at a certain period the infected ones were found to be 2 percent. To date, for the same number of rats, the infected is 14 percent, which shows a gain against the plague. The Federal Government threatens to quarantine this city if its citizens don't get in and work to kill the rats, and as stated above, all classes are working to save the inhabitants. At this time there is no fear among the people, for they have been through so much they are hardened to what is coming.

Great preparations are being made to entertain the great American fleet that is to arrive in May. The fleet which assembled here will comprise 41 war vessels, and be manned by 24,000 sailors. Two hundred thousand dollars are being raised to entertain them. There are to be a monster parade and band and illuminated floats. The fleet will remain here for a couple of weeks and then go to Manila. Merchants are looking ahead to the gain that will accrue to them from the millions of tourists that will come here from all points in the interior of the State as well as from other places.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. W. WALDEN.

Old Times.

West Medford, Feb. 22, '08. Editor HOBBS: When a boy of five or six years I used to look in my father's home for the weekly coming of the WOBURN JOURNAL. It was then edited by Mr. John H. Powell, who, I think kept a bookstore, also, in the building now just south from the Bank, and the cuts of hats, caps and boots; pumps and shower-baths, brought by a carrier, who annually brought with it a poetical broadside—"The Journal Carrier" I think was his name. It was customary to make him a sort of New Year's donation or remembrance at that time. This was the case, I thought, not the earliest days of newspaper publication in Woburn and was in 1812.

The only thing I recall in the reading matter, is in relation to the "Towanda Club," now in use in the tower of the Unitarian church, formerly called "Rev. Bennett's meetinghouse." The present site of the JOURNAL office was then the location of the "Haystacks," and, broken up, it was used as a stable, and from the cross-trees (or cradles, as the boys called it), a rope was run across the street to the tower of the Unitarian church. From this rope was suspended over the street a large net, which were the names of the first Republican candidates, Fremont & Davis.

The files of those early papers, and some later ones, as well, have afforded me much pleasure and information, and in recent years I have consulted them at the library of your city, which from 40 feet of space was my home town. I have before me, a file of the New England Chronicle, printed at Cambridge during the last months of the siege of Boston in 1776. After the evacuation by the British troops, whom the city of Boston had expelled, the paper was printed in Boston, on "School street, next below Mr. Brackets tavern."

Several years in Woburn, Mrs. Dorinda Frazier, and her son, Peter, to say of the readers of the JOURNAL, who may think that the supply of news items is exhausted from that old paper may be of interest.

RAN AWAY, last Saturday evening, a Negro woman, named Nell, about 24 years of age, of large build, carried off by her four gowns, viz., one brown homespun, one homespun linen, one white calico, one light blue quilted coat, red cloak, blue riding hood, four yards of yellow ribbon, and a black bonnet. Whoever fall take up said runaway, and bring her to her master, shall have all necessary charges paid by me the subscriber.

Woburn Mar. 4, 1776. RAN AWAY, from the subscriber, on the 24th of February a Negro fellow, named Jack, of small frame, has lost his upper teeth; had on when he went away, a blue coat, with large white buttons.

Whoever will take up said Negro, and convey him to the subscriber in Stoneham, shall have three dollars reward. JOSEPH BRIANT JUN.

To be SOLD a likely NEGRO MAN, about 25 years of age, understands cooking, waiting and all other things necessary to be done in a family. Inquire of the Printer.

The "Printer" was a sort of broker for all sorts of business from real estate to the carrying of goods, an employment office as well as purveyor of news items, as may be seen in one more ad:

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Old Times.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

In this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., BostonWALTER LINCOLN RICE,
TEACHER OF VIOLINLessons at pupils residence
if desired.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Marion Althea Burt
TEACHER OF VIOLINVivian Helena Burt
TEACHER OF PIANO

75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Do You Use
Dr. Johnson's Educator
CRACKERSWe have them in several
varieties, Educator, Toast-
ettes, Golden Maize,
Oatmeal, Graham, Choco-
late and Baby Rings.We also have a nice line of
HUNTLEY & PALMER'S
Imported BiscuitBoston Branch
Tea and Grocery House351 Main Street,
Fitz & Stanley.

TELEPHONE 109-6.

Home-made
CANDIES

are fresh every day.

Old-fashioned Molasses, Coconut
Chips, Peppermints, Woodland
and Peanut Goodies, Old-fash-
ioned Chocolates, Fudge, Cream
Walnuts, Caramels, and many
novelties comprise the list.F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

A. GRANT

The Popular Tailor
Announces the Fall Styles on exhibit
at his TAILORING CHAMBERS Nos.
2, Mechanics Building at 415 Main
Street, Woburn, where he carries
the largest line of samples of the latest
designs in both foreign and domestic
Woolens of any tailoring establishment
in the Colony. "All fresh from the
Looms," and is prepared to take order
for Suits, Overcoats and Trousers at
popular prices. Repairing, Cleaning and
Pressing done at short notice and best
workmanship. Don't forget the name
and number, as it guarantees the best
results for your money.A. GRANT, 415 Main Street, Woburn,
Chambers 1 to 3.STANDARD
DISINFECTANTBest Home Purifier of Foul Places.
Destroys Decomposition; maintains con-
ditions essential to health. Beware of in-
ferior imitations.
Look for the above Trade-Mark on all
packages and labels. Only the genuine
bears it.GARTER, EAMES & GARTER,
—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Telephone connection.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adair B. Church wishes to announce to her
patients and friends that she will resume practice in
Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 45 Church
street.Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 a. m.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appoint-
ment.PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Gives a beautiful shine to the hair.
It is the best hair dressing in the world.
It is the best hair dressing in the world.
It is the best hair dressing in the world.

WOBBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

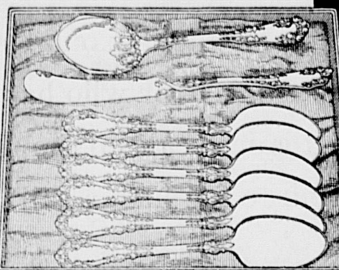
INTEREST at the rate of three (3)
per centum per annum is paid on
special inactive accounts of \$500 and
over.Interest computed from day of de-
posit to day of withdrawal. Such
accounts are payable on demand with-
out notice on presentation of the de-
posit book, but are NOT subject to
check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

817
Rogers Bros.

Dainty Designs

IN SPOONS, SUGAR SHELLS, BUTTER KNIVES, ETC.

attractively put up in lined cases, can be easily selected
from "1847" goods—the brand that made "Rogers"
famous. Wares bearing the "1847" mark are particu-
larly desirable for gifts, as the quality is so well known.
Remember "1847." Take no substitute. Sold by lead-
ing dealers everywhere. Send to the makers for new
Catalogue No. 234 telling
about "Silver
Plate that
Wears."
Finely
Illustrated.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER
CO., NEW YORK.
MERIDEN
BRITANNIA CO.,
MERIDEN, CONN.
Illustration of
Combination
Spoon and Knife
Design.

La Grippe

RELIEVED BY OUR

Laxative Cold Tablets

In cases of wasting diseases

Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

will brace you up.

Whitcher's
PILL
BOXWoburn's Lowest Price
Drugstore.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other per-
sons interested in the estate of Sarah L. Wheeler,
late of Woburn in said County, deceased.WHEREAS a petition has been presented to
said Court to grant a letter of administration
on the estate of said deceased to Edward F.
Johnson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex,
without giving a surety on his bond.You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court,
to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex,
on the fifth day of March, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock
in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have,
why the same should not be granted.And said petitioner is hereby directed to give
public notice thereof, by publishing this citation
once in each week, for three successive weeks, in
the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in
Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least,
before said Court.Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First
Judge of said Court, this seventh day of February,
in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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the last will and testament of said deceased has
been presented to said Court, for Probate, by
Alice C. Wier, who prays that letters of adminis-
tration with the will annexed may be issued to
her, without requiring a surety on her bond, or to
some other suitable person, the executor named
in said will.You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court,
to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex,
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sons interested in the estate of Sarah L. Wheeler,
late of Woburn in said County, deceased.WHEREAS a petition has been presented to
said Court to grant a letter of administration
on the estate of said deceased to Edward F.
Johnson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex,
without giving a surety on his bond.You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court,
to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex,
on the fifth day of March, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock
in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have,
why the same should not be granted.And said petitioner is hereby directed to give
public notice thereof, by publishing this citation
once in each week, for three successive weeks, in
the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in
Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least,
before said Court.Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First
Judge of said Court, this seventh day of February,
in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

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WINCHESTER.

The High School A. A. are to hold
their annual dance on March 6.The Firemen's Relief Association
are to give an entertainment in Town
Hall on March 3.It has lately been discovered that
Mr. Whitfield Tuck, the local Bryan
leader, is a poet of no mean parts.Hon. Samuel J. Elder will probably
be a District delegate to the Republi-
can National convention at Chicago.Judge Odlin, candidate for the School
Board, is a prominent Boston Lawyer.
He was Judge of the Courts in the
Philippines several years, and is a first-
class man.If there is anything our people are
getting tired of, it is that everlasting
grade crossing question. No plan has
been agreed on, and it looks as though
there never would be one.Our firemen were grateful to Mr.
Thomas Moore of Woburn for \$50 he

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1908.

LUCE IS A CANDIDATE.

Last week the Presidents of the six Republican Ward Clubs of Somerville, presumably in behalf of the Republican voters of that city, delivered a written panegyric to Mr. Robert Luce, a fellow-citizen, to which was appended a petition that he allow his name to be presented to the Republicans of this State for a nomination to the office of Lieutenant Governor this fall. The petition was granted, and at noon on Feb. 28, a public announcement of Mr. Luce's candidacy was made.

Mr. Luce has represented Somerville in the lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature for 8 or 9 years last past, and long been recognized as a leader in that body. While not a statesman of the highest order, he is a man of ability, honest, staunch in principle, and influential in the House.

Only two other candidates for the office of Lieutenant Governor have been brought forward prominently up to date—Speaker John Cole of the House, and State Treasurer Chapple. In these Mr. Luce will find a worthy of his steel, and the contest for the nomination will doubtless be a hot one.

SOMETHING TO BE DONE.

Last Monday a number of more or less distinguished Republicans held a meeting in Boston and resolved that the Massachusetts delegation to the Republican National convention at Chicago must go there unpunished. They organized themselves into a League in order to perform more effective work, and agreed to do their level best to prevent a pledged delegation from this State.

These gentlemen pretend that their object is to secure political independence, liberty, and so forth; but if any one felt interest enough in them to peel off the lion's hide, he would be sure to find, not a calf, perhaps, but an anti-Taft and anti-Lodge man underneath, especially the latter. It is really an opposition movement to Sec. Taft under false pretenses, and, probably, won't amount to much.

MADE A SPEECH.

President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company delivered an address before the New Hampshire State Board of Trade last week, in which he mentioned, incidentally and cautiously, the subject of the absorption of the B. & M. by the N. Y. N. H. & H. Company, so much talked about during the last year or two. His words shed no new light on the subject, nor could any idea concerning it be gleaned from them.

It has been said, with authority we know not of, that the upper tier of the B. & M. officers are not enthusiastically in favor of the "merger," as President Tuttle's scheme is commonly called.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Republican State Committee held last Saturday it was decided to hold the State convention to select delegates to the Chicago convention in Tremont Temple, Boston, on April 10 next. Postmaster General von Meyer, an ardent Taft man, is to be Chairman; and ex-Senator George E. Smith of Swampscott, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Two of the four members of the Committee-at-Large are Taft men, and the other two are silent.

The caucuses to elect delegates to the convention are to be held on March 31.

"Barkis is willin'," meaning by this, that Commissioner James H. Kelley of the Board of Public Works, if strenuously urged by the Mayor to do so, would accept the office of Chief of Police, an early change in which is the current talk of the city. Perhaps it would be safe to go a step further and say that Mr. Kelley would like the berth, for he has a running political account with a few of the local liquor dealers which he would admit to settle in the capacity of Chief. We are aware of no public demand for Mr. Kelley's appointment to the head of the Police Department; but Mayor Blodgett discharges the duties of the office he so ably fills in his own way, and has no especial use for public opinions; hence, etc.

The stories that have been going the rounds here this week about the resignation, or dismissal, of Chief of Police McDermott have had no foundation in fact, but were manufactured out of whole cloth. Mayor Blodgett and Chief McDermott are on the best of terms, personally and officially, and there has been no talk or thought between them of a change in the Chief of the Department. The Chief has had no worriment over the stories, and the Mayor pays no heed to idle gossip. Several men had been selected by the wise meddlers in affairs they knew nothing about; but the fortunate men chosen did not throw up their jobs in anticipation of better ones at the public crib. Chief McDermott is still at the helm, or was at last accounts.

The Boston papers say that Governor Gould announced his candidacy for the Vice-Presidency at the great Taft reception and banquet in Boston last Tuesday evening. The Governor is a zealous Taft man, stands pat with his party, and may capture the nomination for second place on the Taft ticket. At any rate, Massachusetts ought to be substantially recognized by the Chicago convention.

Annual elections were held in many Massachusetts towns last Monday and in nearly all of them there was a notable increase of the anti-Taft vote and corresponding decrease of the liquor vote. It seems as though the temperance people were waking up all over the State.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements
City—Taxes
Shingway Co.—Fors.
W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Hers & Roesler—Monuments.

—Delinquent tax lists appear in the city papers this week.

—Mr. Bunker of Mt. Pleasant Street is suffering from an abscess in one of his hands.

—Clan MacKinnon are to give their annual concert on Wednesday evening, April 22.

—Please read what Smith & Varney have to say in the JOURNAL this week about jewelry and things.

—The school children are having a vacation this week, and enjoying it. Skating is fair, and sliding down hill might be worse.

—Yesterday was Woburn Day with the Middlesex county Grand Jury at Cambridge. There were a large number of cases from this city.

—Day before yesterday, March 4, was Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent. Then comes Good Friday, April 17, and Easter April 19.

—The Music Committee and choir of the Methodist church were pleasantly entertained by Pastor and Mrs. Vandemark last Monday evening.

—Nothing has been heard this week about the advance of the price of street car tickets from 5 to 10 cents, and it may be that the subject has been dropped.

—This section of country has been blessed with some fine spring weather this week. It was welcome. Sleighting has been a minus quantity so far this season.

—The free lecture on Christian Science to be delivered in Lyceum Hall on March 9, by Frank Leonard C. S. B., will be a production everybody ought to hear.

—At this rate it won't be long before reports of the arrival of the first bluebird will be flocking into the newspaper offices, not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of good faith.

—It is about time for "spring fever" to put in an appearance, and it would be doing the public a good turn to announce that McLaughlin & Dennison sell a sovereign remedy for it.

—One year from last Wednesday, March 4, President Roosevelt will step down and out, and a new man will take in hand the helm of the Ship of State. Who will the new man be?

—Miss Annie Skinner and William W. Hicks, experts, won the prizes at the last meeting of the Galslotie Club held at the home of, and handsomely entertained by Miss Maud Littlefield on Prospect street.

—The Burlington annual Town Meeting passed off last Monday in a quiet and orderly manner. The old town is apt to do its public business in good shape, for the voters are practical men, and have sense.

—Conductor Isaac Phillips of the Boston & Maine Railroad is recovering from an attack of pneumonia which has confined him at his home in this city some weeks past. He will soon be punching tickets again.

—It does not, by any manner of means, follow that, just because winter passed away last Saturday, there is to be no more winter weather this season. The greatest blizzard of that year, or any other, occurred in March, 1888.

—The other night Mr. Benjamin H. Nichols was unanimously elected President of the Towanda Club, but because he declines to serve in that office a special election will be held at 8:30 o'clock tomorrow evening, March 7.

—Robert Gardiner, Esq., President of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, will address the young men of Trinity Parish at 7:30 o'clock this evening, March 6. Litany and Penitential office and sermon by Rev. John Suter of Winchester.

—Supt. Clapp of the Woburn public schools attended the reunion and banquet of the Exeter Alumni Association at Young's Hotel, Boston, last week, at which President Elliot of Harvard University was the principal speaker. Supt. Clapp was of Class '91.

—Our leading merchants are looking for a lively trade this spring, and preparing for it. They calculate that good stocks of everything, such as the people want, offered at reasonable prices, are going to sell as well this season as ever they did; and the goods are on hand.

—Mr. Frank Greydon's force of journeymen carpenters went out on a strike last Monday because he refused to discharge John Parks, an old and faithful employee, for the alleged reason that he is a nonunionist. Mr. Greydon proposed to let the men fight it out among themselves.

—A hearing in the Officer Keating case, who was suspected by the Mayor last week, was held last evening. Judge John G. Maguire is Counsel for Keating, and the Mayor will be assisted by City Solicitor Converse. The case gave rise to considerable talk, foolish and otherwise.

—The officers of the recently organized Alumni Association of the St. Charles Parochial School are: President, Mrs. Philip Doherty; Vice, Miss Catherine McDonough; Secretary, Miss Sarah McGowan. The next meeting is to be held on March 22, in St. Charles Hall.

—Early this week Mayor Blodgett and Chief McDermott made the rounds of the licensed saloons, and returned a favorable report on them. Some people might think these frequent visits to the saloons and favorable reports might possibly mean more than "appears on the face of the papers."

—Next Friday evening, March 13, the Woburn Women's Club are to give a play in Lyceum Hall called "Breezy Point," which is said to be a fine one. The actors engaged to present it are: Annie Seelye; one of the best; Helen Sylvester, Alice Bullfinch, Gladys Aldrich, Grace Leslie, Alice Whitcomb, Mrs. Mabel Clewley, Mrs. Edna Brackett, Mrs. Charlotte Parker, Mrs. Sylvia Shaw Trull and Mrs. Emma Eaton.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of \$500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

March 1st is the date of labor troubles all over the country. Anticipating delay, we have filled our yard full of choice pieces of best granite from Westerley, Barre and Quincy.

Best Skilled Workmen
Best and Latest Improved Machinery
Best and Prompt Service

New England Monument Co.
JOHN H. HERN W. G. CARL ROESSLER.

117 Salem Street, opposite Woodbrook Cemetery, WOBURN

—Quite a large and lively party of friends assembled at the Buchanan residence last Monday evening to help Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan celebrate the 35th anniversary of his birthday. He has many friends, and they were all glad to do him honor. One of the highly prized presents he received was a large, handsome birthday cake.

—So far as heard from, the City Council have not elected a Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, but are still canvassing the subject. The election is scheduled to take place this month, the official year of the Chief beginning on April 1. No intimations come from the Board as to the probable outcome of their deliberations.

—A question that is being discussed with some anxiety in Woburn's fashionable circles is, whether bridge work is included in the prohibitory list of Lent amusements, or is allowable by ecclesiastical rules. The pleasure, or otherwise, of a great many members of said circles during Lent hinges on the decision of this momentous question.

—Last Monday evening Mrs. A. M. S. Lewis, the well known piano teacher, gave an interesting talk in the Unitarian vestry on her "Foreign Trip"—that is, on what she saw and heard during her late tour of a residence in Europe. At 7:15, previous to the talk there was music by the pupils of Mrs. Lewis.

—The barn party given by the Knights of Columbus in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening was a fine affair. About 1000 people attended. Dancing was kept up until 1 o'clock. The managers of the party were: Edward A. Moran, Thomas J. McGowan, William Henchey, James McGonagle, Daniel Mahoney, James McDermott.

—The Telephone Girls at the Woburn Exchange are to hold their fifth annual dance on Easter Monday night, or April 20. Marked success has attended these annual dances in the past. They have furnished genuine pleasure for a large number of good people at each of them. The intention of the Girls is to make that of 1908 a brilliant affair.

—Miss Fielding, employed by the Woburn Visiting Nurse Association, is not only an efficient attendant on the sick, but a favorite with everyone who knows her and her work. She seems to have been "cut out" for the profession. She is liked by those who require her services in the chambers of the ill; by the families she visits; and by the Association.

—According to the stories told on the streets it may be that Mr. Thomas Moore will buy the real estate on the corner of Main and Union streets lately occupied by McGrath's store, and if so, a large handsome brick building will be erected on it. It is a fine business location, but in the hands of the present owner it is hard telling what use it will be put to.

—The contract for a handsome sarcophagus monument has been awarded the New England Monument Co. (Hern & Roesler), 117 Salem street, Woburn, by Arthur E. Gage. It is of imported Scotch Hill O'Fare granite, all highly polished, and will stand about 5 1/2 feet high, weight 3 1/2 tons. It will be completed and set on the family lot at Woodbrook cemetery before Memorial Day.

—Landowners and householders of this city have been officially notified that, if they don't go to work and clean their trees of the moth pest, and be spy about it, the authorities will do it for them and make them foot the bills. The notices are stuck up all over the lot, and the authorities afore said are on their mettle. Why don't the authorities, still aforesaid, clean City Park of moths? That beautiful and charming rustic retreat and delightful pleasure resort is plentiful and running over with gypsies and brown-tails; and while that state of things exist owners of private grounds can't do much towards exterminating them. Why not tackle City Park?

In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder for tired, aching, swollen feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. All Druggists, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Anniversary Party.

Mr. John C. Nichols, one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Woburn, has been blessed with a less number of birthday anniversaries than most people of his age, for he was born on February 29, 1827, and the additional day of that month comes only once in four years. He had an anniversary Saturday; it was a good one, and a very pleasant one, too, by his numerous friends of the high esteem in which he is held. Mr. Nichols was 80 years old on Feb. 29, 1908, although no one would take him to be over 65.

The weekly meeting of the Neighborhood Club, a social organization of the best class, was planned to be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Nichols, which is the old Nichols home at Nichols's Corner, No. 1 Lexington street, and there perform the anniversary exercises.

Early in the evening Mr. Frank C. Nichols, brother of John's, who is a gentleman, went to the latter's home, No. 5 Burlington street, to ostensibly have his usual evening chat with him, and the conversation being mutually interesting, his visit was considerably prolonged. But Mr. John C. did not miss anything.

After the brothers repaired to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker, where they observed nothing uncommon going on, and the guests, who were gentlemen, began to emerge from adjoining rooms, and Brother John's eyes began to blink at, and stare at, the guests. He was obliged to admit that it was a very pleasant surprise, especially when it occurred to him that it was the anniversary of his birthday.

At 8 o'clock, passed, Crawford, the popular confectioner of this city, had provided, in generous measure, much and good things for the occasion, all of which the merry party enjoyed. There was vocal and instrumental music, and some fine pieces being rendered by Mr. George N. Parker, the well known professional singer. An original poem, written by Mr. Oliver F. Bryant for the occasion, was read and appreciated.

As a token of esteem—not that the recipient needed it, for he is a wealthy man, Henry L. Anderson, in behalf of the company, presented Mr. Nichols with a 20-dollar gold piece, for which hearty thanks were returned by him. It was one of the pleasantest parties of the season.

The Towanda Play.

This piece of composition published by the JOURNAL early in order that the public may be afforded an opportunity to observe the dramatic quality of the cast that have been selected to present "The Arabian Nights" by Towanda Club at Lyceum Hall on the evening of April 3:

Arthur Hummingtop, a married man.
Mrs. Arthur Hummingtop, his wife.
Mrs. Gillbrand, the mother-in-law.
Johnus Gillbrand, an only son and true son.
Ralph Ormrod, in search of a wife.
Ron Columbian, the gutta-serena girl.
Daisy Maitland, an heiress.
Miss Maud Littlefield.
Barbara, the cook, with an eye to Dodson.
Doolson, the butler, with an eye to Barbara.
They have been rehearsing several weeks.

Tickets on application blanks, to Herbert S. Dennison, 417 Main street, before 6 p. m., March 18; and seats then assigned by lot; any remaining unsold will be sold at same place from plan. Prices, \$1.00, 75c, 50c.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Troubles, Colic, and all the ailments of Infants and Small Children. Sold everywhere. Price, 25c. per box. Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

THE ORPHEUM.

When Capt. George Auger was in Boston last fall, he created quite a sensation by going to police headquarters and being measured by the Bertillon system. Those who want to see the Orpheum Theatre to see the tallest man on earth, and the smallest midgets were rather surprised to find that the Orpheum Theatre, the famous Riverside Press establishment in Cambridge. It is a bright, handsomely executed paper, and has the appearance of being well patronized by business men.

All of Woburn's nearby towns voted against license at the annual meetings last Monday as has been their custom for several years past. That would have been a good thing for the liquor dealers of this city but for the no-license vote here last December, which, after May 1, next, will shut them off from supplying the tipplers of Stoneham, Reading and Winchester with their liquid refreshments. Under a license regime these and other towns have contributed largely to the receipts of the Woburn saloonists; but that is all gone by now.

It is an old saying that if March comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb, and vice versa; by which token it is quite safe to conclude that this month will end in a mild and agreeable manner. To be sure, its entry was not of the most lamblike character; but it was far from exhibiting red lionlike qualities; it was sharp and the wind had a keen edge in the morning; but later in the day mercury in thermometers ran up to midway in the snow. Several inches of snow fell during the night, which the rain on Monday did much towards settling.

William F. Fowle, a native of Boston, died in London, England, recently, where he had lived for the last 40 years. The writer of a notice of his life and death said: "He was descended on his father's side from a Woburn family, members of which served in the Revolution and held important positions, including the office of Town Clerk, that men of his family name filled for more than a hundred years. A great lover of books, Mr. Fowle collected a notable library of the best editions of authors in English literature, which he sold in London in 1864. He was 74 years of age at his death."

Rev. Frank Pond Johnson, Assistant Rector of St. Paul's Church for the past two years, has been invited by Bishop Thomas A. Jagger to accompany him abroad as his Chaplain, the Bishop, it will be recalled, having recently accepted the post of head of the American Church abroad, succeeding the late Bishop Worthington. Rev. Mr. Johnson probably will accept and will go with Bishop Jagger who will not be able to leave this country until June.—Boston Transcript. Rev. Frank Johnson is the son of our townsman, Mr. Charles H. Johnson, and is one of the likeliest young men Woburn has raised.

THE EDISON Electric Illuminating Co., 33 39 Boylston St., Boston

WINCHESTER.

The first date for the Calumet Club Ladies' Attention has been postponed to March 13. An exceedingly elegant time is anticipated.

Mr. George H. Gilbert has had the grip about all winter and unable to be outdoors much. But there has been no good sleighing, and he didn't mind his confinement very much. I expect to see him around about the time the pussywills come along.

Winchester womenfolk claim to be progressive. That they are cultured is freely admitted everywhere, likewise, fashionable. But are they progressive—up to date? That's the question before the members of the School Board at the last Town Meeting! Does that look as though the Winchester sisterhood were up to date? It can't be possible, can it? that our women are influenced in this matter by Boston Back Bay dames and damsels, eh?

I judge that the determination to send Hon. Samuel J. Elder as a delegate from this District to the Republican National convention is by no means confined to Winchester, his home. I notice a spontaneous rising in his behalf all over the District. No better man for a delegate could possibly be chosen. He is one of the ablest Lawyers in the State, clearheaded, well balanced, and "as square as a brick." The Republicans ought to send him to Congress, and will, probably, if they ever get up courage enough to make Sam McColl let go.

Col. Nathaniel A. Richardson died at his home on Washington street in this town on Thursday night, Feb. 27, 1908, after a long illness. He was born in that part of Woburn which has been Winchester since 1850, on Aug. 29, 1820, and was a prominent member of the large and influential family bearing that name who have resided here from early times. In his younger and active years he was much in public life, beginning at the age of 21 as a member of the Legislature from Woburn, and thence necessarily. Before and after the separation he held many positions of honor and trust in Woburn and Winchester. He was Commissioner of Substinence in the Civil War, and on his return in 1865 was appointed Registrar at the Boston Customhouse, Postmaster, Selectman, Collector, etc. Col. Richardson was a member of the Historical Society, and a prolific contributor of historical matter to the press. He had been confined to his bed a long time before death came to his relief.

Literary Notices.

The March McClure's leads off with an article on Governor Hughes by Richard Hendrick. Ellen Terry's monthly contribution is a chapter, Memories of Booth and Sarah Bernhardt. General Pickett's widow, in a charmingly intimate article, My Soldier, recalls the part played by the gallant Confederate general in the Civil War. The Cost of Living, by George Kennan, is the history of an institution which seems to have solved one of the most important problems which confront the average man. Ezekiel Frazier, a new story. There is a characteristic story by James Hopper, The Hate that Saved. The Bank Clerks' Tale, by Chauncey Thomas, Emmeline, For All There Was In It, by Austin Adams. How Jones Earned the V. C. There is a cover and an illustration by Ivanowski, a striking portrait from Life of Governor Hughes by George F. Tobin, and illustrations by Eric Pape, Frederic Dorr Steele, Blenden Campbell and others.

The humor of the picture on the front page of the March AMERICAN BOY representing two grinning boys teasing a friendly but very smart looking dog, will appeal to all boys. The contents of this number cannot fail to interest every reader. The fine serials presently running in the magazine are: On Georges' Banks; What the Trap Caught; The Great Gold Cup; Chico, Tito and Pepto. There are a large number of pleasing and instructive articles. The regular departments are replete with the practical information and interesting matter in which boys take delight. 84 illustrated \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Elder for Delegate.

The friends of Samuel J. Elder, of Winchester, the well known lawyer, will be glad to know that he has signified his willingness to be a candidate for delegate to the Republican national convention.

Mr. Elder is the type of citizen whom any community delights to honor, and as he is an intimate friend of Secretary Taft and Mr. Taft seems to be the popular choice of the district for the Presidential nominee, it would be highly fitting for the Republicans of the Eighth Congressional District to elect Mr. Elder as a delegate to the coming convention at Chicago.—Medford Mercury.

Painful Etiquette.

The royal court of France used to be a great place for etiquette. Louis XIV. once caught a severe cold owing to a faint faint on his arising from his bed one cold morning the lord of the chamber, whose duty it was to hand him his shirt, happened to be absent. Not one of the numerous courtiers present had the courage to transgress etiquette by handing the garment to the shivering monarch.—London Scrap Book.

Indifferent.

"I can't give you an opinion on that question," the statesman replied, "because it's a question I pay no attention to. I am indifferent to it—as indifferent as the backwoodsman's wife. That lady, you know, looked on while her husband had a horse band to his tussle with a bear, and afterward she said it was the only fight she ever saw where she didn't care who won."

Going On.

A terrible noise of thumping and stamping came from Bob's room early one morning.

"Bobby, Bobby," called his mother from downstairs, "what is going on up there?"

"My shoes," replied Bob.

A Safety Match.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked, looking carefully about to see if his wife is within hearing—A safety match, son, is when a husband and a man marries an artless woman!

Save Your Energy

There is no need of running up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message

An EXTENSION TELEPHONE

will do all this for you, and do it at a VERY LOW COST.

If you realize its advantages you couldn't afford to be without one

Call up your Local Manager (no charge for the call) and get full particulars

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



CLEAN AND SWEET

In the country you hear it said of some houses, "Why you could eat off the floor." Visitors have said the same of our bakery. We keep everything clean and sweet, knowing by experience that this is conducive, not only to good bread but the health of our bakers. But we want you to eat some of our bread—that will do us more good than anything we can say on paper. Ask for HATHAWAY'S CELEBRATED CREAM BREAD.

"Hathaway's Delights Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

We Are Ready

to serve everybody's jewelry wants. We can supply those who want them with splendid gem-set rings or rich and elegant brooches—yet we sell worthy and tasteful jewelry at such moderate prices.

Smith & Varney, JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing and Engraving.

Special Features For Ladies.

We have a private room, in charge of a lady attendant, where ladies may try on, or be fitted for any appliance which we carry. We are pioneers in this respect, our establishment being the only one of its kind to offer this privacy. Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our line of goods whether desiring to make immediate purchase or not.

We carry a full line of Ladies' Supplies, including:

HIGHEST GRADE ELASTIC STOCKINGS IN AMERICA.
ABDOMINAL SUPPORTS
APPENDICITIS BELTS
FLOPPING KIDNEY PADS
WOMEN'S CHILDREN'S TRUSSES
UTERINE BELTS & CUPS
ANKLE SUPPORTS
SHOULDER BRACES

DOLLY BELTS, ETC.
CRUTCHES & TIPS
BANDAGES
WATER BOTTLES, SYRINGES
RUBBER GLOVES
ANKLE SUPPORTS
REE BAGS, CUSHIONS, ETC.

FOOT TROUBLES OUR SPECIALTY.

Walter F. Jordan & Company,
Medical Appliance Specialists, 140 Boylston St.,
BOSTON, MASS.

Job Printing at this Office.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTEZA BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

In this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Lessons at pupils residence
if desired.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Marion Althea Burt

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Vivian Helena Burt

TEACHER OF PIANO

75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Do You Use

Dr. Johnson's Educator
CRACKERS

We have them in several
varieties, Educator, Toast-
ettes, Golden Maize,
Oatmeal, Graham, Choco-
late and Baby Rings.

We also have a nice line of

HUNTLEY & PALMER'S
Imported BiscuitBoston Branch
Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-5.

We have added to our CANDY
DEPARTMENT a line of

Home-made
CANDIES

are fresh every day.

Old-fashioned Molasses, Coconut
Chips, Peppermints, Woodland
and Peanut Goodies, Old-fash-
ioned Chocolates, Fudge, Cream
Walnuts, Caramels, and many
novelties comprise the list.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

A. GRANT

The Popular Tailor

Announces the Fall Styles on exhibit at
his TAILORING CHAMBERS, Nos. 2
to 4, Mechanics Building at 415 Main
Street, Woburn, where he carries the
largest line of samples of the latest de-
signs in both Foreign and Domestic
Woolens of any tailoring establishment
in the Colony. "All fresh from the
Looms," and is prepared to take orders
for Suits, Overcoats and Trousers at
popular prices. Repairing, Cleaning and
Pressing done at short notice and best
workmanship. Don't forget the name
and number, as it guarantees the best
results for your money.
A. GRANT, 415 Main Street, Woburn,
Chambers 1 to 3.

Prepare for Spring Cleaning.

used generally about the house in place of soap, etc.,
will at once correct all unsanitary conditions. Lead
up to the difficult work by putting the sink, toilet
and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy
condition. It breaks up all foul odors, cleans out all
greasy, decomposing accumulations.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE.
AVOID INFERIOR "JUST AS GOOD"
IMITATIONS. LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE
MARK. SOLD IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES
at all dealers, 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adeline B. Church wishes to announce to her
patients and friends that she will resume practice in
Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church
Street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 24. Consultations by appoint-
ment.

**PARKER'S
HAIR BALM**
Gentle and healthy. It
promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never fails to restore Gray
Hair to its youthful color.
Cure scalp itching and dandruff.

WOBBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3)
per centum per annum is paid on
special inactive accounts of \$500 and
over.

Interest computed from day of de-
posit to day of withdrawal. Such
accounts are payable on demand with-
out notice on presentation of the de-
posit book, but are NOT subject to
check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

March 1st is the date of labor troubles at all Quarry
centres all over the country. Anticipating delay, we have
filled our yard full of choice pieces of best granite from
Westerley, Barre and Quincy.

Best Skilled Workmen
Best and Latest Improved Machinery
Best and Prompt Service
New England Monument Co.
JOHN H. BERN W. G. CARL ROESSLER.
117 Salem Street, opposite Woodbrook Cemetery, WOBURN

Towanda Club Eighth Annual Show
Lyceum Hall, Friday Ev'g, April 3, 1908

The Arabian Nights

A COMEDY DRAMA. CAST.

MR. H. B. CLEWLEY
MR. E. H. DOW
MISS MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD
MISS ANNIE H. SHELLEY
MISS ANNIE A. SKINNER
Coached by Miss Kate Ryan
Reserved Seats \$1.00, 75c., 50c.
Applications for seats should be made to Herbert S. Dennison, 417 Main street, on or
before March 15, at 4 P. M. Cash must accompany all applications.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the
pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
Methodist.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the
pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.
12 M. Sunday School.
7 P. M. Evening Service.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Baptist.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the
pastor, Rev. J. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M. Sunday School.
At 7.45 P. M., P. C. E. Meeting.
7 P. M. Preaching.
Wesleyan.—At 10.30 A. M., Prayer Meeting.
CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by
the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7.45 P. M., P. C. E. Meeting.
At 7.45 P. M., P. C. E. Meeting.
First Church of Christ Scientist.—Ser-
vices in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, Room
10, every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject:
"Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimony
Meeting at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 p. m.,
except Sunday. Subjects are announced in the
Christian Literature on Sale, Room 15.
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY.—Second Sunday in Lent.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School in Parish House.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer.

LENTEN SERVICES.
Every Friday 7.30 P. M.
Holy Week—Monday 7.30 P. M.
Tuesday 7.30 P. M.
Wednesday 7.30 P. M.
Holy Thursday—Holy Communion 7.30 P. M.
Good Friday 7.30 P. M.
Easter Sunday—Holy Communion 7.30 A. M.
Morning Prayer, Holy Communion,
Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Children's Service 7.30 P. M.
Evening Prayer 7.30 P. M.
Parish House Services.
Every Wednesday 7.30 P. M.
Rev. Wm. H. Omond, Rector.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free of all other notice
to cents a line.
In this city, March 7, Mary A. Frost, aged 65
years.
In this city, March 9, Susan E. Simonds, aged 55
years, 10 months, 4 days.
In this city, March 9, Mrs. Abbie A. wife of J.
Fred Leslie, aged 70 years.
In this city, March 10, Mrs. Mary Bradley, aged
65 years, 2 months.

La Grippe

RELIEVED BY OUR
Laxative Cold Tablets

In cases of wasting diseases

Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL
BOX
Woburn's Lowest Price
Drugstore.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a cer-
tain mortgage deed given by Rufus C. Hayward, of
Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Common-
wealth of Massachusetts, to John Winn of Burlington,
in said County, dated November 17, 1899, and re-
corded with Middlesex (No. Dist.) Deeds, Book
2941, Page 286, for breach of condition of said mort-
gage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the
same will be sold at public auction on the premises
on

Monday, March 30, 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the
premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and there-
in described as follows, to wit:—
A lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated
on Lawrence street in said Woburn, bounded and
described as follows, to-wit:—Northernly on Law-
rence street, their measuring about one hundred
and twenty-eight (128) feet; southerly on land of
Thomas D. Hovey, their measuring about one hun-
dred and twenty-eight (128) feet; easterly on land
of Maxwell, their measuring about one hundred
and twenty-eight (128) feet; westerly on land of
Maxwell, their measuring about one hundred and
twenty-eight (128) feet.
The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes
to which the premises may be subject, and One
Hundred Dollars will be required of the purchaser
at the time and place of sale.

G. EDWARD WINS,
JOSEPH E. WINS,
JOHN G. WINS,
JOHN W. JOHNSON,
Executors of the will of John Winn and present
holders of said mortgage.
Woburn, March 8, 1908.

A COSTLY DROP CURTAIN.

The One Melissander Didn't Paint

The enterprising manager of a the-
ater called upon the famous French
artist, Jean Louis Ernest Melissander,
on one occasion, says Mr. Robert
Kemp in Penell and Palette, and asked
him to paint a drop scene for a
certain theater and name his own
terms.
"You have seen my pictures, then?"
asked Melissander.
"Oh, yes," exclaimed the manager
"but it is your name I want! It will
draw crowds to my theater."
"And how large do you wish this
curtain to be?" inquired the artist.
"Ah, well, we will say 15 by 18 me-
ters!"
Melissander took up a pencil and pro-
ceeded to make a calculation. At last
he looked up and said with imperturb-
able gravity:
"I have calculated and find that my
pictures are valued at 50,000 francs
per meter. Your curtain, therefore
will cost you just 21,000,000 francs.
But that is not all. It takes me twelve
months to paint twenty-five continue-
ments of canvas. It will therefore take
me just 100 years to finish your cur-
tain. You should have come to me
earlier, monsieur. I am too old for
the undertaking now. Good morning!"

CONQUESTS OF SILENCE.

Men Whose Greatness Was Not Measured
by Their Speeches.

Washington never made a speech.
In the zenith of his fame he of-
fended it, failed and gave it up, con-
fused and abashed. In framing the
constitution of the United States the
labor was almost wholly performed in
committee of the whole, of which
George Washington was the chief, and
chairman, and he made but two speech-
es during the convention, of a very
few words each. The convention, how-
ever, acknowledged the master spirit,
and historians admit that had it not
been for his personal popularity and
the force of his speech, the consti-
tution of the United States would have
been rejected by the people.

Thomas Jefferson never made a
speech. He couldn't do it.

Napoleon, whose oratorical ability is
almost without a parallel, said that
his difficulty was in finding men of
deeds rather than words. When asked
how he maintained his influence over
his superiors in age and experience
when commander in chief of an army
in Italy he said, "By reserve." The
greatness of a man is not measured by
the length of his speeches and their
number.

LIQUID LITIGATION.

The Trial by Ordeal That Finds a
Place in Persia.

In Persia lawyers find no business,
for a modified form of trial by ordeal
decides all disputes. In places of the
lawyer, the judge is a native boy who
is assigned to one or the other of the
sides and is given a bamboo tube in
which is sealed the pleading of the
person or party who he represents.

When all is ready two stakes are
driven into the bed of a stream, and
of a bamboo pole the heads of the
two boys are submerged at the same
time.

By grasping the stakes they are en-
abled to remain under water for quite
a while after their natural inclination
would bring them to the surface, but
at last one of them gives in, and re-
leasing his hold of the stake, comes to
the air.

He is immediately seized, and the
tube he holds is cast aside. The other
lad is left ashore, his tube opened, and
the document contained therein stands
as the decision in the case.—New York
Herald.

Marriage of the Adriatic.

"The marriage of the Adriatic" was
instituted in commemoration of a na-
val victory won by Sebastian Ziani,
done of Venice, over Otto, son of Free-
rick Barbarossa, 1174. In consequence
of this victory Pope Alexander III.,
who had been driven to take refuge in
Venice, gave to the dogs the sovereignty
of the sea, and every year the doge
used to go in grand procession in his
state barge and throw a gold ring into
the Adriatic, saying, "With this ring I
thee wed." Flowers were then thrown
into the sea, and the procession re-
turned. The sentence delivered by the
doge on the occasion was literally,
"Ego annuo in te, Adriaticum in sig-
num veri perpetui domini."

Eldie Arithmetic.

Ezeki's reed was nearly eleven feet;
a cubit is nearly twenty-two inches;
a hand's breadth is equal to three and
five-eighths inches; a finger's breadth
is equal to a little less than an inch;
a skeel of silver was about 25. 84; a
skeel of gold was 42; a talent of sil-
ver was 4,000; a talent of gold was
nearly 3,000; a piece of silver, or a
penny, was 84; a farthing was equal
to halfpence; a mite was less than a
farthing; a gerah was 1/4; an ephah,
or bush, contained four gallons and
eye pints; a hin was the quarter of
three pints; an omer was six pints; a
cab was five pints.—London Globe.

STEPS TO HEAVEN.

The Legend of How Mount Omi's
Stairway Was Cut.

Mount Omi, on the border between
western China and Tibet, has the long-
est stairway in the world. On top of the
mountain the stands a Buddhist
temple, around which gather some of
the holiest traditions of that religion
and which is made a Mecca to the Chi-
nese.
To facilitate the ascent of its slippery
sides some 20,000 steps have been cut
in the mountain, forming a single
flight, up which the pilgrim toils.
Because of its inaccessibility few Eu-
ropeans have ever visited the spot, but
a number of travelers have ascended
the stairway and are positive that it is
no legendary myth.
There is a legend that in earlier times
the pilgrim was forced to ascend the
mountain without artificial aids until the
monks conceived the plan of requir-
ing every pilgrim who would gain es-
pecial benefit of his journey to cut a
single step.

Thin as the Mist.

Scene, a town in the north on a very
misty day.

Sandy McKay (coming out of a pub-
lic house and meeting his minister father
to face—Loeb, said it was an awful de-
ceiving thing, this mist. Dye ken (im-
presively), I wandered in there the
morn, thinkin' it was the grocer's—Lon-
don Telegraph.

Important.

"John, I simply must have another
gown."
"For what occasion?"
"The new gown is coming tomorrow,
and I have nothing down to receive
her in."—Cleveland Leader.

Not Overstated.

Love Comedy—Yes, Starbuck, the
tragedian, is hopelessly out of it. He
sly—Overstated? Love Comedy—No,
his understudy. He made a bigger hit
in the part than Starbuck.—Philadel-
phia Press.

A Large Fraction.

"I see that Johnstone is advertising
his goods for sale for a 'fraction of
their real value.'"
"Yes, about eight-fifths, I think."

Has to Take Them.

"I can take five words a minute,"
said one shorthand writer to another.
"I can take more than that," re-
marked the other in sorrowful accents.
"But then I have to be married."

CONDUCTING A BUSINESS.

Usually Trouble When Head of the
Firm Takes It Easy.

Conducting a business is like rolling
a huge boulder up a hill. The moment
you cease to push it, the moment you
take your shoulder from it and think
you will rest and take it easy, the
boulder begins to crowd back upon
you, and you are not careful it will
either run over and crush you or get
away from you altogether and go to
the bottom with a crash. It is neces-
sary to be everlastingly pushing, fol-
lowing up the boulder, keeping it go-
ing, in order to get it to the top of the
hill.

One of the greatest dangers of early
prosperity in any line is a tendency to
relax effort. Many a man ceases to
grow when his salary is raised or when
he is advanced to a higher position.
At their business the after he has
built up a large business, ceases to
exert himself, and the moment he
pauses in his campaign of pushing and
struggling, the moment he begins to
relax in giving his close personal at-
tention, his business ceases to advance,
and fatal dry rot sets in—one of the
worst diseases that can seize on any
individual or concern.

The man who attempts to run a busi-
ness, large or small, must keep his finger
constantly on its pulse in order to
detect any rise or fall of temperature,
any irregularity or any jar in the ma-
chinery. When the head of a firm
trying to take it easy, there is usually
trouble somewhere.—Orison Sweet Mar-
den in Success Magazine.

DRAMA IN 1765.

Plays Were Acted Under Great Diffi-
culties at That Time.

Here is an account of the sacking of
a theater in New York from the Ga-
zette of May 3, 1765, which was ad-
vised to be acted last Monday evening
having given offense to sundry and
divers inhabitants of this city, who
thought it highly improper that such
entertainments should be exhibited at
the city of New York, when the city
numbers of poor people can scarce find
means of subsistence, whereby many
persons might be tempted to neglect
their business and squander their mon-
ey which is necessary to the payment
of their debts and the support of their
families, a rumor was spread about the
town that if the play went on the au-
dience would meet with some distur-
bance from the multitude.

"This prevented the greatest part of
those who intended to have been there
from going. However, many people
came and the play was begun, but soon
interrupted by the multitude, who burst
open the doors and entered with noise
and tumult. The audience escaped in
the best manner they could, but many
lost their hats and other articles of val-
ue. A boy had his skull fractured and
was yesterday trepanned. Death is
his. Several others were sorely set
upon and injured. But we heard of
no lives lost. The multitude immedi-
ately demolished the house, carried the
pieces to the common, where they con-
sumed them in a bonfire."

Quail being the nest the moment they
are hatched. The quail, being seen
running through the grass with bits of
shell clinging to them. They do not
stay in the nest a moment longer than
necessary to get their "land legs," but
run away through the grass, followed
by the hunter, who is ever on their
heels until they are old enough to take care
of themselves. When suddenly surprised
by a man or dog, the mother will try
to draw attention away from her brood
by running along the ground with
her wings, pretending to be
wounded. The young quail station
themselves out on the ground and re-
main motionless. When the mother
has succeeded in enticing the object of
her fear a sufficient distance from her
young, she will suddenly rise and fly
away with the swiftness of an arrow.

Expected the Usual Results.

At provincial theaters in France
when opera is given it is not uncom-
mon for the audience to submit
themselves to the public judgment,
which is usually hostile. One of these
obscure songsters presented himself
and sang the first act. He did not
make a "hit." He retired to his dress-
ing room, took off his makeup and was
preparing to go home when the man-
ager appeared. "What?" he cried.
"You are not dressed for the second
act, and the curtain is just going up!
Thousand thanks!" "The second
act?" said the tenor placidly. "I can-
not sing the second act. I don't know
the second act. Whenever I sing I am
always kicked out after the first!"

Prevocative.

The word prevocative is from the
Latin and originally meant a straddler
with distorted or misshapen legs. In
the Roman courts of law the expres-
sion was applied to one who was
discovered to be in collusion with
his opponent to compass some dishon-
esty. As falsehood was the necessary
part of such a performance, the word
by and by came to have the signifi-
cance at present attached to it.

Goblets.

Goblets with stem and stand like
those we use today were employed in
Egypt 4000 B. C. Among the valuable
objects found by Dr. Schliemann was
a golden goblet. Vessels of this metal
were commonly employed in the ser-
vice of the temples.

An Interference.

Jones—I knew that man when he
hadn't a dollar in his pocket. Smith—
Why, did he ask you to lend him one?
Jones—No. I asked him to lend me
one.

Masculine Perversity.

Men are funny creatures to enter for.
A woman will buy the things she
wants, but a man will only buy the
things he needs.—Tailor and Cutter.

An unjust acquisition is like a barb-

ed arrow, which must be drawn back-
ward with horrible anguish or else will
be your destruction.—Jeremy Taylor.

Herbert Spencer and the Puddles.

On no one occasion was Herbert
Spencer known to ride when going to
a dinner, yet so carefully did he guard
himself against the chance of soiling
his dress shoes that he habitually car-
ried a bundle of old newspapers under
his arm. These were for the purpose
of being dropped, one by one, into each
puddle he might encounter on
crossing the street. By the time he
reached his destination the store of pa-
pers was exhausted. Muddy shoes on
the return walk did not matter to him
in the least.—London Caterer.

For Emergencies.

A banking reserve is for use, not
merely for show. It is for use in times
of emergency. Yet some bankers look
upon a reserve as a mere show, the
superintendent of a hospital regarded
its emergency bed. A patient all bang-
ed up in an accident was brought to
the hospital one night and was told
that there was no room for him. "Why
not put him in the emergency bed?" he
was suggested. "If we put him in the
emergency bed," it was replied, "then
we would have no emergency bed."
—Wall Street Journal.

VITONA...

An invaluable Tonic, laxative and alterative. Will invigorate
the whole system, eradicate disease and renew the blood.
Everyone needs a Spring Tonic to brace them up after the
winter.

Price 75c. Bottle

See our window this week displaying the new way of taking
the old-fashioned Sulphur and Cream of Tartar. It is now
put up in the shape of candy lozenges and can be carried in
the pocket. Price 15c. Box.

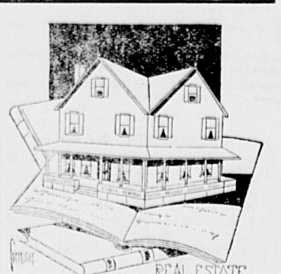
McLaughlin & Dennison,

Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.

417 Main Street,

Woburn

We Deliver Free by Messenger.



Am sorry for my friends who lose all. I went to Place and got insured. Shall sleep to-night and get a check in the morning.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor. Go in on the level. He will treat you on the square. Don't forget 416 Main street.

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
—ROILER AND PLATE GLASS—

-INSURANCE-

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Telephone 77 Telephone 1192 Main

ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER \$150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this
office since agency was established over \$700,000
and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant.

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We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Desirable Real Estate For Sale.

Four Tenement House and over 10,000 feet of Land,
being premises numbered 25 Cleveland Avenue, Woburn,
Mass. Inquire of the

WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1908.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., as second-class matter.

NO. 17

Business Cards.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.

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Choice
Steaks
and Roasts.

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AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All
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Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. 41 Telephone 1100.
Residence and Night Telephone 253-6.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice to Patrons.
Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading &
Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.
Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,
5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.,
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 5:50, 6:20, 6:50, 7:20, 7:50, 8:00,
8:20, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,
6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.,
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
ham and Reading 5:00, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00,
6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30 A. M., and every
30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and
Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:20, 6:50, 7:20, 7:50,
8:00, 8:20, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 5:40, 7:10,
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then
12:10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.
Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:00, 7:30,
8:00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 6:20, 6:50, 7:20, 7:50, 8:00,
8:20, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 6:10,
6:40, 6:55, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M., and
every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-
ham and Reading 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00,
9:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until
11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and
Arlington 7:10, 7:40, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and
every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 8:10,
8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

Boston & Northern St. Railway
The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry. Co.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1907.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for
Winchester, Medford and Elevated
at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
11:27 P. M.

Cars leave Woburn Centre
ten minutes later for Winchester, Woburn,
and North Woburn. Cars leave
11:27 P. M. for Sullivan Square terminal
of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn,
and North Woburn. Cars leave at 6:17
then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M.,
then every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M., and
every 15 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

On Sundays cars leave at 7:32 A. M., and
every 30 minutes to 10:02 A. M., then
every 15 minutes to 10:32 P. M., and then
every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell, which
has been run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,
Woburn and Medford Square, will be
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of
this route the new schedule provides
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Wilmington,
and Reading, where direct connections
can be made for through cars to
Scituate, Squam, station subway, Boston
Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wish-
ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury
and Lowell can connect with car that
leaves North Woburn car house and
connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave North Woburn car house for
Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn
at 10:00 P. M., and every 30 minutes until
11:30 P. M.

George A. Hobbs,
Proprietor.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS., and BOSTON — 5:35
10:27, 11:03, 11:41, 12:18, 12:55, 1:32, 2:09,
2:46, 3:23, 4:00, 4:37, 5:14, 5:51, 6:28, 7:05,
7:42, 8:19, 8:56, 9:33, 10:10, 10:47, 11:24,
12:01, 12:38, 1:15, 1:52, 2:29, 3:06, 3:43,
4:20, 4:57, 5:34, 6:11, 6:48, 7:25, 8:02,
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The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1908.

GOVERNOR GUILD.

Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., has been lying at the point of death at his home in Boston for several days past, suffering with rheumatism of the heart.

LATEST. He is slightly better.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

"I am strongly in favor of Secretary Taft as Presidential nominee, and I think that the Democrats should adopt resolutions expressing a preference for his nomination."—Hon. S. J. Elder.

That declaration insures the election of Hon. Samuel J. Elder for delegate from this, the 8th, Congressional District to the Republican National convention at Chicago, beyond peradventure, for it is unquestionably true that a very large majority of the Republicans of this District are strongly disposed towards the nomination of Secretary Taft for President.

The adoption of Mr. Elder's suggestion for "preference" resolutions by the District convention would be a neat solution of the vexed question of instructed or uninstructed delegates, and ought to prevail. It would give Senator Crane what he and his friends acknowledge, namely uninstructed delegates—in letter; and the Taft people what they are contending for—in spirit, for no honorable delegate would presume, or wish, to act contrary to the officially expressed "preference" of his constituents. It would be entirely fair for both sides.

THE CAUCUSES.

The Republicans of Woburn are to hold caucuses on Tuesday evening, March 31, to choose delegates to the State and District conventions.

The State convention is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, at 10 a. m., April 10, at which time and place four delegates-at-large to the Republican National convention will be elected. The remaining 28 delegates will be chosen by the Congressional Districts, each District being entitled to two.

Interest enough should be taken by the Republicans to insure well attended caucuses on March 31.

It is reported in political circles that Lawyer W. Fred Davis is chief of the small anti-Taft contingent in this city, and has succeeded in securing aid from a few American gentlemen. The report does not appear to worry the Taft people very much. They feel confident, or pretend to, at least, that the Republican sentiment in this city is overwhelmingly in favor of Taft, and that all of the delegates to the conventions will be of the Taft stripe. Then, again, Lawyer Davis' achievements as an opposition leader have not been such in the past as to fill the hearts of the Republicans with dismay at his present attempt to thwart the wishes of the party in the selection of convention representatives. They say, and his record seems to bear them out in it, that Lawyer Davis is a Democrat, and should train exclusively with that party. It is entirely safe to conclude that his present move to get anti-Taft delegates will prove abortive, and is causing Republicans to lose no sleep.

President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company entertains the opinion that better business conditions and an easier money market are not yet in sight. He believes that harder times than now prevail are in store for the people, and bases his judgment on observation, experience, and a close study of the present business and financial situation. In this respect President Tuttle differs from a majority of those who write and talk on the subject, by some of whom he is set down as a pessimist. At the same time it is conceded in all quarters that he is one of the clearest headed men of affairs in New England, and as the head of a great railroad system is without a successful rival. Therefore, his opinion respecting the times, present and future, are worthy of candid consideration, especially by those who depend on their heads and hands for daily bread.

In choosing and sending delegates to the Chicago convention Senator Crane and his followers have a singular conception of the rights of the people. What are delegates sent there for? To represent and carry out the wishes of their constituents, is it not? According to the Crane idea it is not; the people have no right to instruct their representatives—the delegates are the whole thing—say the Senator and those who take sides with him in this matter. Should their contention succeed, it is easy to see that the wishes of the Republican party in this State might be thwarted by the action of uninstructed delegates to the convention. The Crane idea would stifle the voice of the people, and take from them the right of telling their representatives what to do. This isn't Republicanism.

Every year people in and around Boston make pilgrimages to European art galleries who will go right by Copley Hall on Clarendon street in Boston, this week, where is being exhibited, for a short time, a collection of French Masterpieces of the School of 1880, said to be the most notable display of paintings ever before seen on this side of the Atlantic, and never think of going inside and enjoying works of art as fine and famous as any in Rome. Some idea of the extent and quality of this collection may be derived from the fact that it is insured for \$1,500,000, and there are pictures on the walls that can't be bought for less than \$50,000, and some for less than \$100,000, each.

Shamrocks and the green were not very much in evidence here last Tuesday although it was St. Patrick's Day. Div. 3, A. O. H., were about all of our people who celebrated, and they felt bound to do so because Patrick is their Patron Saint, and should be honored. Mass was sung at St. Charles church in the morning, and, presumably, a few festive functions were on the carpet. All in all, it was a quiet St. Patrick's Day in this city, but in Boston it was different. There both it and Evacuation Day were duly celebrated.

Senator Herbert S. Riley of this District is of the opinion that the length of the present Legislature will not be much, if any, less than in former years. The heavy and more important work is yet to come. The merger and other contested cases will consume a great deal of time; so, it isn't likely that a final adjournment will be reached before late in June.

It is whispered in political circles that Ald. Sam Highley has the Mayoralty bee buzzing in his bonnet, and a safe bet is that he will be a candidate for the office next fall. His present interest and activity in city affairs are pointed to as indicating his intention to run.

Late last week ex-Ald. Gen. Albert Pillsbury felt constrained to publicly announce his opposition to the nomination of Secretary Taft for President.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Hammond-Hale, Gilbert Farm-Eggs, Woburn, Mass. For Sale. Five Cents Savings Bank-Notice.

Read about the Gilbert Farm eggs in this paper.

No better holiday weather was ever experienced than that of March 17.

For a wonder, Lent has effected a notable diminution of bridge whist in this city.

Please do not fail to read the notice of the Board of Registrars of Voters in this paper.

Evacuation Day, St. Patrick's Day, and a full moon came here together last Tuesday.

One of the heaviest rains of the present month came along last Wednesday evening and continued through the night.

Hard times have compelled a curtailment of household expenses at the Home for Aged Women at No. Woburn.

When the proper time arrives Mrs. Blake's dwellinghouse will be moved to the rear of the Federal building and face on the new Federal street.

The basic material for a rich rhubarb pie is displayed temptingly and in great abundance in the windows of Lunell's market—a sure sign that spring is here.

Nickle-in-the-slot telephones are being installed in the schoolhouses in this city. Superintendent Clapp thinks they will be as handy as the proverbial pocket in a shirt.

For mildness and balminess and absence of snow the present month of March has been a wonder. This statement is cordially agreed to by "all hands and the cook."

Whether, or no, the storms of this week should be credited to the Line Gale is the question. The date is about right, but the storms have hardly come up to the real equinoctial.

The grocery store of Mr. John F. Scallan on Fowle street was burglarized last Friday night and considerable property stolen. Two other raids were made on property by thieves the same night.

A couple of nonresidents, with pockets full of rocks, have been looking for the people, and bases his judgment on observation, experience, and a close study of the present business and financial situation. In this respect President Tuttle differs from a majority of those who write and talk on the subject, by some of whom he is set down as a pessimist. At the same time it is conceded in all quarters that he is one of the clearest headed men of affairs in New England, and as the head of a great railroad system is without a successful rival. Therefore, his opinion respecting the times, present and future, are worthy of candid consideration, especially by those who depend on their heads and hands for daily bread.

The actors for the Towanda Club play that is to be given in Lyceum Hall on April 3 are said to be making great progress towards perfection at their rehearsals, with Kate Ryan as instructor. It is going to be a big thing.

Dr. Carl Reynolds, dentist, for a new corner, is having a successful run of patronage, and his dental work gives satisfaction. His pleasant rooms in Savings Bank building and professional skill attract the best class of customers.

Mr. Richard Carlton—"Dick," for short—who is the Senior Conductor in years of service on the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, has been off duty since taken sick some weeks ago, but will soon return to the road.

As predicted by the JOURNAL, Company G, 5th Regiment, elected J. Edward Graham and Frank H. Graham, brothers, First and Second Lieutenants, respectively, at a meeting held last Monday evening conducted by Major Willis J. Storer.

A private dispatch enables the JOURNAL to make the public announcement that winners of the prizes in the Towanda Club postal competition for public school pupils were: (1) Dana M. Hubbard; (2) Elizabeth Hart; (3) Margaret D. Yates.

W. Fred Davis, Jr., Esq., is Attorney for settling the estate of the late Mrs. A. A. Brooks. This issue of the JOURNAL publishes a Probate order for a hearing on a petition for the appointment of Mr. A. A. Brooks administrator of the estate.

The St. Charles minstrel show last Tuesday night was great! So was the dance that followed it. The St. Charles annual burnt cork entertainment always attracts a huge crowd, and such was the case this year. The performance was a capital one.

A stereoscopic lecture, entitled "Slums of New York," will be given under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, by Prof. John A. Nichols, in the Methodist church, Monday evening, March 23, at 7.45 o'clock. Admission 15 cents.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—In Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

A stereoscopic lecture under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., will be given by Professor John A. Nichols, on Monday evening, March 23, in the Methodist church. Subject, "Slums of New York." All are cordially invited. Tickets 15 cents.—Press Sept.

The 19th annual convention of the Christian Endeavorers of Middlesex county will be held in the Congregational church in Natick on April 20, next, with afternoon and evening sessions. The first convention of the Order was held in the same church in 1890.

H. B. Blye & Co., the hardware dealers at 367 Main street, opposite the Common, are not complaining of hard times—not a bit of it. They are having a good trade, and business at their store wears a lively appearance. And then, again, Harry is popular and a hustler.

About the worst piece of sidewalk in the city, if not the very worst, is that from the Unitarian church to the Savings Bank building. It is simply mortal on soleheaters. Supt. Hugh Martin ought to do something about mending it. Its condition tends to impety.

For official miscarriage in the veggie shooting affair when Edward Holland was so nearly killed special policeman Timothy E. Keating was removed from office by Mayor Blodgett early this week, after a hearing. The case against Keating had excited considerable public interest.

As will be seen by her notice in this paper the Administratrix of the estate of the late Benjamin Champney offers for sale the paintings left by him in his studio at 40 Pleasant street, this city. Among them are some of his best work, which is rated high by artists and connoisseurs everywhere.

There ought to be included in the bill before the City Council to establish fire limits in this City Common street and that part of Pleasant street east of the Railroad station. We understand these localities were unintentionally omitted from the order introduced by Ald. Harold Johnson.

Officer Walsh went to Quincy last Wednesday in response to a call from the police of that city to see if he could identify a Russian, who they had under arrest for burglary at South Weymouth, as one of the veggie who shot him on Church avenue on Feb. 6. This Officer Walsh was unable to do.

The loss sustained by Carter, Eames & Carter from the burning of their coal yard barn about 7 o'clock last Monday evening was close on to \$1500—\$1200 for the building, and \$300 for contents. Mr. George Brauer discovered the fire in season, with the aid of firemen, to save the six horses inside.

To escape the winds of blustering March and possible snowstorms of fickle April Mr. Fred H. Burdett, wife and son have gone to Bermuda, for a visit. The climate of that island is as mild and delightful as that of the famous Riviera on the Mediterranean shore between Genoa in Italy and Nice in France.

An esteemed local contemporary, noted for the accuracy of its reports and loyalty to the Democratic party, said in its issue of Tuesday that the body of a large dead deer had been found in Horn pond the day before. Our readers are asked to accept this reference to the tale as a voucher for its accuracy.

The first thunderstorm of the season visited this city last Sunday evening, but inflicted no damage, although lightning strokes were reported from several sections. The rapid flashes were intensely sharp and the thunder heavy, while at the same time, there was a copious fall of rain. Wakefield and some other places were hit.

Burbank Woman's Relief Corps 84, celebrated their 21st anniversary last Friday evening with a banquet, speeches and music. A large number of prominent people were handsomely entertained by the Corps, among whom were Mayor Blodgett and the Mayors. His Honor spoke. A fine musical program was rendered by the best of home talent.

Lawyer James E. Feeney was Toastmaster at the grand anniversary banquet of Woburn Lodge of Elks, 1908, in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening, and everyone said that the duties of the office were never performed more gracefully and agreeably than on that festive and joyous occasion, at which there was much fine oratory.

Mr. Hubbard Copeland of the firm of Copeland & Bower, dry goods, and wife left here yesterday morning for a trip to California. They will make Los Angeles their headquarters and base of supplies for a month, and from that point radiate the State for scenery, fruit and roses. This is not the first visit this worthy couple have made to the Pacific Slope.

Last Monday Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street handed to a JOURNAL man an article entitled "She has outlived her usefulness," cut from a Boston newspaper of date about March 26, 1864, and preserved by him more than 40 years. It will be reprinted in these columns soon. The original publication was a year, and more, before the close of the American Civil War, in which Mr. Thompson took an active and honorable part on the Union side, and that he should have kept this interesting piece, with others so many years, is a noteworthy fact.

W. R. C. 84 are to give a whist party in G. A. R. Hall this evening.

The High school baseball team have organized for the season and will be ready to pitch in and win fame and prizes as soon as the frost is out of the ground. They are a bunch of youthful athletes and good players.

No heart in Woburn beats warmer or truer for the "Old Sod" than that of the talented Editor of the Times. On St. Patrick's Day his estimable sheet was printed in green in token of his love for and loyalty to the Emerald Isle, and he was proud of it. Haggerty says: when I cease to affectionately remember the fair land of my forebears may my tongue cleave, etc.

Under the auspices of the Woman's Club "Breezy Point" went off with flying colors in Lyceum Hall last Friday night. The playactors were local stars, and they never acquitted themselves with greater credit than on this occasion. The house was filled nearly to the extent of its limitations, chiefly by the upsurge of society, and to say that everybody was delighted would be stating the case too mildly for anything. The dance that followed the charming drama was a pleasure never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to shake a leg in it. With rustling silks and sparkling jewels the floor presented a degree of brilliancy never before seen there.

Joe Welch, the famous star of "The Pedler" and "The Shoemaker," and one of the best delineators of Hebrew and Italian characters now on the stage, will be the headline feature at the Orpheum theatre next week, appearing in a most pretentious production that will be seen in Boston for the first time. It is called "At Ellis Island," and Mr. Welch has been in this country sometime and has saved enough money to bring his wife and four year old daughter over. The same is true of the other two stars, there is also considerable of an amusing character. As a whole the production is one of the most exciting and entertaining life that has ever been presented.

In the language of Patricia O'Brien, "The Chorus Lady" is the "goods all right, all right." Miss Stahl made her first Boston appearance in this play at the Park Theatre on Monday evening and no dramatic attraction brought forward in a decade has scored so emphatically as did "The Chorus Lady." It frequently happens that when a New York success does not reach Boston until a year after its first production the attraction experiences difficulty in living up to the lavish advance publicity bestowed upon it. Not so with Miss Stahl and this ideal little drama. Mr. Forbes has written a play which for originality, dramatic plot and distinction is perfection itself and as for Miss Stahl, who is seen in the character of a fly, worldly-wise chorus girl with a vocabulary surpassing the inventive possibilities of a George Ade or a Billy Baxter, is ideal. Her delineation of the role of Patricia O'Brien divides one of the most sparkling, wholesome and original character portrayals the American stage has been adorned with in many a day.

Next week at the Boston Theatre the stock company will be seen in Wilson Barrett's great drama "The Sign of the Cross." Although this powerful play has had many productions here by combination companies, Manager Morrison will be the first to present it by a stock organization and it is promised that it will be the best of the company. Many people will be added to the numbers, to complete the great cast, a large chorus and competent soloists will be heard in the original music, and other musical effects of a notable nature will be introduced. Stage Director Snader has, with the original forces made under the author's direction as a foundation, elaborated the plans for staging the play so that the coming production will represent the highest development of the stage craft of the day.

The bill of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, the week of March 23, will be the great romantic drama, "The Three Musketeers," is the dramaticism of "Alex. Dumas' famous novel of the same name. It is considered to be the strongest romantic drama ever written, and one of the most popular ever given at the Castle Square Theatre. Messrs. Miller and Carruthers are planning to give the best and most elaborate production. New scenery is now being put in, new mechanical effect added, and entire new equipment of costumes. The full strength of the Players will be necessary in executing this piece. The leading role of D'Artagnan, will be played by Edgar Baume.

Another War Veteran Gone.

Mainly as the result of a fall from an overhanging cornice, Mr. John W. Warren Cutler died at his home, 7 Traverser street, N. W., on Wednesday, March 18, 1908. He was well known and respected by everybody in this city.

Mr. Cutler was born in Burlington, Vt., in 1825, son of Franklin and Susan Richardson Cutler. For many years he was farm foreman for Hon. John Cummings of Woburn and Charles McIntire of Medford.

He served in the 45th Regt. Mass. Volunteers, and at the time of his death was a member of Post 161, G. A. R. He married Miss Mary Elizabeth Moore of New York in 1853. She survives him. Franklin Cutler, who lives in the old home in Burlington at the age of 86, is a brother. The funeral takes place at his home this afternoon, March 20.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure for Croup, Whooping Cough, Diarrhoea, Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. They never fail. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

THE CITY OF WOBURN.

Will be in session at the office of the City Clerk, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

SATURDAY EVENING, March 28, 1908, At 7 O'clock

to receive applications for registration, as required by Section 36, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHAS. H. HARRINGTON, JOHN C. MEEHAN, JOHN C. N. PARKER, JOHN H. FENN, Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, March 12, 1908.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The Regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Room, on

Friday, April 30, 1908, at 7.30 o'clock, P. M., to transact such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Woburn, Mass., March 20, 1908.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, April 4th, 1908, will draw interest from that date.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Eggs for Hatching.

Single Comb Rhode Island Reds, Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds, Pure Stock, 75c. per Setting at the farm. \$1.00 if delivered or sent by express.

Gilbert Farm, Wilmington, Mass.

THE EDISON Electric Illuminating Co.,

33 39 Boylston St., Boston

The closest electrically lighted is safe and convenient—the cellar stairs cease to be stumbling places when electricity is introduced. The electric lights increase comfort, convenience and safety in every home.

Have you learned to be light-wise? The rates for the electric light are favorable. Our Sales Agent will be prompt to tell you of them if you'll write him, or call, or telephone "Oxford 3300 Collect."

THE EDISON Electric Illuminating Co.,

33 39 Boylston St., Boston

Save Your Energy.

There is no need of running up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

An EXTENSION TELEPHONE will do all this for you, and do it at a VERY LOW COST.

If you realize its advantages you couldn't afford to be without one.

Call up your Local Manager (no charge for the call) and get full particulars.

Another Conviction.

George M. Cawthorne was fined \$30 each on three counts in the East Boston police court last Friday on the general charge of stealing electric current from the Edison Electric Illuminating Company. This is the third conviction the Edison Company has been able to secure.

The losses of current in this way and the expenses of prosecution are items that the Edison Company must add to its fixed charges which must be counted in when the company is calculating what rates its customers will have to pay. Law-abiding citizens are thus made to suffer for the misdemeanors of their neighbors.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. 12 M., Sunday School.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandormer. 12 M., Sunday School.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. 12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTISTS.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 12, 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon. 12 M., Sunday School. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Third Sunday in Lent. 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon. 12 M., Sunday School in Parish House. 7 P. M., Evening Prayer.

PARISH HOUSE SERVICES.

Every Wednesday. 7.30 P. M.

Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Rector.

Married.

In this city, March 12, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, John Leichter and Xenia Weiland, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 18, Warren Cutler, aged 82 years.

Spring, 1908.

The man who gets full hat value for his money is the one who pays the right price for the right hat. You get all the style and finish and durability that can be put into a hat when you pay \$4 for one of our

Self-Confirming Kingflex Derbies

(Made by the Kingflex Hat Co.)

—the "newest thing in hats" and the season's vogue.

Kingflex Derbies have quality that lasts, style that stays, a finish that represents the highest development of hat-making.

Kingflex Derbies fit, because they are flexible at every point where the head touches the head.

We carry all the latest Kingflex styles.

Buy Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. It satisfies.

"Hathaway's Delights Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

Hammond & Son Co.

READER'S GUIDE.

AND HATTERS

Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE Board of Registrars

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Save Your Energy.

There is no need of running up-stairs or down-stairs to answer a telephone call or to send a message.

An EXTENSION TELEPHONE will do all this for you, and do it at a VERY LOW COST.

If you realize its advantages you couldn't afford to be without one.

Call up your Local Manager (no charge for the call) and get full particulars.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Competent Bakers

A Master Baker knows his business. If he didn't he would never get beyond "learning his trade." The bakers we employ are all experienced men, drilled in the latest methods of successful bread making. Efficiency here means economy, hence we can give you better bread for the same money than a more wasteful establishment. In fact we believe we can bake and deliver bread of equal quality at your door cheaper than you can bake it yourself. Let us prove it to you.

Buy Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread. It satisfies.

"Hathaway's Delights Children."

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON

CAMBRIDGE AND WALTHAM

We Are Ready

to serve everybody's jewelry wants. We can supply those who want them with splendid gem-set rings or rich and elegant brooches—yet we sell worthy and tasteful jewelry at such moderate prices.

Smith & Varney, JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Fine Repairing and Engraving.

A PRACTICAL ARCH SUPPORT

AT VERY LOW COST

Strange that so many people should call every ache and pain in the ankle, instep, calf, knee or back, RHEUMATISM. But this distress comes from a strained or weakened arch. The Jordan arch support will do wonders for the trouble.

We have the best arch support on earth, and we sell it

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA HANCOCK

WILL RESUME

PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

In this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Lessons at pupils residence
if desired.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Morton Althea Burt

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Vivian Helms Burt

TEACHER OF PIANO

75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Do You Use

Dr. Johnson's Educator
CRACKERS

We have them in several
varieties, Educator, Toast-
ettes, Golden Maize,
Oatmeal, Graham, Choco-
late and Baby Rings.

We also have a nice line of
HUNTLEY & FARMER'S
Imported Biscuit

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street,
FITCH, STANLEY,
TELEPHONE 109-1.

We have added to our CANDY
DEPARTMENT a line of

Home-made
CANDIES

are fresh every day.

Old-fashioned Molasses, Coconut
Chips, Peppermints, Woodland
and Peanut Goodies, Old-fash-
ioned Chocolates, Fudge, Cream
Walnuts, Caramels, and many
novelties comprise the list.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBBURN

La Grippe

RELIEVED BY OUR

Laxative Cold Tablets

In cases of wasting diseases

Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

will brace you up.

Whitcher's PILL
BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price
Druggist

Prepare for Spring Cleaning.

Sulpho-Napthol
MADE IN U.S.A.
GREAT CLEANLINESS

used generally about the house in place
of soap, etc., will at once correct all
unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the
difficult work by putting the sink, toilet
and entire drainage system in perfectly
healthy condition. It breaks up all foul
odors, cleans out all greasy, decompos-
ing accumulations.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE.
AVOID IMITATIONS. LOOK FOR ABOVE
TRADE-MARK. SOLD IN ORIGINAL
PACKAGES at all dealers, 10c, 25c, 50c
\$1.00

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—

Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.

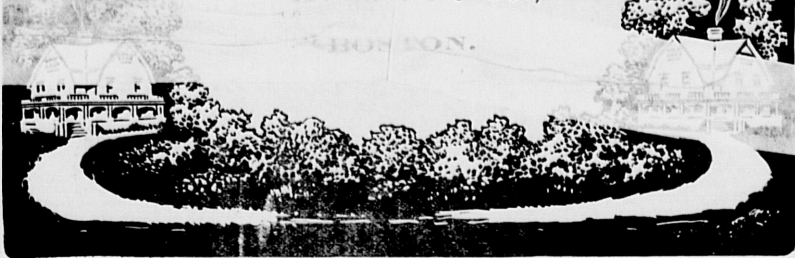
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

ButterNut

GET UP EARLY

get breakfast, hustle all day
long, sweeping, dusting, caring for the
children and in addition worry
about the bread which must be
baked
regardless of your rest or pleasure.
That's the way thousands of housekeepers
do and they wonder why they grow old fast.
There's a better way
It is to buy wholesome, economical
Butternut Bread
Your grocer sells it
Be kind to your stomach—buy Butternut
Five cents

FOX CO.,



WINCHESTER.

Some of our people are still suffering
with moth on the brain. Just as
though the pest could be exterminated!
Anybody of commonsense ought to
know that that is impossible.

A thorough examination by the
authorities shows that the school build-
ings in this town are reasonably safe
against fire panics. These conditions,
with well conducted fire drills, are a
sure protection to the children.

It is safe to wager that the Republi-
can Caucuses on Tuesday evening,
March 31, will be well attended. I
look to see, a bipartisan gathering,
that about all the Republicans of Win-
chester are strong and enthusiastic Tal-
sotters.

If nothing splits, a bowling tourney
is to open at the Calumet Club tomorrow
evening, March 21, and close on Sat-
urday evening, March 28. The winner
will receive a handsome prize. All of
the 10-pin artists are getting ready for
it, and a spirited contest is looked for.

It is as good as settled that Whit-
field Tuck is to be a District delegate
to the Democratic National convention
at Denver. John Carter, I hear, wants
to go, but in the race Tuck is more
than 20 sledlengths ahead of him.
Tuck worships at the shrine of St.
Bily of Nebraska.

Our excellent paper, the Star, is a
strong supporter of Hon. S. J. Elder
for one of the two delegates to the
Republican National convention at
Chicago from this District. It is as
good as settled, I opine, that Mr. Elder
and ex-Speaker Myers of Cambridge
will represent the Republicans in this
District in the Chicago convention.

Mr. Edward A. Brackett, who for
almost 40 consecutive years had been
a member of the State Fish and Game
Commission, passed away last Sunday
at his home on Highland avenue in this
town at the advanced age of 89 years.
He was a native of Vassalboro, Maine,
but had been a resident of this State
the major part of his life. He was a
good citizen, liberal-minded, and re-
spected by everybody. He left a widow
and five children to mourn his loss.

The Board of Health have issued a
set of rules to regulate barbers and
their shops. There are 10 of them,
each one of the gravest moment to the
public, and, together, are severe enough
to make the barbers get up and hump.
Ours are an exceptionally cleanly
people and no delinquent must assail
them from the unwashed hands and
towels of the tonsorial profession.
Neither must sponges be used—the
patrons are able to do all the sponging.

Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside,
a spot on this fair earth kept
bright and sunny all the time by his
genial presence, has been having lots
of company of late. He has good
warm friends all over Massachusetts
and elsewhere, and it seems as though
they come in flocks and droves to see
him and partake of his hospitality.
They all know he is a generous and
bountiful entertainer. Long may friend
Gilbert wave!

Mortgagee's Sale

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a cer-
tain mortgage deed, given by Rufus C. Hayward,
of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Com-
monwealth of Massachusetts, to John Winn of Belling-
ton in said County, dated November 17, 1900, and
recorded with Middlesex (No. Dist. Deeds) Book
284, Page 25, for breach of condition of said mor-
tgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the
same will be sold at public auction on the premises
as follows:

Monday, March 30, 1908.

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the
premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and
heretofore described as follows, to-wit:

A lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated
on Lawrence street in said Woburn, bounded and
described as follows, namely:—Northernly on Law-
rence street, three measuring about one hundred
feet and 5 10 (10.5) feet; easterly on land of Thomas
D. Hovey, three measuring about one hundred feet
and 5 10 (10.5) feet; southerly on land of Max
J. Hovey, three measuring about one hundred feet
and 5 10 (10.5) feet; westerly on Jones Court, there
measuring about one hundred twenty feet and 5 10
(12.5) feet.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes
to which the premises may be subject, and One
Hundred Dollars will be required of the purchaser
at the time and place of the sale.

G. EDWARD WINN,
JOHN C. WINN,
JOHN W. JOHNSON,
Executors of the will of John Winn and present
holders of said mortgage.
Woburn, March 6, 1908.

Exhibition and Sale HARRY DUSTIN JOLL

PAINTINGS

ARCHITECT

431 MAIN STREET
WOBBURN, MASS.

BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY
at 40 Pleasant street, Woburn,
from 3 to 6 P. M., Tuesdays,
Thursdays and Saturdays in
March and April.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adalberto Church wishes to announce to her
patients and friends that she will resume practice in
Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church
street.
Office Hours: Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appoint-
ment.

Get Your Printing Done

At This Office

A Lesson in Grammar.

In a certain mountainous region the
teachers are appointed with little ques-
tion concerning their grammatical
orthodoxy. Occasionally, however, a
wave of school reform sweeps through
the valleys, and undesired examina-
tions are thrust upon embarrassed ped-
agogues.

It was during one of these periods of
intellectual discomfort that the follow-
ing sentence was given: "The bird
flew over the house." Accompanying
it was the query, "Is 'flew' a regular
or an irregular verb?"

One teacher after another shook his
head hopelessly despite the slow,
thought inspiring fashion in which the
examiner repeated the perplexing fact
that "The bird—flew—over—the—
house."

Finally a man rose in the rear, and,
with the assurance of one who puts
his trust in logic and a practical knowl-
edge of natural history, he volunteered
a solution. "See!"

"If that bird which flew over the
house was a wild goose, it went in a
straight, regular line, so the verb is
regular. But if it was a peewee that
flew over the house, then it went in
a crooked, zigzag line, and so the
verb is irregular."

All but the grammar bound exam-
iner were satisfied with this sensible
and rational explanation. — Youth's
Companion.

Artistic Slips.

It is a frequent matter of lamenta-
tion on the part of artists that one of
their number may spend genius and
time on a piece of work, only to fall
completely in small details.

There is a story that one Royal acad-
emician gave a hand five fingers and a
thumb and that another painted a live
animal dead.

There is a story that one of the laborers drag-
ging a heavy stone across the desert
wished to know the distance entering the
stoned to him. "I say, Goodall, if
you want those fellows to pull that
stone, you must double their number.
It will require just twice as many
for the task."

But it is not modern painters alone
who slip up on points of accuracy.
Even Albrecht Dürer in a scene repre-
senting Peter and the chicken painted
one of the fowls with the crest of a
cock. Turner, in a picture of a boat
beside the sun, and in a picture of a
boat got fearfully tangled in the rigging.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fixing a Photograph.

Senator Stone of Missouri once
himself unpopular with a certain pho-
tographer. The latter individual ap-
peared at the senator's room at the
capitol and announced that he was
about to take a picture. Stone ex-
plained, but in vain. A few days later,
the photographer again appeared and
presented the pictures and also a bill
for \$10. Remembering how hopeless
was his argument about having the
picture taken, Senator Stone decided it
would be still more useless for him to
decline to pay for them. So he wrote a
check. After the man's name was on
the check he wrote the word "Photo-
grafter."

When the man presented the check
at the senate disbursing office for pay-
ment, he was required to indorse the
check and write after his name, just
as it was written on the face of the
check, the word "Photographer." — St.
Louis Republic.

A Limit to His Power.

A curious historical anecdote is hand-
ed down from the time of James I.
James, being in want of £20,000, ap-
plied to the corporation for a loan. The
corporation refused. The king insist-
ed. "But, sire, you cannot compel us,"
said the lord mayor. "No," exclaimed
James, "but I'll ruin you and the
city forever. I'll remove my courts of
law, my court itself and my parlia-
ment to Winchester or to Oxford and
make a desert of Westminster, and
then think what will become of you!"
"May it please your majesty," replied
the lord mayor, "you are at liberty to
remove your courts and your courts to
wherever you please; but, sire, there
will always be one consolation to the
merchants of London—your majesty
cannot take the Thames along with you!"

Garrick's Wit.

David Garrick on one occasion passed
Tyburn as a huge crowd was assem-
bled to witness the execution of a
criminal. "Who is he?" asked the
great actor of a friend who accompa-
nied him.

"I believe his name is Vowel," was
the reply.
"Ah," said Garrick, "I wonder which
of the vowels he is, for there are sev-
eral. At all events it is certain that
it is neither U nor I!"—London Saturday
Review.

Quite Natural.

"Of course," said the tourist, "you
know all about the antidotes for snake
bite?"
"Certainly," replied the explorer.
"Well, when a snake bites you
what's the thing you do?"
"Till"—Philadelphia Press.

Two Readings.

First Mother reading letter from son
at college. — Henry's letters always
send me to the dictionary. Second
Mother (reading) — That's nothing.
Jack's always send me to the bank—
Puck.

Source of Supply.

Minister: My little boy, why
don't you get an umbrella? Jakey:—
Since pa has quit going to church he
never brings home any more umbrel-
las. — Jewish Ledger.

In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder for tired, aching, swollen feet.
We have over 35,000 testimonials. All
Druggists, 25c. Don't accept any substi-
tute. Trial package FREE by mail.
Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

To the interested, next of kin and all other per-
sons interested in the estate of Mary S. Brooks,
late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be
the last will and testament of said
deceased has been presented to said Court for
probate by Arthur A. Brooks, who prays that
said instrument may be admitted to probate,
and whereas, said instrument is in the fol-
lowing tenor, to-wit:—That I, Mary S. Brooks,
do hereby declare that I am of sound mind,
memory and understanding, and that I do hereby
revoke and annul all former wills and testa-
ments by me made, and I do hereby declare
that the foregoing is my last will and testa-
ment, and I do hereby direct that the same
shall be in full force and effect from and after
my decease, and I do hereby direct that the
same shall be in full force and effect from and
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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LVIII.

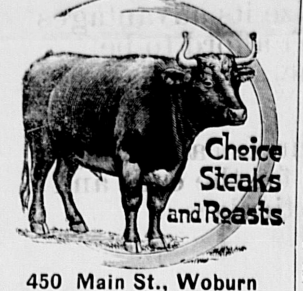
WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1908.

NO. 18

Business Cards.

Cummings, Chote & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands
of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



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CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
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AMATEUR SUPPLIES. A. L. Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscape, Portraits, Machinery, Pictures
Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds
of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

23 Pleasant St., Woburn
B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals,
continually on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Telephone at Telephone
Residence and Night Telephone 2344.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice to Patrons.
Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.
Change of Time. Reading &
Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.
Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5
5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00,
7.30, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10.30 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40,
6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Stoneham, Stone-
ham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00,
7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30
minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Stoneham and
Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05,
8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
11.50 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,
7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and
every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then
12.10 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.
Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00,
8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10,
8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M. and every 30 min-
utes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.
Leave Arlington for Stoneham, Stone-
ham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30
A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30
P. M.
Leave Stoneham for Stoneham and
Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.
Leave Winchester for Reading 8.10, 9.10,
9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes
until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Dir. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway
The following new timetable for the
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.
is the result of the arrangements which
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,
1907:

Cars leave North Woburn Car. House
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated
at 9.15 A. M., then every 15 minutes until
9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until
12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
1.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre
Car. House for Winchester, Medford and
Elevated at 9.15 A. M., then every 15 min-
utes until 1.27 P. M. On Sundays cars leave
at 9.15 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
1.27 P. M. On Saturdays cars leave at
9.15 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
1.27 P. M. On Sundays cars leave at
9.15 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
1.27 P. M. On Saturdays cars leave at
9.15 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
1.27 P. M.

RETURNING.
Leave Winchester for Woburn Centre
at 1.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
2.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
3.27 P. M. Leave Woburn Centre for
Winchester, Medford and Elevated at
1.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until
2.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until
3.27 P. M. On Saturdays cars leave at
1.27 P. M. and every 30 minutes until
3.27 P. M. On Sundays cars leave at
1.27 P. M. and every 30 minutes until
3.27 P. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Dir. Supt.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect December 16, 1907

Trains leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS., and BOSTON—15.55
16.14, 16.44, 17.15, 17.37, 18.15, 18.21, 18.55, 19.23
19.54, 20.24, 21.01, 21.08, 21.30, 21.55, 22.05, 22.30
23.00, 23.30, 24.00, 24.30, 24.55, 25.05, 25.30, 25.55
26.05, 26.30, 26.55, 27.05, 27.30, 27.55, 28.05, 28.30
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Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

La this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

WALTER LINCOLN RICE,

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Lessons at pupils residence
if desired.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Marion Althea Burt

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Vivian Helena Burt

TEACHER OF PIANO

75 Garfield Ave., Woburn

Do You Use

Dr. Johnson's Educator
CRACKERS

We have them in several
varieties, Educator, Toast-
ettes, Golden Maize,
Oatmeal, Graham, Choco-
late and Baby Rings.

We also have a nice line of
HUNTLEY & FARMER'S
Imported Biscuit

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY

TELEPHONE 1091.

We have added to our CANDY

DEPARTMENT a line of

Home-made

CANDIES

are fresh every day.

Old-fashioned Molasses, Coconut
Chips, Peppermints, Woodland
and Peanut Goodies, Old-fash-
ioned Chocolates, Fudge, Cream
Walnuts, Caramels, and many
novelties comprise the list.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main Street,
WOBBURN

La Grippe

RELIEVED BY OUR

Laxative Cold Tablets

In cases of wasting diseases

Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

will brace you up.

Whitcher's

PILL

BOX

Woburn's Lowest Price

Drugstore

Prepare for Spring Cleaning.

Sulpho-Napthol

used generally about the house in place
of soap, etc., will at once correct all
unsanitary conditions. Lead up to the
difficult work by putting the sink, toilet
and entire drainage system in perfectly
healthy condition. It breaks up all foul
odors, clears out all greasy, decompos-
ing accumulations.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

AVOID INFERIOR "JUST AS GOOD"

IMITATIONS. LOOK FOR ABOVE

TRADE MARK. SOLD IN ORIGINAL

PACKAGES at all dealers, 10c, 25c, 50c

and 1.00

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

WOBBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of \$500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

TOWANDA CLUB SHOW

Friday, April 3, 1908

Remaining seats on sale by Herbert S. Dennison, 417 Main street.

CITY OF WOBBURN.



THE

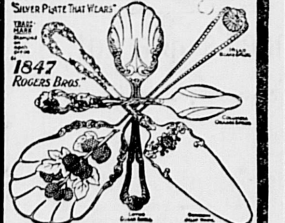
Board of Registrars

Will be in session at the office of the City Clerk, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on SATURDAY EVENING, March 28, 1908, at 7 O'clock to receive applications for registration, as required by Section 36, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907.

Parties must produce evidence of assessment. Naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CLAS. H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, March 12, 1908



Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship. It is the only silverware that you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros." Remember "1847," as there are no other "1847" marks. See Catalogue No. 6, address the makers International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Woburn, March 12, 1908

Mortgage's Sale

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Martin Kearns and Ellen M. Kearns, his wife in her own right, both of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, of said Woburn, dated January 25, 1886, and recorded with Middlesex County, Deeds Book 1740, Page 317, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of enforcing the same will be sold at public auction on the premises or elsewhere as follows:

Tuesday, April 21, A. D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises covered by said mortgage deed, and thereon described as follows:

A certain parcel of land containing about four thousand five hundred and fifty-three (4533) square feet, situated in said Woburn on Conn street and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the north-easterly corner of the premises on said Conn street, at land of Benjamin H. Nichols, from thence the line northerly, by said Nichols's land, seventy-nine and six-tenths (79.6) feet to land of R. Brooks Richardson; thence westerly, by land last named, thirty-one and six-tenths (31.6) feet to a private way called Conn street; thence northerly, on and by said Conn street, seventy and four-tenths (70.4) feet to said Conn street; thence easterly on and by said Conn street, about sixty-two and four-tenths (62.4) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and other municipal liens if any, and Two Hundred Dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time of sale.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Assignee under said mortgage, and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, March 21, 1908.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of May S. Brooks, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said May S. Brooks, deceased, was presented to said Court, for Probate, by Arthur A. Brooks, who claims that said instrument may be proved to be the last will and testament of said deceased, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any, why the same should not be granted.

And said Court, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTYRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. S. BOGGER, Registrar.

WINCHESTER.

Harrison Parker has been elected Captain of the Senior Class High school baseball team for the current season. Great things are expected from the team.

Hon. S. J. Elder wants it distinctly understood that he is not an aspirant for Congress. He is only a candidate so long as Hon. S. W. McCall wants the office.

Almost everybody in town is going to have an auto this spring. It costs them a meal a day, or any other odd thing. I'm looking to see Dr. Church appear out in one.

W. Tuck, Esq., the "original Bryan man," is to be a delegate to the Democratic National convention at Denver, sure. He is the most loyal and zealous Bryan man in Middlesex county.

During the spring vacation next month many pupils in the High school are to visit Washington, D. C. The excursion party are to leave Boston on April 3, and there will be a carload of them.

A double-and-twisted, boiled down, concentrated Mugwump writes to the Star in opposition to the election of Tait delegates to the Republican National convention. I should think he would feel lonesome.

The Improvement Association are waking out of their necessary winter sleep to a sense of their duty respecting village improvements. They are doing a good thing for our town, and their works will follow them.

Our Board of Health is a working body, not enough. The health orders, more than that, and better, the orders are executed. Children have got to be vaccinated before they can go to school; the barbers must toe the mark; and other matters are to be attended to.

The Nominating Committee at the Calumet Club have presented the following names to be voted upon in April: President, Wallace F. Flanders; Vice-President, Dr. J. Churchill Hinds; Secretary, Edgar M. Young; Treasurer, Henry F. Johnson; Directors, Dr. H. J. Olmsted, Charles S. Tenney, George E. Wiley.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Croup, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, Coughs and Colic, Bowels and Stomach Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. They never fail. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Unintentional Sabbath Breaking.

In the early days of New England it was the custom to keep the Sabbath from sundown Saturday night until the same hour on Sunday. That this practice was attended by pitfalls is shown by an incident told in "The Pilgrims of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society."

There lived in Ryedfield a thrifty dame, an enterprising, driving woman and a notable housewife. The good woman was not willing to lose Sunday evenings out of her catalogue of household work, but she was pious withal and strictly kept the day to the sunset limit. As soon as the sun was fairly below the horizon she would begin her washing and get her clothes ready for drying bright and early on Monday morning.

One cloudy Sunday she, supposing the day was ended, changed her Sunday gown, rolled up her sleeves and went to work. As she was scrubbing away in the kitchen, her face toward the west window, the clouds suddenly broke, and the great round sun shone in full on the poor Sabbath breaker at work. She gave one cry of amazement and horror and fled the kitchen.

After that sinful day she never began her work on Sunday evening.

Lincoln's Rules.

On one occasion President Lincoln on entering the telegraph office of the war department, writes Mr. Bates in "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" heard to remark to Secretary Seward, "By jings, governor, we are here at last!" Turning to him in a reproving manner, Mr. Seward said, "Mr. President, where did you learn that telegraphic expression?"

At the telegraph office, replying to the secretary, Lincoln addressed the telegraph operators, saying: "Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. By jings! I'm swearing, for my good old mother taught me that anything but a 'by' before it was swearing."

"One day Secretary Seward, who was not renowned as a joker, said he had been told that a short time before on a street crossing Lincoln had been seen to turn out in the mud to give a colored woman a chance to pass."

"Yes," said Lincoln, "it has been a rule of my life that if people would not turn out for me I would turn out for them. Then you avoid collisions."

What He Meant.

Park row at 1 a. m. and a policeman and a sailor in conversation.

"Keyside, keyside," said the sailor. "Ow will I reach the bloomin' keyside?"

"O'wan wld ye. D'ye think I'm a locksmith, that I know about yer old key and its side? There's one key and lock I'll be after givin' ye, and that's to a cell. Move on now."

"Keyside! He said keyside as plain as III could, blimey."

Just then a high brow who had been to the postoffice buying stamps so his rejected contributions would come back to him stepped up.

"The man wants the keyside, what ever that is, and I dunno," said the policeman. "I believe his looney and I'll run him in."

"He wants the keyside—the docks," said the high brow as he directed the man to the water front, while the policeman said: "I'll be blowed!"—New York Press.

Michael Angelo's Vow.

The story is told, but with a solid foundation, that Raphael had undertaken to decorate the walls of the mansion of Cardinal Farnesina, on the banks of the Tiber, on the condition that no one should see his work until it was completed.

In the town it may be, here, not? Was the answer. "We are protected by the Red Cross and the French flag. You have no right to touch either one or the other."

She conquered, and from that day the utmost admiration was openly evinced for her by the Germans.

Crushing a Bore.

Young Boreen (back from traveling in Europe)—And so, you see, I didn't take the advice of that fellow who said, "See Naples and die!"

Miss Sharpe (with a yawn)—What a palace never to return.

THE UNIVERSE.

Man's Place in This Eternity of Space and Matter.

The solar system is but a fragment of the universe. Every star is a sun with a solar system. It is possible that there may be millions of planets in the universe, some higher or lower than ourselves. What we are going on in what we call the process of evolution—from broken fragments to coherent masses and to inhabited worlds, from the universe from something lower and disorganized to something higher and organized.

As to how life originates on these planets science is ignorant at present. It is an enigma. I would not have you build too much on that. I do not think it will always remain a mystery, nor would I have a theologian shaken in his views if science should discover something about the nature and origin of life. I want you to realize that this process of evolution is not a process which negatives or excludes the idea of divine activity. It is, I venture to say, a revelation to us of the manner of divine activity. It is the way the Deity works.

The attempt to show that evolution is unguided, that it is the result of absolute change, fails. What is pointed to is not unguided random change, but guided change. The other could not be done in time.

What we have to realize in regard to our place in the universe is that we are intelligent, helpful and active parts of the scheme. We are among the agents of the Creator. One of the most helpful ideas is co-operation—helping one another. Co-operation—this in a new and stimulating sense—co-operation with the Divinity himself.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

PUSS TO THE RESCUE.

Brought a Rabbit to Hungry Philadelphia Cave Dwellers.

When the first settlers came to Philadelphia, of course there were no houses ready for them, says Sel in the "Car Journal," so a good many of the men dug small caves in the bank of the river. They would dig several feet into the bank, then build walls of sod in front of the little caves. They made the roof by laying branches of trees on top, covering these with mud from the river and putting pieces of sod on the rushes. The chimney was made of stones plastered with clay.

These caves were used only until the men had time to cut timber and build the houses they wished.

One of the old families of Philadelphia owns a quaint silver tureen on which is engraved a cat seizing a rabbit. In the early days at Philadelphia Elizabeth Hard was living with her husband in one of these dug-out caves while he was building their house. The work went very slowly, and Elizabeth often helped her husband. She brought water to make the mortar for the chimney and even helped at one end of the saw.

One day she was very tired, for she had helped all the morning. Her husband told her to rest awhile and then come to dinner. Mrs. Hard walked sadly away. Their food was nearly gone. Only a few biscuits and a little cheese were left. Just then she saw her cat coming toward her with a large rabbit in its mouth. Mrs. Hard cooked the rabbit and had a nice dinner ready for Mr. Hard, who came for his noon rest. So kitty helped, although she did not know it.

Practice Makes Perfect.

At the opportune time Edwin Jones had called at his best girl's home, but somehow Miss Winkle was not there to greet him.

Presently the door opened; but, alas, it was only her eight-year-old brother. "Hello!" exclaimed Edwin. "Is your sister busy?"

"She seems so," replied the younger sister, "but I don't know just what she thinks she's doing. She's standing in front of the mirror, blushing just awful and whispering to it, 'Oh, Mr. Jones, this is so sudden!'"

Dogs and Infection.

Dogs can carry infection along with them, as was clearly proved at Constantinople in 1865 when a single animal, entering the city from an infected district, started a cholera epidemic that killed more than 50,000. The dog, a valuable chow, was taken into his house by a dragoman, and a few hours later he and all his family were stricken down with the complaint, which spread thence to all parts of the city, even the sultan's palace being invaded.

Badly Expressed.

Clergyman—You can, however, comfort yourself with the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived.

Widow—Yes, indeed! Dear Jack was in heaven until he died!—Judge.

Only Wanted a Chance.

She—see where a fellow married a girl on his deathbed just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that? He—Sure I could love a girl like that. Where does she live?—Puck.

Discretion.

Singleton—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby, old man? Wedderton—Certainly. I am going to call him whatever my wife names him.—London Tit-Bits.

Early Impressions are not easily erased. The virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impressions seem rather to indent the former ones than to eradicate them.

Peculiar to Itself.

"I suppose there is a certain fascination that keeps you in the racing game," admitted the bookmaker, "there is. I've tried hardware, clothing, groceries and shoes, but I've never struck another line where people simply struggle to hand you their coin."—Kansas City Journal.

Crucel.

Miss Olden—Oh, dear, I'm afraid I shall have to get some of that wrinkle eradicator they advertise. Miss Pert—Let me get it for you. I have a brother in the wholesale drug business.—Boston Transcript.

Forced Out.

She—Mr. Form does not pay his wife much attention, does he? He—No. The only time I ever knew of his going out with her was once when the gas exploded.

One Sided.

"Does he enjoy funny stories?" "Yes; when he tells them."—House and Post.

HE DIDN'T SWEAR.

But a Court Record Quoted Him as Using Strong Language.

One day during a term of court at Macon, Mo., Judge Shelton, who was running through a stenographic record of a trial, detected a sentence which reflected upon the piety of appellant's senior counsel, Major B. R. Dysart, an elder in the Presbyterian church.

"Major," he said, "I have just been reading this record. I was inexpressibly pained to note in it some very disrespectful language you used in the presence of the court."

A funeral solemnity would fall short of describing the appearance of Dysart's features.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Of course you may have been excited a bit during the trial, major. I know those other fellows were worrying you like everything, but that is hardly an excuse for using such words. You should have waited until you got outside. It won't do."

"Does your honor mean to intimate that I swore in your presence while trying a case?" demanded the major sternly.

"I don't intimate anything, major, but you just look at that." And he handed the transcript to Dysart. There, nestled in the midst of a long argument over an objection, printed as plain as type could make it, were the words:

"It is a damned obscure injury." It required nearly five minutes for the major to think out how it happened. Then he grabbed a pen, shoved it into the ink bottle and viciously scratched out the ribald sentence, over which he wrote:

"It is a damned obscure injury." meaning a damage without an injury.—Kansas City Star.

SHOPPING IN CAIRO.

Where Bargaining is the Perfume, the Poetry of Trade.

"I entered Sidi Okba's shop in Cairo," said the man with the oriental labels on his luggage, "and a handsome carpet caught my eye. 'What is the price of that?'" I asked.

"That carpet is not for sale," Sidi Okba answered. "I bought it at great cost for my own decoration only. How beautiful it is! But will not monsieur barter with me of coffee and cigarettes?"

"I partook. The next morning I was in that neighborhood again, and Sidi Okba came forth and saluted me. He had changed his mind about retaining the carpet. Allah forbade so! He was among the true believers, and since I desired the thing he'd let me have it for \$1,000."

"I'll give you \$10," said I. "He fell back, almost fainting; then in a weak, pained voice he offered me coffee again."

"Next day when I turned up he came down to \$500, and I went up to \$15, and we drank more coffee and smoked. Next day he dropped to \$500, and I rose to \$17.50. We were very cheerful over the coffee and tobacco that day. We had the carpet spread before us to admire. It was evident that we would strike a bargain yet, and just before I left Cairo we did strike a bargain. The carpet cost nine for \$50. It would have cost \$250 at home. As we shook hands in farewell Sidi Okba said:

"I love a good bargainer like yourself. Bargaining is the bloom, the perfume, the poetry of trade. I adore it!"—Exchange.

Another Kind of Guest.

"Won't you please write in my guest book?" said a woman to the friends she had entertained at dinner. And she brought out the treasured volume, with its record of hospitality. The names were inscribed.

"Why, what's this?" said the modern Eve as the pages were fluttered before the book was returned to its owner. "There are lots and lots of names in the book and all in your handwriting too."

The hostess laughed. "Do you want to know what these names are?" she asked. "Well, I suppose I might make a confession. They are names of guests, all right, but of another kind. It's the list of the servants I have had since my housekeeping experiences began."—New York Press.

Apply It to Your Life.

Have you ever watched an exceedingly delicate and yet firm pressure of the hand of a skillful tuner? He will make the string produce a perfectly true note, vibrating in absolute accord with his own never changing tuning fork. The practiced hand is at one with the accurate ear, and the pressure is brought to bear with most delicate adjustment to the resistance. The tension is never exceeded, he never breaks a string, but he patiently strikes the note again and again till the tone is true and the ear is satisfied, and then the muscles relax and the pressure

